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MANCHESTER: THE TRUTH BEHIND THE BIZARRE CULT SWEEPING A CITY'S YOUTH!

Pages 6/7
. . . and also

THE JAM: WHY THEY WEAR THOSE SILLY SUITS.
THE GRATEFUL DEAD: IS IT FAIR TO TURTLES?
THE GUILTY MEN: WE NAME HIDEOUS BILL GANGRENE!

DAVE (⬆) EDMUNDS knew NICK LOWE (➡) when he used to rock'n'roll. Rockpile'n'roll, that is. What happens when a couple of cults pull themselves apart? THE ROCKPILE TAPES. On pages 24/25

Pic: PENNIE SMITH

DAVID RUFFIN

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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending July 25, 1972

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	PUPPY LOVE	Donny Osmond (MGM)
2	2	ROCK AND ROLL PT. 1 & 2	Garry Glitter (Bell)
3	3	SYLVIA'S MOTHER	Dr Hook & The Medicine Show (CBS)
7	4	BREAKING UP IS HARD TO DO	Partridge Family (Bell)
4	5	I CAN SEE CLEARLY	Johnny Nash (CBS)
5	6	CIRCLES	New Seekers (Polydor)
16	7	SEASIDE SHUFFLE	Terry Dactyl & The Dinosaurs (UK)
26	8	SCHOOL'S OUT	Alice Cooper (Warner Brothers)
9	9	JOIN TOGETHER	The Who (Track)
13	10	STARMAN	David Bowie (RCA)

TEN YEARS AGO

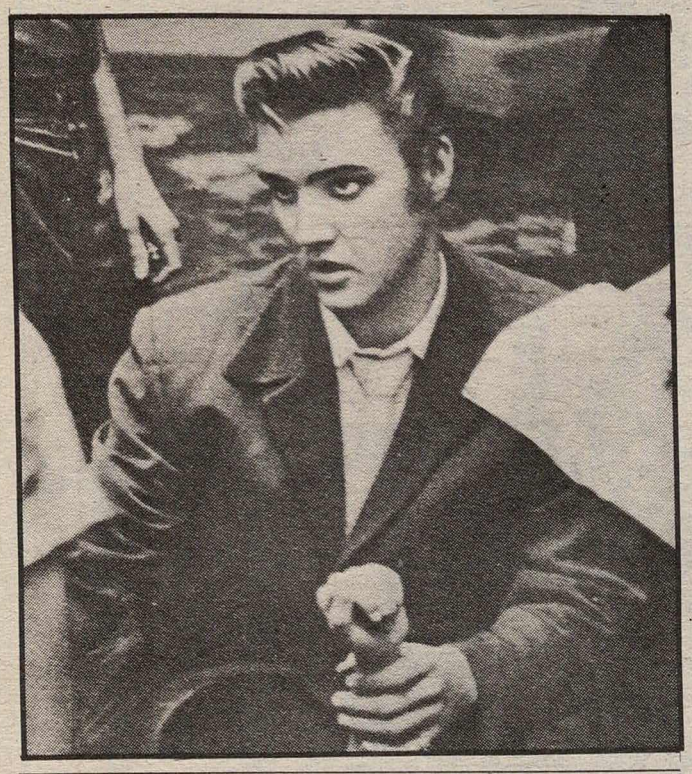
Week ending July 29, 1967

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE	Beatles (Parlophone)
7	2	SAN FRANCISCO	Scott McKenzie (CBS)
3	3	IT MUST BE HIM	Vikki Carr (Liberty)
2	4	ALTERNATE TITLE	Monkees (RCA)
4	5	SHE'D RATHER BE WITH ME	Turtles (London)
5	6	A WHITER SHADE OF PALE	Procol Harum (Deram)
6	7	THERE GOES MY EVERYTHING	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
8	8	SEE EMILY PLAY	Pink Floyd (Columbia)
20	9	UP-UP AND AWAY	Johnny Mann Singers (Liberty)
28	10	DEATH OF A CLOWN	Dave Davies (Pye)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending July 27, 1962

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	I REMEMBER YOU	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
2	2	I CAN'T STOP LOVING YOU	Ray Charles (HMV)
5	3	SPEEDY GONZALES	Pat Boone (London)
3	4	PICTURE OF YOU	Joe Brown (Piccadilly)
4	5	COME OUTSIDE	Mike Sarne (Parlophone)
8	6	DON'T EVER CHANGE	Crickets (Liberty)
7	7	HERE COMES THAT FEELING	Brenda Lee (Brunswick)
9	8	ENGLISH COUNTRY GARDEN	Jimmy Rodgers (Columbia)
10	9	OUR FAVOURITE MELODIES	Craig Douglas (Columbia)
6	10	GOOD LUCK CHARM	Elvis Presley (RCA)



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CHRIS WHITE

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CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending July 30th, 1977

This Week	Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	I FEEL LOVE.....Donna Summer (GTO)	3	1
2	(2)	MA BAKER.....Boney M (Atlantic)	5	1
3	(4)	SO YOU WIN AGAIN — Hot Chocolate (Rak)	7	1
4	(3)	FANFARE FOR THE COMMON MAN — Emerson, Lake & Palmer (Atlantic)	8	2
5	(7)	ANGELO.....Brotherhood of Man (Pye)	3	5
6	(5)	PRETTY VACANT — Sex Pistols (Virgin)	4	5
7	(8)	OH LORI.....Alessi (A&M)	7	7
8	(6)	BABY DON'T CHANGE YOUR MIND — Gladys Knight & The Pips (Buddah)	9	4
9	(13)	SLOW DOWN.....John Miles (Decca)	5	9
10	(11)	PEACHES.....The Stranglers (United Artists)	10	7
11	(9)	SAM.....Olivia Newton-John (EMI)	7	6
12	(17)	WE'RE ALL ALONE — Rita Coolidge (A & M)	5	12
13	(21)	ROAD RUNNER — Jonathan Richman (Beserkley)	3	13
14	(28)	IT'S YOUR LIFE.....Smokie (Rak)	2	14
15	(20)	DREAMS.....Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	2	15
16	(15)	DO WHAT YOU WANNA DO — T Connection (TK)	6	9
17	(25)	THE CRUNCH — Rah Band (Good Earth)	3	17
18	(16)	A STAR IS BORN (EVERGREEN) — Barbra Streisand (CBS)	16	3
19	(—)	YOU GOT WHAT IT TAKES — Showaddywaddy (Arista)	1	19
20	(—)	ALL AROUND THE WORLD — The Jam (Polydor)	1	20
21	(14)	EASY.....Commodores (Motown)	4	14
22	(12)	FEEL THE NEED — Detroit Emeralds (Atlantic)	5	12
23	(—)	FLOAT ON.....Floaters (ABC)	23	1
23	(—)	GOD SAVE THE QUEEN — Sex Pistols (Virgin)	8	1
25	(10)	SHOW YOU THE WAY TO GO — The Jacksons (Epic)	8	1
26	(30)	ONE STEP AWAY.....Tavares (Capitol)	3	23
27	(—)	THREE RING CIRCUS — Barry Briggs (Dynamic)	1	27
28	(18)	EXODUS — Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	5	17
29	(22)	ROCKY MOUNTAIN WAY — Joe Walsh (ABC)	2	22
30	(—)	A LITTLE BOOGIE WOOGIE IN THE BACK OF MY MIND.....Gary Glitter (Arista)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
NIGHTS ON BROADWAY — Candi Staton (Warner Bros); YOU MADE ME BELIEVE IN MAGIC — Bay City Rollers (Arista); THIS PERFECT DAY — Saints (Harvest); I'M IN YOU — Peter Frampton (A&M); PROVE IT — Television (Elektra).

ALBUMS

Week ending July 30, 1977

This Week	Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	THE JOHNNY MATHIS COLLECTION — Johnny Mathis (CBS)	6	1
2	(2)	A STAR IS BORN.....Soundtrack (CBS)	16	1
3	(3)	I REMEMBER YESTERDAY — Donna Summer (GTO)	5	3
4	(7)	IV RATTUS NORVEGICUS — The Stranglers (United Artists)	13	4
5	(11)	LOVE AT THE GREEK — Neil Diamond (CBS)	5	5
6	(6)	RUMOURS — Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	23	6
7	(16)	GOING FOR THE ONE.....Yes (Atlantic)	2	7
8	(8)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA..Eagles (Asylum)	31	1
9	(5)	ARRIVAL.....Abba (Epic)	36	1
10	(4)	THE MUPPET SHOW.....(Pye)	9	1
11	(17)	STEVIE WINWOOD.....(Island)	4	11
12	(13)	A NEW WORLD RECORD — Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	34	5
13	(9)	WORKS VOLUME 1 — Emerson, Lake & Palmer (Atlantic)	14	7
14	(15)	THE BEST OF THE MAMAS AND PAPAS.....(Arcade)	3	14
15	(19)	20 ALL TIME GREATS — Connie Francis (Polydor)	3	15
16	(10)	EXODUS.....Bob Marley (Island)	7	9
17	(14)	DECEPTIVE BENDS.....10 c.c. (Philips)	13	2
18	(12)	BEATLES LIVE AT THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL.....(EMI)	12	1
19	(—)	ON STAGE — Ritchie Blackmore Rainbow (Oyster)	1	19
20	(18)	I'M IN YOU.....Peter Frampton (A & M)	7	15
21	(—)	SORCERER....Tangerine Dream (MCA)	1	21
22	(—)	LIVE! IN THE AIR AGE — Be Bop Deluxe (Harvest)	1	22
22	(30)	CSN.....Crosby Stills & Nash (Atlantic)	3	22
24	(25)	CAT SCRATCH FEVER — Ted Nugent (Epic)	5	24
25	(—)	LITTLE QUEEN.....Heart (Portrait)	1	25
26	(22)	AMERICAN STARS 'N' BARS — Neil Young (Reprise)	4	18
27	(—)	ANIMALS — Pink Floyd (Harvest)	21	2
28	(27)	IN FLIGHT — George Benson (Warner Bros)	7	12
29	(21)	SILK DEGREES.....Boz Scaggs (CBS)	6	11
30	(24)	BEST OF ROD STEWART — Rod Stewart (Mercury)	2	24

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
FACE TO FACE — Cockney Rebel (EMI); LOVE FOR SALE — Boney M (Atlantic); STREISAND SUPERMAN — Barbra Streisand (CBS); HOT CHOCOLATE'S GREATEST HITS (Rak).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending July 30, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(4)	I JUST WANT TO BE YOUR EVERYTHING	Andy Gibb
2	(1)	I'M IN YOU	Peter Frampton
3	(2)	UNDERCOVER ANGEL	Alan O'Day
4	(5)	DA DO RON RON	Shaun Cassidy
5	(7)	MY HEART BELONGS TO ME	Barbra Streisand
6	(8)	WHATCHA GONNA DO?	Pablo Cruise
7	(3)	LOOKS LIKE WE MADE IT	Barry Manilow
8	(10)	YOUR LOVE HAS LIFTED ME (HIGHER AND HIGHER)	Rita Coolidge
9	(9)	DO YOU WANNA MAKE LOVE	Peter McCann
10	(12)	YOU MADE ME BELIEVE IN MAGIC	Bay City Rollers
11	(11)	KNOWING ME, KNOWING YOU	Abba
12	(14)	YOU AND ME	Alice Cooper
13	(13)	IT'S SAD TO BELONG	England Dan & John Ford Coley
14	(15)	BEST OF MY LOVE	Emotions
15	(16)	EASY	Commodores
16	(20)	BARRACUDA	Heart
17	(18)	YOU'RE MY WORLD	Helen Reddy
18	(19)	ARIEL	Dean Friedman
19	(21)	HANDY MAN	James Taylor
20	(23)	JUST A SONG BEFORE I GO	Crosby, Stills & Nash
21	(6)	JET AIRLINER	Steve Miller Band
22	(24)	BLACK BETTY	Ram Jam
23	(26)	GIVE A LITTLE BIT	Supertramp
24	(17)	MARGARITAVILLE	Jimmy Buffett
25	(—)	HOW MUCH LOVE	Leo Sayer
26	(—)	TELEPHONE LINE	Electric Light Orchestra
27	(22)	LONELY BOY	Andrew Gold
28	(25)	TELEPHONE MAN	Meri Wilson
29	(—)	DON'T STOP	Fleetwood Mac
30	(—)	FLOAT ON	The Floaters

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending July 30, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac
2	(2)	I'M IN YOU	Peter Frampton
3	(4)	STREISAND SUPERMAN	Barbra Streisand
4	(5)	CSN	Crosby, Stills & Nash
5	(3)	LIVE	Barry Manilow
6	(7)	LOVE GUN	Kiss
7	(6)	BOOK OF DREAMS	Steve Miller Band
8	(8)	COMMODORES	
9	(9)	HERE AT LAST . . . BEE GEES . . . LIVE	
10	(18)	JT	James Taylor
11	(10)	LITTLE QUEEN	Heart
12	(16)	STAR WARS	Original Soundtrack
13	(13)	NETHER LANDS	Dan Fogelberg
14	(11)	IZITSO	Cat Stevens
15	(17)	CAT SCRATCH FEVER	Ted Nugent
16	(12)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles
17	(14)	CHANGES IN LATITUDES — CHANGES IN ATTITUDES	Jimmy Buffett
18	(23)	REJOICE	Emotions
19	(21)	EXODUS	Bob Marley & The Wailers
20	(15)	FOREIGNER	
21	(20)	EVEN IN THE QUIETEST MOMENTS	Supertramp
22	(22)	RIGHT ON TIME	The Brothers Johnson
23	(26)	AMERICAN STARS 'N BARS	Neil Young
24	(25)	BOSTON	
26	(24)	ROCKY	Original Soundtrack
27	(28)	OL' WAYLON	Waylon Jennings
28	(27)	SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE	Stevie Wonder
29	(29)	GO FOR YOUR GUNS	The Isley Brothers
30	(—)	CAROLINA DREAMS	Marshall Tucker Band

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS DESK

Edited: Derek Johnson

RECORD COMPANY'S GESTURE

Free LP for a New Vic ticket

WEA RECORDS this week make a magnanimous gesture to ticket holders for the projected London New Victoria concerts by Stanley Clarke and Bonnie Raitt, now cancelled because of the theatre's closure.

Although they were in no way responsible for the closure, the company offer a free Clarke or Raitt album to everyone whose money has been frozen by the New Victoria liquidators.

Ticket-holders for any of the scheduled August 5, 6 or 7 concerts at the New Vic should send their tickets to New Victoria Album Offer, WEA Records, 20 Broadwick Street, London W1V 2BH. WEA will then return the tickets, together with the albums selected. Holders are entitled to one album per ticket, regardless of the ticket value, and the closing date is August 6.

Raitt ticket-holders can choose from "Bonnie Raitt", "Give It Up", "Takin' My Time", "Streetlights", "Home Plate" and "Sweet Forgiveness". Clarke ticket-holders' choice is from "Stanley Clarke", "Journey To Love" and "School Days".

As reported last week, the concerts have now been re-scheduled for the Hammersmith Odeon — Clarke (August 5) and Riatt (6) — but the public must book again, as all money taken at the New Victoria box-office is being held pending a decision on its fate. This applies also to the Hot Chocolate concert planned for the New Vic on August 13 (not yet re-scheduled) and Harry Chapin's gig on September 3 (now at the Rainbow on the same date).

NME has received numerous calls from worried ticket-holders, anxious to know if they are likely to have their money returned. We can only reiterate that no decision will be taken until a meeting of creditors is held tomorrow (Friday), and we hope to be able to clarify the position in next week's issue.

The New Victoria is now back under the control of its owners, the Rank Organisation, but its future is still undetermined. A Rank spokesman said this week: "If we resume operating it ourselves, it will probably revert to being a cinema with occasional live concerts. But it's possible we may sub-let it again for full-time concert use."

ALBERTO Y Lost Trios Paranoias created a minor sensation last week, when their snuff-rock musical "Sleak" played a four-day season at London's Royal Court Theatre. The box-office was swamped with calls, and the venue could have sold out another week of performances.

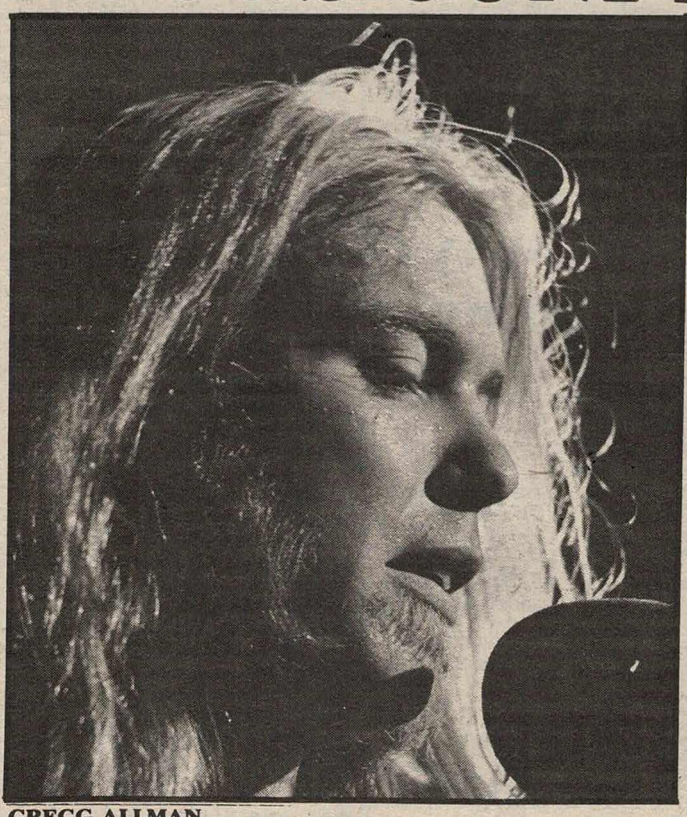
Even so, the show broke all existing Royal Court records since the English Stage Company was founded, and The Times theatre critic described it as the most important new musical he had seen for a long time.

As a result, the Albertos have been booked for another run wirh "Sleak" at the same venue — they open on September 12 for an indefinite season, depending upon their other commitments.

Meanwhile, the band continue gigging around Britain to promote their recently-released album "The Italians From Outer Space". Another elpee is in the pipeline.

Albertos to sleak again in London

ALLMAN AND IGGY TOURS CONFIRMED



GREGG ALLMAN

THE GREGG ALLMAN BAND were this week confirmed for their debut British visit during the second week of September. They begin an extensive European tour on August 26, and arrive here on September 7 for a six-day stay.

Norman Dugdale of the Nems Agency told NME: "They'll be doing several concerts, but we're still working on their itinerary. We haven't yet decided if they'll be appearing at an open-air event, such as Crystal Palace on September 10."

The band — who recently completed a sell-out Japanese tour — comprise Ricky Hirsch and John Hug (guitars), Neil Larsen (keyboards), Bill Stewart (drums), Kenny Burke (bass) and Gene Dinwiddie (sax).

IGGY POP is to tour Britain in his own right in October, and details of his itinerary — currently being finalised by the MAM Organisation — will be announced within the next two weeks. This seems to rule out Iggy's original plan, reported last week, to tour America with David Bowie in the early autumn. It is not yet clear if Bowie is going ahead with his U.S. dates, or if he will again play for Iggy in Britain.

● It was learned this week that an open-air concert by David Bowie is planned for Wembley Stadium next summer.

THE NON-EVENTS OF SUMMER 1977

THE SUMMER of 1977, which promised so much in terms of major open-air events, is rapidly developing — like the weather — into a damp squib! Following the cancellation of the Beach Boys' oudoor conecrts, other much-publicised shows are now in jeopardy.

● Mel Bush, who obtained a licence to present a rock concert at the 50,000-capacity Wrotham Park (just north of London), told NME this week that he hasn't been able to secure a sufficiently big headline attraction. Led Zeppelin are now out of the running, and Bush added: "With every passing day, it's getting more unlikely that there will be a show at Wrotham Park this year."

● Harvey Goldsmith has been given permission to stage a festival at Longleat stately home — although, as reported last week, he only intended to promote an event there if he could find the right acts. He now appears to have abandoned the project altogether — for this year, at least.

● Frederick Bannister has been finding it very difficult to get a bill together for a Knebworth concert this year. He is currently making final attempts to book a big-name headliner, and says that next week he will either announce the bill and the date, or the fact that the show is off!

Pending Bannister's decision, it seems the public is left with just two outdoor rock events of any significance — the Reading Festival (August 26-28) and the Crystal Palace Garden Party, now set for September 10 with the line-up expected within the next two weeks.

A Spokesman for Led Zeppelin commented: "It looks as though they've missed the boat this year, as far as an open-air show is concerned. But they are determined not to let their British fans down, and I'm sure they'll be doing something here before the end of the year."

Beach Boys' London date –not for public!

THE BEACH BOYS were arriving in London this week with two objects in view — to explain to the public and the Press exactly why they cancelled their British tour, and to attend the CBS Records Annual Convention.

They are performing in a gala cabaret at the convention, a strictly private affair at the Grosvenor House Hotel, this Saturday evening — the very day when they should have been appearing at Wembley Stadium.

The fact that they have chosen to play only for the officials of their new British record outlet, and not for the public, means that many thousands will be awaiting their tour cancellation explanation with interest.

Vibrators extra

THE VIBRATORS have been booked for a third night at London's Marquee Club, following their two previously reported gigs at the venue this weekend. They now appear at the club this Saturday to Monday (30-August 1).

Petty, Richman, Blondie touring

TOM PETTY and the Heartbreakers, who toured here in the spring with Nils Lofgren followed by a few gigs on their own, are now confirmed for a headlining tour in their own right starting in late September. The debut tour by Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers is also provisionally lined up for September, and a tentative date sheet has already been submitted to their management for approval . . . and Blondie, whose only previous visit was as support to Television, are scheduled to start their first bill-topping tour of Britain in late October.

TRAPEZE DATES — some with Motorhead

TRAPEZE set out next week on a month-long tour to preview their new album, set for mid-September release. And on three of the dates they team up with the Motorhead and Count Bishops package, already on tour, for major concerts at Wolverhampton Civic Hall (August 17), Birmingham Locarno (22) and London Strand Lyceum (24). Other dates for Trapeze on their own include Bedford Nite Spot (August 4), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (12), Chesterfield Aquarius (15), Coventry Mr George's (18), Nottingham Boat Club (20), London Fulham Greyhound (21), Bristol Granary (25) and Sheffield Top Rank (28). More are being confirmed.

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
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PASH MUSIC STORES — BY POST

This week's best-selling songbooks

Song of Paul Simon	£4.95	Best of Neil Diamond	£2.95
Neil Diamond/Love at the Greek	£5.50	Best of Steve Stills	£3.95
Genesis Song Book	£2.95	Songs of Paul Simon	£4.95
Wings Over America	£3.95	Queen/Day at the Races	£2.35
Pink Floyd/Wish You Were Here	£2.95	Queen/19 Songs	£2.00
Illus. NME Encyclopedia of Rock	£4.95	Queen/Sheer Heart Attack	£1.25
History of the Gibson Guitar from 1953	£2.95	Queen/A Night At The Opera	£2.35
NME Book of Rock	95p	Songs Of David Bowie	£3.50
Jackson Brownie/21 Songs	£5.50	Bowie/Diamond Dogs	£3.95
Nils Lofgren/Cry Tough	£3.95	Bowie/Lyrics & Photos	30p
Steve Miller/23 Songs	£3.95	Shadows/Best of Shadows	£1.95
Free/12 Big Hits	£2.50	Lead Guitar Tutor with Record	£3.50
Paul McCartney/In His Own Words	£1.95	Rhythm Guitar/Self Tutor	£3.50
Stones/Black & Blue	£2.50	Rock Bass Tutor With Record	£3.50
Bad Co. 1st Album	£3.95	Led Zeppelin Complete (1-5)	£4.95
Bad Co. Straight Shooter	£3.95	Pianoty 26 Songs	£1.75
Bob Dylan/Desire	£2.35	Rock Guitar Tutor with Record	£1.50
Frampton Comes Alive	£3.95	Bass Guitar with Record	£1.50
Beach Boys/20 Golden Greats	£2.95	Wishbone Ash/15 Songs	£1.50
Pink Floyd/Dark Side Of The Moon	£2.50	Marc Bolan/Warlock Of Love	95p
Mike Oldfield/Tubular Bells	£2.50	Marc Boland Lyric Book	95p
Pink Floyd/Animals	£3.50	T. Rex Songbook	£1.50
Jimi Hendrix/40 Greatest Hits	£3.95	Neil Young Complete Vol. 1	£6.95
Rod Stewart/15 Songs	£2.95	Neil Young Complete Vol. 2	£6.95
Allman Bros. 15 Songs	£2.95		
74 88 Guitar Chords	£4.00		
Beatles Complete/Guitar Or Piano each	£3.95		
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PASH MUSIC STORES, 5 Elgin Cres., London W.11

Gabriel, Nugent extra

PETER GABRIEL has added another date to his early autumn British tour — at Cardiff Capitol on Saturday, October 1. But at Bristol Hippodrome the following night (2), he will now play only one performance, instead of the two announced last week — postal applicants will now automatically be sent tickets for the single show.

TED NUGENT, already set for two Wildlife charity concerts at London Hammersmith Odeon on August 16 and 17, will now also play Birmingham Odeon the following night (18). Tickets are on sale now priced £3, £2.50 and £2. The George Hatcher Band are the support act at all three gigs.

● The Birmingham gig was originally planned for the city's Rag Market. Despite the cancellation of the projected punk festival (topped by The Clash) earlier this month, it was intended to launch regular rock concerts at the venue. But the City Council have now vetoed the idea of the Rag Market being used for any type of pop or rock shows.

Attractions of the other Elvis

ELVIS COSTELLO and the Attractions are currently on tour to promote their new album "My Aim Is True" on the Stiff label. And there have been four changes in their date sheet, listed in last week's NME. Their gig at Liverpool Eric's is switched from this Saturday to next Tuesday (2), while Plymouth Castaways moves forward one day to August 22. They have new bookings at High Wycombe Nags Head (tonight, Thursday) and Swindon The Affair (August 15). The band comprises (left to right) STEVE MASON, ELVIS COSTELLO, PETE THOMAS and BRUCE THOMAS.

JAZZ, FOLK SESSIONS

Fourth day at Reading

A ONE-DAY jazz and folk festival is to be staged on the Reading Festival site on August Bank Holiday Monday, the day after the three-day rock event finishes.

Although again staged by the National Jazz Federation and the Marquee, it is an entirely separate promotion, and is organised in conjunction with the Reading Evening Post on behalf of the town's Silver Jubilee Appeal Fund.

The afternoon (noon-5 pm) is the folk session featuring Richard Digance, Five Hand Reel, Flaky Pastry, Noel Murphy, Jon Betmead & Little Fish, Telephone Bill and the Smooth Operators and Frank Jennings and the Syndicate.

The evening (6-11.30pm) is devoted to jazz with the Chris Barber Band featuring special U.S. guest Jimmy Witherspoon, Harry Strutters Hot Rhythm Orchestra and the bands of Humphrey Lyttelton, Ken Colyer and Tom Collins.

Advance bookings are £1.50 for either the folk or the jazz session, or £2 for the whole day. Applications should be sent to Reading Evening Post, 8 Tessa Road, Reading, Berks., and cheques and POs should be made payable to NJF/Evening Post. Admission on the day, subject to availability, will be £1.75 for either session or £2.50 inclusive. Gates open at 11am, and all the usual festival site facilities will be available.

'P.J. PROBY JOINS FOCUS' REPORTS

REPORTS IN the U.S. music Press suggest that controversial American rocker P.J. Proby has joined Dutch band Focus — as lead singer!

Following the departure of Jan Akkerman, the band experienced a sharp decline in their fortunes — and subsequently, when two other members left, it looked as though Focus had disintegrated. But now the sole remaining member Thijs van Leer is apparently about to launch a re-shaped Focus.

Polydor Records in London said they had heard reports of Proby joining, but were unable to confirm them. But the fact that two U.S. papers have printed pictures of the new line-up, complete with Proby, appears to substantiate the story.

Runaways newcomer

THE RUNAWAYS have now found a new bassist following the departure of Jackie Fox — who, as reported three weeks ago, left after two suicide attempts and much internal disagreement. The newcomer, chosen after the other girls had auditioned almost 100 candidates in Los Angeles, is Danielle Faye — who was formerly with the Zippers and Venus & The Razorblades. The next album from the band is expected to be a live set, recorded during their recent Japanese tour.

Miles spurns Dean musical

JOHN MILES has rejected a 250,000-dollar offer from a U.S. film company to star in, and write the music for, a rock TV show based on the life of the late James Dean. Says Miles: "I know there's a resurgence in the Dean cult at the moment, with the new stage musical opening in London, but I don't want any part of it". His attitude is prompted by what many consider to be his resemblance to the movie star. Currently working on a new album for September release, Miles appears in the Reading Festival on August 27, and is planning a full British tour in October.

Longest-ever tour by Mud

MUD are to headline their longest-ever tour this autumn, starting in October and lasting three months. Their itinerary will include major concert and college venues, as well as selected club and ballroom gigs, and it will visit virtually every part of the country. The tour will tie in with the release of a new single and the band's first RCA album, and full details will be announced in a few weeks' time.

NEWS BRIEFS

KURSAAL FLYERS have added another date to their summer tour itinerary, opening at Cleethorpes Winter Gardens on August 4. It is at Doncaster Outlook Club on August 8.

THE RUMOUR plan another series of gigs in their own right in October. This is the first chance they have of promoting their album "Max", out this week, as they are busy working with Graham Parker until then.

THE RAMONES are definitely returning to Britain for a nationwide tour in December. Promoter John Curd of Straight Music confirmed this week that he is already working on their itinerary.

JOHN MARTYN, John Stevens' Away and the Stan Tracey Group appear at London Battersea Town Hall this Saturday (30) in a benefit gig for ex-Pentangle bassist Danny Thompson, who is recovering from a heart attack and unable to work.

THE DARTS play London gigs at Kensington Nashville (this Friday and Saturday), the Marquee (August 2) and Camden Music Machine (4), then go off the road for six weeks to record their debut album and single. In late September they begin a 45-venue nationwide tour, involving a new stage act with a backdrop and lighting rig.

FAIRPORT CONVENTION, already set for a concert at London Regent's Park Open-Air Theatre on August 7, also play London Kilburn The National on August 23.

COUSIN JOE from New Orleans plays five gigs after appearing at this weekend's Cambridge Folk Festival — at London Camden Dingwalls (August 2), Leicester Prohibition Club (3), Southampton Portswood Hotel (4), Bracknall Arts Centre (5) and London Hammersmith Odeon as Bonnie Raitt's guest (6).

GLORIA MUNDI have been added to the bill at the Reading Festival on Saturday, August 27. They also play London Camden Music Machine (August 2), London Camden Dingwalls (16), High Wycombe Nags Head (20) and Putney Railway Hotel (24).

FRANKIE MILLER'S Full House are in concert at Malvern Winter Gardens on August 27. But reports elsewhere that they are to appear in a Scottish festival at Caithness on August 19-20 are unfounded.

CLOVER, the West Coast band who made a big impact when they toured here last winter, return for a four-week headlining itinerary throughout October. This follows a month-long European tour in September with Graham Parker and the Rumour.

OSIBISA appear at the New Elizabethan Ballroom, part of Manchester's Belle Vue complex, this Saturday (30).

BURL IVES headlines the first Brighton International Folk Festival, to be staged at the Brighton Centre for three days from September 2. Other acts include Mike Harding, Albion Dance Band, Five Hand Reel, Harvey Andrews, Joanna Carlin, Ian Campbell Group and Na Fili.

STANLEY CLARKE BAND, already set for Birmingham Town Hall (August 4) and London Hammersmith Odeon (5), will also play Liverpool Eric's Club on August 6.

MOTORHEAD have added three dates to their tour with the Count Bishops, reported two weeks ago. They are Guildford Civic Hall (August 26), Bournemouth Bowl (28) and Brighton Top Rank (29). Revised dates for Cleethorpes Winter Gardens and Newcastle Mayfair are September 1 and 2 respectively, instead of August 25 and 26.

STEELEYE SPAN'S world tour now begins in Europe in September, continuing there until late October, and followed by a string of British concert dates in November and December. Due to intensive rehearsals with their new line-up, their Australian visit — originally planned as the first leg of the tour — is delayed until the New Year.

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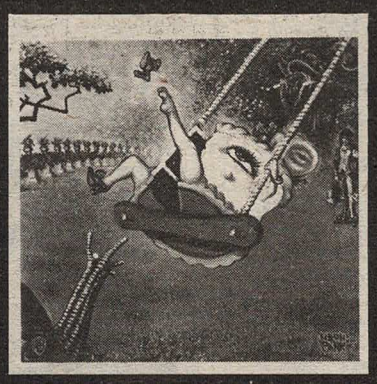

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RECORD NEWS

Stones' live set due: full details

THE LONG-AWAITED live double album by the Rolling Stones is now officially set for release on September 2. Titled "Love You Live", it's on their own Rolling Stones label, but is their last to be distributed by WEA before their previously-reported switch to EMI. Most of the set was recorded in Paris last year, the exception being Side Three which was taped at Toronto's El Mocambo earlier this year. Tracks are:

Side One: **Introduction (Fanfare For The Common Man), Honky Tonk Woman, If You Can't Rock Me, Get Off My Cloud, Happy, Hot Stuff, Star Star.** Side Two: **Tumbling Dice, Fingerprint File, You Gotta Move, You Can't Always Get What You Want.** Side Three: **Mannish Boy, Crackin' Up, Little Red Rooster, Around And Around.** Side Four: **It's Only Rock And Roll, Brown Sugar, Jumping Jack Flash, Sympathy For The Devil.**

Two of these tracks — Muddy Waters' "Mannish Boy" and Bo Diddley's "Crackin' Up" — have never previously been recorded by the Stones, while "Happy" features Keith Richard on vocals. The Stones are augmented by Billy Preston, Ian Stewart (keyboards) and Ollie Brown (percussion), and the sleeve artwork is by Andy Warhol. Retail price of the set has not yet been fixed.

CHRYSALIS SIGN GENERATION X

GENERATION X, the punk band sought by several major labels, have finally signed a long-term worldwide contract with Chrysalis Records. They are now in the studios recording their debut single for late August release, titled "Your Generation" and described as a contemporary parody of The Who's classic. Following the spate of recent 12-inch and coloured singles, the band say it will be issued "in a special unlimited seven-inch edition on black vinyl with a hole in the middle". Their latest confirmed gigs are at London Wardour St. Vortex at Crackers (August 1 and 2), High Wycombe Nags Head (11) and London Marquee (12).

Nationwide hunt for talent nets 13 acts

HANSA PRODUCTIONS, the new independent record company who have been conducting a massive talent search around Britain, have now signed 13 of the hundreds of acts they heard.

The company is headed by the German team of Peter and Trudy Meisel, who run Germany's largest independent label, Hansa Records — but in this country, their output will be issued on the newly-established Ariola label.

Producer Steve Rowland has joined the Hansa staff, and among producers being used on a freelance basis are Bruce Welch, Ron Richards and Simon Napier-Bell.

The first seven singles for release in mid-September are by the re-formed Babe Ruth, London-based duo Half Brother, Birmingham 17-year-old Andy Lloyd, London-based teenage band Japan, Welsh teenage singer Vicky Payton, Liverpudlian Barry Womersley and Kent-based six-piece outfit One Way Ticket. Other acts signed include Gold, Stamps, Paradox, Easy Cure, Visitor and Dave Simpson.

● Arcade, the specialist compilation label, are planning November release of a double Rolling Stones set — featuring tracks from both the Decca and WEA catalogues.

● The Stones have been offered almost £1 million by America's NBC-TV network to play just one concert in the Bahamas next May. It would be shown simultaneously in cinemas throughout the world, by means of a closed-circuit satellite hook-up. The band are understood to be considering the offer.

All-star compilation

A NEW record company specialising in compilations along the lines of K-Tel, Arcade and Ronco, has been launched in the North of England. They are Valer Records of Manchester, whose first release is the 40-track double set "Black And White Connection", retailing at £4.99. Designed mainly for discos and parties, all tracks are bridged by customised moog sequences, but are also individually banded.

Among artists featured are the Three Degrees, Labelle, Abba, Tower of Power, O'Jays, Johnny Nash, Earth Wind & Fire, Bugatti & Musker, Harold Melvin, Sly & the Family Stone, Chairmen of the Board, Manhattans, Sherbet, Tina Charles, Lou Rawls, Biddu, Ronnie Dyson, Peoples Choice, Glitter Band, Titanic, MFSB, Kursaal Flyers, Johnny Taylor, Peaches & Herb, Johnny Johnson & Bandwagon, Gary Toms Empire, David Essex, Sailor, Wild Cherry, O.C. Smith and Al Matthews.

LP by Small Faces

THE SMALL FACES, who toured Britain in the spring following their re-formation, have now signed a recording contract with Atlantic. Their single "Lookin' For A Love" is rushed out this weekend, and it's followed on August 12 by their album "Playmates". The band are now rehearsing in readiness for an extensive August tour of major European festivals.

● The **Kursaal Flyers'** new single, for CBS release on August 5, is "The Sky's Falling In On Our Love". It was produced by Muff Winwood, who will also be working with the band in the autumn on their new studio album. Meanwhile the Flyers' first live LP, recorded at London Marquee earlier this year, is due out in September.

● An early and much-sought-after Phil Spector production, "Home Of The Brave" by **Bonnie and the Treasures,** is available for the first time in Britain as a single on August 5 — when it is issued on the Spector label.

● A four-piece band from the Kent coast named **Quint** have been signed by United Artists, who release their debut self-penned single "It's Much Better Now" this week.

● **Maxine Nightingale's** new album's 'Nightlife" is released by United Artists on August 5, and she visits Britain early next month to promote the LP and her current single "Will You Be My Lover".

● Charly Records release a four-track rockabilly EP by **Billy Lee Riley** this weekend, comprising "Redhot", "Pearly Lee", "Flying Saucers Rock & Roll" and "She's My Baby". Issued simultaneously by the same label is **Jerry Lee Lewis's** "Great Balls Of Fire", coupled with his rare version of the old Glenn Miller hit "In The Mood".

● The **Ritchie Family** have updated the Martin Denny hit of the late 50's "Quiet Village", for Polydor release on August 5.

● ELO leader **Jeff Lynne** has his first solo single released by Jet on August 5 — it's the self-penned "Doin' That Crazy Thing", with Elton John among the backing musicians. Meanwhile, ELO are currently finishing off their next album in Munich.

● **Helen Day,** rapidly developing into one of Britain's top girl singers, has a new single out this weekend on Philips. Penned by the team of Bugatti and Musker, it's called "Love Sweet Love".

● The soundtrack album of **"Star Wars"** — the year's most successful film in the States, where it is rapidly out-grossing "Jaws" — is issued this weekend by 20th Century. The movie, with music composed and conducted by **John Williams,** opens in London at Christmas. A single of the main title also out tomorrow.

● New-wave band **London** are putting the finishing touches to an EP for early September release by MCA. It includes a re-working of the Easybeats' hit "Friday On My Mind". They have also begun recording their debut album.

● Chiswick recording band **Radio Stars** release a four-track EP titled "Stop It!" on August 5, and early next month they start work on their first album.

● A new single by **Sweet** is issued by Polydor on August 5, titled "Stairway To The Stars".

Townshend-Lane album out soon

PETE TOWNSHEND and **RONNIE LANE's** collaboration album is now finished, and is planned for mid-September release by Polydor. Title is "Rough Mix", and it features Eric Clapton on one track.

Damned for new London punk venue

THE DAMNED headline two nights at a new punk and new-wave venue in London next month. It is the Sundown in Charing Cross Road, which will be presenting punk bands every Sunday night — but as a foretaste of the new season, The Damned play two special shows there on Wednesday and Thursday, August 17 and 18. Support acts are The Adverts and Fruit Eating Bears, and tickets are £1.60 obtainable in advance from Fox Leisure Enterprises Ltd., 39-41 High Street, Bromley, Kent (s.a.e. please).

The Sunday gigs kick off on August 21 with 999, New Hearts and Swords. Generation X headline on August 28 and the Buzzcocks on September 4. The bill for September 11 is London, The Victims and Swords. Admission will be "kept down to about £1", say the organisers, and there is a fully licensed bar.

Fox say that, with good facilities including a large stage and built-in P.A., they are aiming to develop the Sundown into London's premier new-wave venue. Any new bands who would like to be considered for a date there are invited to contact Kevin Barry on 01-464-2226/7.

Fox had to obtain the approval of the Sundown's owners, the Rank Organisation, before setting up the punk season. This is a further indication of Rank's flexible attitude towards new-wave, as reported two weeks ago.

Stranglers' Jean Jacques risks it

THE STRANGLERS' bassist Jean Jacques Burnel, who was threatened with conscription into the French army, left this week for a working holiday in Europe. He is travelling around the Continent by motorbike, doing promotional radio interviews in several countries.

His tour includes a visit to France, where he will also be visiting his parents. He is taking a calculated risk in going there, because he has not yet received official confirmation from the French authorities that he is exempted from military service. But as he has submitted the necessary proof that he qualifies for exemption, he feels there is little or no risk of arrest or detention.

The Stranglers' next British tour is scheduled for October. It is being lined up by promoters Straight Music, who will announce the itinerary towards the end of next month.

Meanwhile, Hugh Cornwell — currently holidaying in Mexico — will meet up with Jet Black in the States for a ten-day radio tour of the East Coast, starting on August 11.

ROCK IN THE CINEMA

London season —films & gigs

A SEASON of rock films begins this weekend at The Other Cinema in London's Tottenham Court Road. These will be screened on weekdays — and every Sunday there will be a special event comprising a film, a live act and a discussion.

Opening tomorrow (Friday) for a fortnight, with weekday screenings at 4.30 and 8.45, is "Cooley High" with music by the Four Tops, Martha & The Vandellas, The Supremes, Stevie Wonder, The Temptations and Smokey Robinson and The Miracles. "Janis", a film portrait of Janis Jopin, runs from August 12 to 17 (one performance at 8.45).

The first Sunday show this weekend (31) has the film "The Girl Can't Help It" (with Eddie Cochran, Fats Domino, Little Richard etc) plus Shakin' Stevens & the Sunsets on stage. On August 7 there's Horace Ove's 1970 movie "Reggae", with Aswad gigging. The "Janis" film is followed by Carol Grimes & The London Boogie Band on August 14. New-wave is featured on August 21 with the film "The Sex Pistols Number One" and Squeeze on stage.

Three punk movies coming

IN THE LATEST development on the new-wave front, punk is moving into the cinema. Plans are under way for three punk films, all to be shot in London and going into production next month.

Probably the most interesting project is the Sex Pistols movie, currently in preparation. The group's manager Malcolm McLaren has flown to Los Angeles for talks with veteran producer Russ Meyer, who was responsible for "Beyond The Valley Of The Dolls" and "Supervixens", among others.

Johnny Speight, of "Till Death Us Do Part" fame, is understood to be involved in writing the screenplay.

Another picture in the planning stages has two provisional titles, "Punkenstein" or "Punk Rules O.K." — it's being set up by Mark Fostater, who produced the Monty Python "Holy Grail" film, and Harry Bromley Davenport will direct.

The third punk movie is scheduled by the Megalovision company, who made the art film box-office success "Sebastiane", but no details are yet available.

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MANCHESTER as a Rock and Roll town just didn't use to exist. It fed dutifully off London, and there were frequent visits from groups to the big halls; Free Trade, Belle Vue and Hard Rock.

Manchester had its place on the provincial touring lists alongside Birmingham, Newcastle, Liverpool, and Glasgow, but towards the end of 1975 it looked like losing even that position among the the groovy out-of-town venues.

There were a few low lit dives where bodies jerked moronically and automatically to what was at times termed 'progressive' and 'underground' rock; records churned out repeatedly and monotonously until it reached a stage of spoon feeding. A few local bands performed proudly, regurgitating the same spoon-fed sounds. Some of them smiled occasionally.

I tell you, it was a very boring place to be — it had no identity, no common spirit or motive. It was probably a reflection of the country at large.

Just as Manchester was about to fizzle out completely, Howard Devoto formed a group, Buzzcocks, and wrote the words to a song "Boredom", "You know me I'm acting dumb You know the scene, very hum-drum Boredom, boredom, boredom."

A year later, people smile, know each other, help each other, are part of each other. It's a recognisable community. There are more venues, smaller and friendlier; the glorious Sunday nights at the Electric Circus, Rasters, the late lamented Oaks and the Ranch Bar. A lot more minor groups visit and 90% of the time are eager to return.

Manchester is a great place to be now. There is grimness, determination, humour and awareness. The scene has unfolded rather than exploded but it's very much there and alive.

Sights and sounds of contemporary Manchester; right, Slaughter & The Dogs; below, Warsaw; further below, Pete Shelley of Buzzcocks relaxes after anniversary celebrations with members of The Worst (right) and friends (left); bottom left to right; The Drones, Pete Shelley, Mike The Postman; very bottom, one of the city's many walls.

Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

They mean it

HOWARD DEVOTO is not acting dumb anymore. The scene isn't humdrum anymore. Certainly not in the Devoto vicinity. He resides comfortably among his favourite homely artefacts in a place called Lower Broughton, and spends his time answering the phone, taming weasels under the cocktail cabinet, and smiling at the quasi-Brechtian get-up-and-go influences in a great deal of what is quaintly termed 'new wave rock'.

Lower Broughton lies messily, with plenty of those red-brick, cracked-window locations popular in mid-sixties pop snaps, just outside Manchester. And right now Manchester is the centre for a happening, menacing, attitude-rich movement that — to use an easy and no doubt misplaced equation — rivals the mythical creative flush of '60's Liverpool in its fun, potential, and importance.

Things are happening in Manchester. Devoto knows, quietly. Devoto is important, quietly. Unique; a stupid word, but in this case true.

Devoto used to be the singer and lyricist for Buzzcocks, Manchester's first new wave band, but he discovered that he is perhaps more a dramatist than a performer. Typifying his skilful, almost absurdist dialogue technique with lyrics is "Boredom", surely a genuine classic. The song is a curious assimilation of the central force behind Samuel Beckett's play *Waiting For Godot*, which, equally curiously, relates to the initial idealism of punk/new wave; that the pattern is desperate and yet the movement paradoxically hopeful.

Devoto left Buzzcocks six months back, one of the reasons being a cleverly masked reluctance to perform on stage. He's still searching for a comfortable way to perform his work. His importance, and that of Buzzcocks, cannot be overlooked in terms of Manchester's growth to what it is now; a pretty hot place to be.

For a start, it was Devoto who first brought the Sex Pistols up to Manchester — twice — thus establishing an early reputation that Manchester was a good place for punk bands to play. This was back in June '76. Devoto realised the importance of the Pistols from early on; "The Pistols certainly helped lead the way for me. Some of our songs had been around not quite formulated for a few months before I saw them play. I'm not very good at envisaging finished mucical product. I knew *what* I wanted to say but I couldn't see *how*. The Pistols made me realise how I could express what I was trying to say."

The Pistols were the final influential ingredient in a strange creative stew. Devoto already knew that the music should be fast ". . . The Stooges, obviously. It was so simple almost anyone could play it, but it was effective. That was what I wanted."

Devoto is an individualist, more in love with vitality and vigour of personality than morality. He has more control of language than any of his immediate contemporaries and more complexity. This was another factor in his quitting Buzzcocks: a frustration that fans and critics alike tended to overlook the subtleties of his presentation, ignore the rich and lively language of the songs.

"I formed Buzzcocks," — a pop group whatever else — "because I wanted to get across what I was saying in the market place, not in a small office in a tower block. People, I wanted people to hear."

That people largely missed in performance the intense overlay of repetition in "Boredom"; the vain and humiliating urgency of desire in "Time's Up"; the sharp fusion of terror and habit in "Breakdown"; and the odd surrealistic vitality of "Friends of Mine" (all tracks off their "Spiral Scratch" e.p.) is, to understate, unfortunate.

FOR THE first few months of what must loosely be termed 'The Movement', Buzzcocks evolved alongside The Clash, The Damned, The Pistols and the rest to much the same universal misunderstanding and were the *only* new Manchester rock band.

They played one of their first gigs at The Ranch in Manchester, the congregation centre for those with pins in their sleeve, frustration (however mild or forced) in their heart, and action in their mind; much the same as the lower level of the Roxy. "It was from here that we thought that something would happen, that bands would form," says Devoto. "A lot of what Buzzcocks tried to do in the early days was inspire."

In fact, not a lot happened. Slaughter and the Dogs gradually remodelled their ideals, and The Drones cautiously materialised out of some hazy previous incarnation. Little else.

At the end of '76 Manchester had two visits from the 'Anarchy' tour, which undoubtedly intensified the city's reputation as a place to play and inspired many more fans into the fold, so to speak.

During 1976 Buzzcocks had led the way in Manchester, showed what could be done. Early 1977 was when Devoto bade farewell and "Spiral Scratch" was released. Buzzcocks now gained Pete Shelley, whose warmth and sympathetic psychological acuteness is in direct contrast to Devoto's mystery and invulnerability, and who contributes Peter Pan vocals and off the wall guitar. Steve Diggle plays furious elbow-tugging rhythm guitar, Garth is on courteous bass and John Maher on almost technoflash drums.

Their abstract avant-garde style has set them way apart from anyone else on the Manchester scene. Shelley's new songs are propelled by genuine social and personal indignation, his interpretation of Devoto's work possibly the correct procedure — a natural performer idiosyncratically delivering the songs of a natural writer. There is something precious, special and different about Buzzcocks that's still waiting to be exploited.

Howard Devoto, meanwhile, has not disappeared. No way. His involvement with Buzzcocks still exists, via both management and New Hormones, the label which released "Spiral Scratch", and which he co-owns with Richard Boon, Buzzcocks' manager. But it's as an artist that Devoto can and should excel. Devoto is not a minor writer! As far as I can see he is not content to sit back and accept a passive role. Like Samuel Beckett, who has surely influenced Devoto more than anyone or anything, his prominent theme is the absurdity of existence.

Devoto is forming a group to play "fast and slow music", probably for record only. Wait.

FROM HIGH brow to glorious low brow pop music and Manchester's two top shots for the huge gap only Eater and the Hot Rods ever looked like filling; Fast Pop. The Drones and Slaughter and the Dogs are the groups in question, and if Buzzcocks are by far and away number one, then these two bands have worked admirably hard for the number two spot in popularity.

It's been a good few months since I viewed the lamentable debut gigs of both these bands, and since then it's been intriguing and gratifying to see them both sharpen their ideals, dragging their previous faiths into new disciplines. Surely this is the initial basis for what has sprouted into an increasingly ugly monster — speed, aggression, beat enthusiasm, a variable amount of ego fulfillment plus frustration and that essential anti-apathy ingredient.

The differences between the two bands date from previous incarnations — the Dogs very much Bowie-Ronson/Reed, The Drones a wishful attempt to supply the missing link between Quo and Iggy. Probably both would still be turning out the same thing if not for The Ramones, Rotten and Strummer.

And that's the point; their songs are now faster, tighter and sharper and more exciting. Both bands are unrecognisable compared to their beginnings, and that's the way it should be. Both have commercial possibilities and neither mind a little manipulation as long as they're stars

Main Pix: KEVIN CUMMINGS

and get to sign a few autographs. There was some talk a while back of them doing a tour together, which would have been a whammer if not for conflicting personalities (aah . . . healthy rivalry) and difficulties about who would go on first (it would've had to be a sharing arrangement!).

The development of the Dogs has a slightly perverse quality about it. At the beginning their hammy theatrics detracted from whatever quality their flashy glam rock had, but gradually the frills were dropped and they concentrated emphatically on sheer musical impact. Playing with The Damned in London at the end of last year they were a shameless bubble-gum rock band, thrashing out with enthusiastic abandon rough, cute, speeded-up "Suffragette-City/ Queen Bitch/Sweet Jane" variations that couldn't but fail to delight.

They played it refreshingly straight visually, which was thought by many to be a hindrance. Playing with the Damned didn't help, and these days The Dogs are visually just plain silly. Lead singer Wayne Barratt covers himself in talcum powder, which once was a neat idea, and guitarist Mike Rossi, who knows all the right moves, mercilessly crams them down the audience's throat. Visually they impose when they don't need to; their music does it all for them. Simply, the band seem to have become sloppy, appear reluctant to continue the shrewd sharpening of their approach and, since the beginning of the year have become static.

But who can deny that they've a great future? I want to see them on *T.O.T.P.* It's their natural habitat.

The Drones' natural habitat is the stage. At times they echo the thrill and thrash of Quo at full throttle, but their songs are too short and well constructed for any monotony to set in. They have no great songs but a series of up-front sharp moves that aim purely for the body and the feet.

Their improvement since the early days is marked. The difference between, say, the early version of "Hard On Me" (a track off their new e.p. "Temptations of a White Collar Worker") and the new version like

M-a-a-a-nchester

From the UK roots

By PAUL MORLEY

the difference between Kiss and The Ramones. On stage they refuse to let up, and although it's difficult to see in which direction they're heading, they are fine entertainers and definitely for you if Led Zep flipped you until The Damned swayed you.

IF THESE are the three biggies there are others aiming to challenge. It's since March things have noticeably developed. The nice people at the Electric Circus wisely booked new wave acts for each Sunday, and the late lamented Oaks in Chorlton saturated May '77 with little known London groups like the Genet-nasty Siouxsie and the Banshees, The Vibrators, The Adverts, and the degraded beauty of The Slits.

The two literary catalysts for Manchester activity — *Ghast Up* and ***Shy Talk* — stuttered out their first** editions; primitive popzines, potentially important, nervously requesting interviews, urging involvement. Manchester buzzed.

As Buzzcocks "Spiral Scratch" sales reached the 8,000 mark, as Slaughter and the Dogs' single "Cranked up Really High" was released on their Rabid label, as The Drones prepared their "Temptations" e.p. the next wave of Manchester bands finally surged into view, cementing the city as perhaps the healthiest, most uncluttered new music centre. The Fall, Warsaw, Ed Banger and the Nosebleeds, The Worst; something for everyone.

The Fall have prompted quotes like "I thought The Clash were political until I saw you". Their approach is perhaps too serious — maybe they strip rock of its fun? Perhaps they're not even a rock'n'roll band? They are. The guitarist's slashing chording is the anger of frustration solidified into burning sound, the simplicity of the lady keyboardist's embellishment a self-mocking intrusion. The singer is an angry concerned narrator, the rhythm clever and neutral.

Their words are voiced, clipped ideologies, entertainment for radicals maybe — but they have something to say and they try to say it to as many people as possible. A Henry Cow approach, the contradictory collision of form and content always apparent in such earnest and undiluted political quests should prove an interesting barrier to overcome.

With the sad demise of The Derelicts, The Fall could stand alone as a genuinely committed, politically agile rock'n'roll band, without, say, The Clash's superficial fluency.

Warsaw are one of many recent new wave functional bands; easily digestible, doomed maybe to eternal support spots. Whether they will find a style of their own is questionable, but probably not important. Their instinctive energy often compensates for the occasional lameness of their songs, but they seem unaware of the audience when performing.

Ed Banger and the Nosebleeds are interesting but only in a mild, smirky way. They used to be a terrible collection of directionless yobs carving out laughable mish-mash songs for largely uncaring audiences, until a guy called Vinny — who used to run the Oaks — grabbed hold of them and shook them into the disciplined, artless new wave functionals they are today. With correct manipulation — and Vinny has the consciousness and fingers to work the strings wonderfully — they could fill the gap left by Hello.

There is no gap for The Worst to fill. Only The Slits' early gigs or the odd Prefects passages give some idea as to the Worst's expressionist style. They are a Punk Rock group; new wave is such an effeminate term. They stand for all the freedoms that can be imagined. They voice brutal imaginations of blurred everyday themes — urban alienation, distortion, depersonalisation — and their style is, by liberal intellectual standards, destructive and anti-social.

The band use the most primitive techniques and riffs imaginable, and their singer squalls words about oppression, depression, and most other -essions with a Kevin Coyne-like intensity.

Their act is split into five or six sections, each of which is different each time it's played. They improvise words on the spot, most often distilled shorts; *Daily Mirror* rape stories, dole statistics, *Forum* explanatory articles, all crudely illuminated with terse verses, and demands for action.

Dole queue rock? "Fuck, I'm glad to get paid for doing nothing," singer Allan explains. The song "Gimme The Money" greedily explores his attitude while "Police" is a furious account of paranoia as awareness. The Worst are agonising and totally enjoyable.

With Buzzcocks, The Fall, and the Worst, Manchester has two genuine *new* wave rock groups (new as in . . . new), and possibly the only genuine punk rock group. They are certainly three of the most provoking, eccentric and entertaining of new (and thus all) British rock bands.

THE CAUSE of Manchester buzzing so hard on the new wave front (the beach?), not only in terms of music but with an undeniable sense of communal comradeship and involvement, is difficult to explain completely. It's been a cumulative effect, painfully slow initially, that's sped almost too fast to see lately. It was initiated certainly by the first two Pistols gigs, continued by the second two on the 'Anarchy' tour, and maintained by Buzzcocks' steady willingness to remain in Manchester and be repeatedly, often derogatorily tagged a 'Manchester Band'. Then there was this merry month of May when the Oaks venue bought two London bands up who proved that if you had something to say you could say it with narrow technique (Slits and The Banshees). It all helped.

Definitely apart from the bands that I've numbered, there are more in preparation, and yet more tentatively/rashly/cockily performing debut gigs, a lot of fans inspired more by what they see immediately about them than anything happening elsewhere.

Left, Manchester's answer to Samuel Beckett, Howard De Voto (ex-Buzzcocks); below, Ed Banger.

The refusal of (inter)national record labels to venture away from London is unfortunate, but a blessing in disguise. It's forced the big three Manchester bands to release the discs they were long mature enough to record on their own labels; Buzzcocks typically leading the way with New Hormones, and The Dogs and The Drones trotting frustratingly behind with Rabid and the 'S' label.

A side issue: both The Dogs and Buzzcocks were featured prominently on the "Live at the Roxy" compilation. In the same vein, the Bent label aims to release a Manchester compilation L.P. with a view to resultant singles, and both New Hormones and Rabid have solid plans for the future.

The ideal would be for none of the Manchester bands to have to resort to signing for the big labels, but Richard Boon has hinted that New Hormones could possibly continue and be distributed by whatever label Buzzcocks sign for, which would open the gates for the company to indulge themselves in certain esoteric experiments. Rabid also looks to be more than merely a vehicle for releasing the first Slaughter record, with Bent Records, set up by Dave Bentley, a brave attempt at setting up a liberal local label, maybe a Stiff equivalent.

AWAY FROM the, er, new wave buzz, Manchester's Sad Cafe (now signed to RCA) are doomed for middling stardom with their lush bed-ridden rock. Gags, Bicycle Thieves, Harpoon, and a few period piece heavy three piece bands continue to juggle bravely out on a limb. The former three are quite competent and have been known to thrill, but in the light of what's happening elsewhere it all seems a little uninspired.

The legendary Spider Mike King was doing seven years ago what Graham Parker did last year to gain respect. He's still doing it now but that's not the point. The point is his lack of confidence, which I doubt he'll ever overcome now. And I know why; ignorance. No one cares/cared.

Tom Yates has met similar obstinacy from the punters. Yates sticks to his gentle and beautifully crafted originality as contemporaries like Roy Harper, John Martyn, and Richard Thompson claim deserved success, having turned to rock and electricity. Yates can hardly remain a cult for much longer, and his perceptiveness, guts, and timeless music deserve a far larger audience than the local folk club circuit. But . . . Manchester City will win the league.

And then, as 60's Liverpool had its literary scene, its Henris, Pattens, and McGoughs, so Manchester has its John Cooper Clarke, fitting snugly into the scene with a disarming modesty. His words dovetail neatly into Shelley/Devotos', much as the Liverpudlian poets' did to Lennon/McCartney.

Clarke's a total non-conformist, a grinning rebel, a comic, ironic, and relevant observer of the thing called society. Both New Hormones and Rabid want to sign him. His delivery is just right. He's the next link in the chain after Rimbaud, Chuck Berry, Mike Harding and Pam Ayres. Significantly, when Clarke recited with Buzzcocks in Manchester, people were clapping, cheering, and even dancing to the biting rhythm of his poems. In London the reaction was (cough) lukewarm.

How too would John the Postman fare in London? A fan unable to merely spectate, his famous dance is a test for any visiting group; if the band's winning, he'll start twitching until eventually he'll be in full flight, playing imaginary guitar on his beer bottle, sweat pouring pints. He's also prone to climb on stage after a group's performance and deliver a solid accapella version of "Louie Louie". Local rumour has it he wrote it.

NO, I'M not assuming that London's dead, although it seems to run on automatic drive, self congratulatory; a little like that glossy supplement *Sniffin' Glue.* And I'm not telling you that Manchester's manna. But it *has* got an identity like London's got a lump.

The only thing we ain't got is an all-girl group (c'mon Denise!) and a central 'factory' to organise and help proceedings. Richard Boon is quietly working on that. To distort something Jon Landau said introducing his infamous *It's Too Late To Stop Now* article, "There's a stack of excitement in the air."

Lester Black's Bang-Out

LESTER BANGS: BACK IN THE USA

I WORE a T-shirt that said "DISCO SUCKS" in big white letters on black background all over New York City and almost got killed several times.

This may not mean much to you, in your own scene with your own concerns and predators, but if it doesn't mean anything to you — well obviously your country is dying and that is your first concern, but there is a world outside. You must recognize this or we cannot even begin to converse. No one particularly wants to, I admit — I wore an "Idi Amin For President" T-shirt all over NYC and nobody said nothin'. You'd think in a city as full of blacks and Jews as this you could get some response. Nothing. It takes disco to get people out of their armchairs.

So I even wonder why I am doing this column. Perhaps, given its title, you would prefer titbits of gossip about Farrah or Keith Richard's coming to New York to try and cure his sickness through acupuncture, an item in which I have no interest whatever. But you can have my opinion of Keith Richard and then I'll shut up about the subject forever, ain't no sin to laugh and grin, and it ain't no sin to be a junkie if you've got the money to keep the man off your back. The rich are different from you and I; they can afford to have their blood changed in Switzerland. I had friends that are dead because they couldn't tell the difference, and that's not Keith's fault, but it doesn't make me particularly care about what ever happens to him either.

The thing that really offends me is not that Keith is an addict but that he played exactly one lead guitar solo on "Black And Blue" and I didn't but I could have paid five dollars for that album. Even Keith should appreciate that five dollars buys a nickel bag, or used to, at any rate. I got friends that *need* that five dollars; if that logic seems askew, write it off to a drug culture that Richard could be said to perpetuate by making it seem glamorous to appear half-dead. Obviously he is the last shred of charisma the Stones have got, and obviously many people consider him Mr. Rock 'n' Roll, but if your last shred of charisma is a guy who doesn't even *play* much anymore, or who seems half dead by his own choice, then who the hell *cares* about the Rolling Stones *or* rock 'n' roll?

I mean, I don't see it as some flame you should hover over and try and keep alive, or like a gardener tending some impossibly delicate species of plant for a little old lady. If it's gonna die, let it; let it croak, give it room to breathe its last, and something new, some new ragweed flowers will grow up from that rank soil over those rotted bodies that might be better off not walking around anyway. That's my little stab at necrophilia. If you bought "Black And Blue" you had yours too.

If you think I'm self-righteous, well, it's a free country, isn't it, but I will not bow the knee of fealty any longer to the cowardly gods you revere, I mean like the Stones, Zep, etc — I told the editors of this magazine that I was totally at their disposal, as I am at yours, but I would not do any more popstar interviews. Because popstars are a concept of the past. The future may not be given to fury, fury having reaped us so little this century, but at the very least it must be given to democracy. To the belief that one thing rock 'n' roll stands for is that the least is as big as the greatest. When Peter Tosh sings of "Equal Rights," do you think he's just talking about black people in the countries he lists, inheritors of the scourge of your fathers' colonialism?

Let me rephrase the question. Just what makes you think you've got the market cornered on social decay? You may correct this impression if I am wrong. You know, sometime if some of you cats got out of your narrow little scene long enough to look around you, to read a book or a newpaper or even just watch the snuff movies they call "news" on TV, you migh discover that there are quite a few other folks, worldwide, who share your problems, concerns and goals.

For those with such utter contempt as you continuously glory in, if you wanna see places that really have no future you oughta come and take a look at Detroit, Cleveland, Baltimore sometime. These are vast cities crammed with despair-maddened black people, in whom the corporate captains have precious little interest anymore if they ever did. I don't know who or what rules your country, but computers rule America, and the computers have decided that places like Detroit are no longer statistically viable. These cities are already rotting, and they are going to fall and I'm not at all sure what will happen to this country when they do.

In Detroit "juvenile delinquency" has taken the stage again, gangs like the Black Killers and the Erroll Flynns getting on crosstown buses and terrorising the passengers. From what I hear, it may no longer be safe to go to concerts at Cobo Hall because of these people, who are only broadcasting the message that if you are going to take all the money and let their city die, then don't hide out like scared rabbits in the suburbs and pretend that nothing's happening, come down here and we will rub your nose in it. If you want to pay ten dollars to watch Jethro Tull walk off with thousands for nothing but arrogance, that's your business, but those who own nothing but bitterness are finding their voices and their arms, and they are no minority.

(As I typed "Jethro Tull" in the last sentence all the electricity in the five boroughs of New York went out. Stay tuned for further details.)

Meanwhile we got this president who blathers on about "human rights" but obviously doesn't give a damn about the blanket abrogations of the most basic necessities, let alone rights, in his own back yard. He kisses women a lot, and gets his whiz boys on the cover of *Rolling Stone,* and I admit he is better than Nixon because he at least goes through the motions of caring about the rest of the human race, but going through the motions is unfortunately an insufficient reply to the anguish of all those left out and left over. If you think that America is not committing genocide against its own people, just watch the fate of places like Detoit, It's horrifying, and it's here today, and no one including me is doing anything to change it. It is, after all, easier to fight about whether or not disco sucks.

I WAS writing a column about how the British should not be so smug because America too will fall when suddenly everything went out. The record player faltered, then the lights in my apartment went out, the refrigerator; I looked across the street and McDonalds' marquee was dead. When McDonalds goes out you know your country is in trouble. I wasn't really that worried; I had summer doldrums anyway. Two nights earlier I let it get dark and sat in the shadows in my apartment listening to Charlie Parker and drinking beer because I really didn't care . .

But now as I write I hear news broadcast about food-poisoning. I spent my last money last night at the market and I knew all that was spoiled after the electricity all over Manhattan and the five boroughs went out, but this morning I hit the street because I was hungry and all I had was my checkbook. The banks wouldn't open because they can't verify your checks without their computers, and all the supermarkets are closed — I met the guy at the guarded gate of one and he told me "You don't wanna eat what's in here; I wouldn't eat what's in here, it's rotten." So I went to my trusty local deli, where the Arabs that run it will never take checks, not even in times of disaster, probably because they are accustomed to something we think of as a hideous inconvenience, so I spent my last dollar on a quart of beer.

Then I went uptown: there is one part of Manhattan where the electricity is on for some reason. As I write the news says the Queens and Brooklyn have fallen out into the darkness *again.* Last night there was mass looting, they had pictures on TV of the looters running with TV sets and then the head of Consolidated Edison saying it was just a natural disaster and the Mayor saying it was Con Ed's fault. This city is in chaos. Meanwhile Mayor Beane wants the National Guard herein but Governor Carey says the police can handle it.

400 people arrested as of this afternoon. Where I am staying now, upper east 70s, my friend said last night he could see the smoke from burning buildings in the sky, "It was creepy," he said. Here's a newsman: "People are gonna have to get together, all New Yorkers. . ." All right, all the winos and shopping bag ladies and scuttling street Arabs on the lower east side can get together, but not in my apartment. I got too many jazz records to protect. This is where liberalism ends and feral fear begins.

I am no more noble than the foulest right-winger.

On the TV screen, smoke and rubble and shattered Bronx and Brooklyn. . . I don't want to fight, I want to hide, which is what I am doing this minute.

"Bloomingdale's presents how to make your bathroom a hit, $5.95 regularly $7.95, this white sale is like no other store in the world." Newsman: "Why are you Harlemites decimating your own community?" "Why, wull, you know man, because it's there. . ."

A human neutron bomb hit NYC, but somebody miscalculated; some buildings were still burning at dawn. Aw shit. . . Newscaster: I've just got one question — Why? "My children are hungry! And July 1977 was another Christmas for the people!"

I still don't know what's really going on so I'm going to shut up now. What I do know, because they just said so on TV between telling us how nice folks weathered the whirlwind by picnicking in Central Park, was that in 1965, last time a blackout happened here, there wasn't nearly this much crime. So I don't wanna hear anymore shit about how hot the '60s were. Like the Strawberry Alarm Clock said, "The World's On Fire." Serving notice now: stop whining and do something about it. A generation confronts us rife with possibilities. Fuck Prez Carter and all your ersatz deracinated souls that pass as leaders. YOU AND I ARE THE LEADERS, THE WHOLE SCENE IS UP FOR GRABS. Use chaos to foment love and understanding. I will elaborate on this. I'd just like to know that we are a we at all. I suspect we are. The hell with Britain, the hell with the USA, the hell with all the artificial boundaries that wire us into solipism. Time has come today. Get in touch.

A policeman collars a looter in Bushwick, Brooklyn. Yes, they were still at it the next day.

KNNILLSSONN

HARRY'S KNNEW ALBUM. TWIICE AS KNNIICE!

INCLUDING THE HIT SINGLE, 'ALL I THINK ABOUT IS YOU.'

Engineered and co-produced
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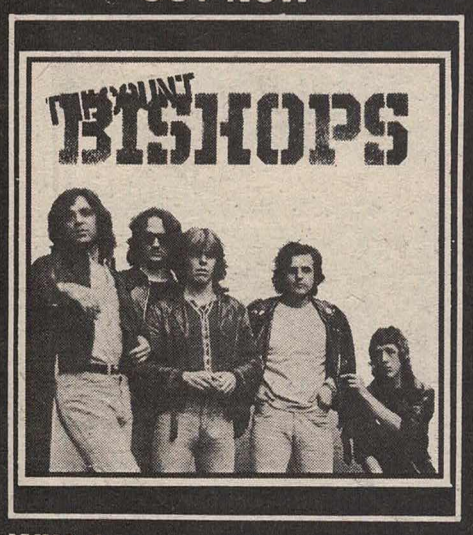
achtung; this band takes no prisoners

ON TOUR

with THE COUNT BISHOPS

July	
Sat 30th,	HASTINGS, Pier Pavilion
August	
Mon 1st,	STAFFORD, Top of the World
Fri 5th,	MANCHESTER, Electric Circus
Sat 6th,	AYLESBURY, Friars
Mon 8th,	PLYMOUTH, Woods Centre
Wed 10th,	TORQUAY, Town Hall
Thur 11th,	PENZANCE, Garden
Fri 12th,	CARDIFF, Top Rank
Wed 17th,	WOLVERHAMPTON, Civic Hall
Thur 18th,	WEST RUNTON, The Pavilion
Fri 19th,	SOUTHEND, Queen's
Sat 20th,	WIGAN, Casino
Sun 21st,	BLACKPOOL, Imperial Hotel (T.B.C.)
Mon 22nd,	BIRMINGHAM, Locarno
Wed 24th,	LONDON, LYCEUM*
Fri 26th,	GUILDFORD, Civic Hall
Sat 27th,	ST. ALBANS, Civic Hall
Sun 28th,	BOURNEMOUTH, Village Bowl
Mon 29th,	CHESTERFIELD, Aquarius
Wed 31st,	YORK, Cat's Whiskers
September	
Thur 1st,	CLEETHORPES, Winter Gardens
Fri 2nd,	NEWCASTLE, Mayfair
Sat 3rd,	GLASGOW, City Hall
Sun 4th,	SHEFFIELD, Top Rank

OUT NOW



WIK.1.

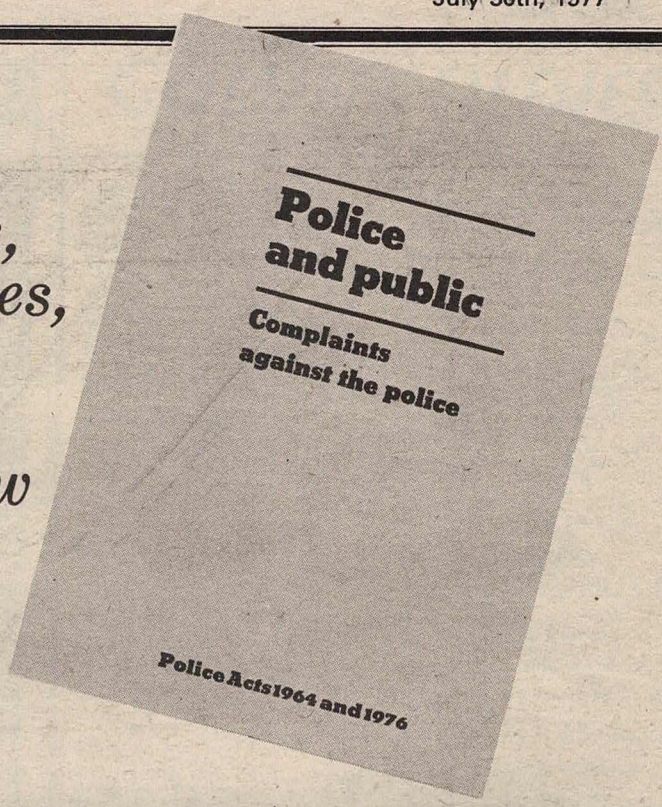
OUT AUG 12th

WIK.2.

Tour Co-ordination by: Paul Charles of Asgard

** Advance tickets from London Theatre Bookings, Lyceum and other agents.*

What every George Ince, George Davis, Malcolm Jones, Sex Pistol, Etc. Etc. needs to know



IMAGINE HAVING the degree of faith in human nature which enables you to write, in 1977, of the police force (or indeed of anyone): "Christ, it's *wrong*, you're supposed to be able to *trust* them, they're supposed to be on our side."

Such were the sentiments of *NME* reader Martin Davies of Aberystwyth, who recently wrote to his local (Liberal) MP, Geraint Howells, to protest against the stormtrooping of The Sex Pistols Jubilee aqua-jaunt.

Mr. Howells hastily harassed the Home Office, on behalf of whom Lord Harris replied; "Section 49 of the Police Act 1964 places the responsibility for recording and investigating complaints against members of police forces on the chief officer of the force concerned. Under the new procedures set up by the Police Act 1976, which apply to complaints relating to incidents which occured on or after 1st June, 1977, the report of the investigation if such a complaint must normally be sent to the Police Complaints Board for their independent consideration. I enclose two copies of a leaflet entitled 'Police and Public', which explains there procedures.

"Accordingly, if a member of the Sex Pistols pop group — or anybody else on their behalf — wishes to make a complaint about their treatment by members of the Metropolitan Police, he should write to the Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis at New Scotland Yard.

"As he explained to the House on 27th May, the Home Secretary has no power to intervene in the decisions reached by the chief officer, by the Complaints Board or by the Director of Public Prosecutions as the result of the investigation of a complaint. In the circumstances it would not be appropriate for the Home Secretary to offer any comment on the matters raised by your constituent."

Like to help you, son, but nothing can be done.

Tuff stuff, eh kidz?

So Martin Davies wants to know if the Sex Pistols would like him to proceed on their behalf by writing to the Commissioner, or whether they want to do it themselves, or whether they prefer to suffer in silence and add yet another piece of persecution to their illustrious list; like the kid says, "You do it, or let me, or you *make* them do it."

Surely such belief should not be betrayed?

But it will be.

□ JULIE BURCHILL

FREE ALBUM OFFER UNTAINTED BY CORRUPTION SHOCK

STIFF RECORDS are beginning to realise the truth of Friedrich Plato's old adage: "Folks is so paranoid these days it's easier to sell 'em diamond-studded safety pins than to give 'em free records."

After all the shit Stiff ran into on the free Damned single, wouldn't you know that their latest brainwave whereby they give free Elvis Costello albums away would hit trouble at the starting gate?

The scheme: the first 1,000 copies of Elvis Costello's "My Aim Is True" LP contain a "Help Us Hype Elvis" leaflet.

You fill it in, send it to Stiff, and they mail out an album gratis to the lucky recipient of your choice.

The scam: according to "a source", most of the 1,000 were sent for export, and most of the remainder were scarfed up by Bizarre Records.

Bizarre were unobtainable to comment on this accusation, which, if true, would seem to imply that they, possibly in collusion with Stiff, had grabbed the goodies in order either to sell 'em at inflated prices or use the vouchers themselves, or just have a more desirable product on their shelves.

Jake Riviera of Stiff, however, instantly sprang to Bizarre's defence, "We've had a very good relationship with Bizarre for ages. They're not in it to clean up."

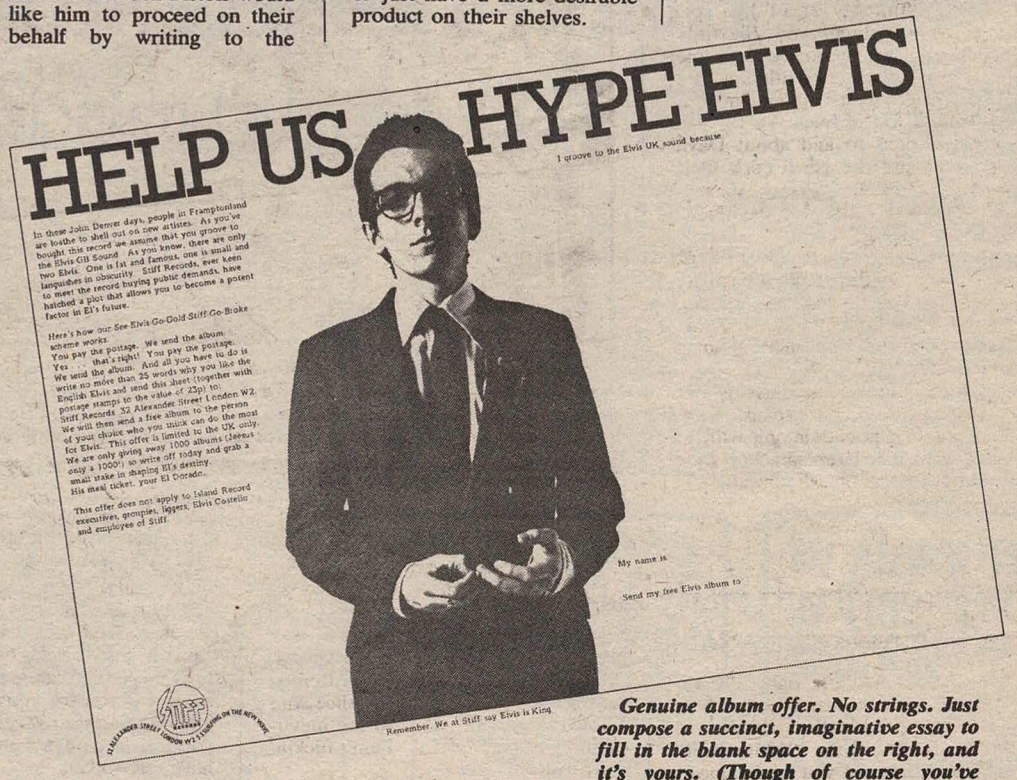
In fact Stiff printed up to 1,200 leaflets in order to cater for the odd 200 who'll probably buy the album and not take up the option on the freebie. 700, Jake says, went to Virgin Records for nationwide distribution. Of the rest, *some* went to Bizarre, others elsewhere.

He certainly denies that even a substantial amount have been sent abroad. "Elvis Costello isn't exactly enormous in Belgium. If this person waits two weeks he can come round and see the forms that have been returned. We've had seventy replies already.

"Free records are just too much aggravation."

One thing, though: as Stiff shipped 11,000 copies of the album in the UK the instant it was released, might it not have been fairer to people if they could tell *before* buying whether they were getting an album with or without the free offer?

□ PHIL McNEILL


HELP US HYPE ELVIS
I groove to the Elvis UK sound because
In these John Denver days, people in Framptonland are loathe to shell out on new artistes. As you've bought this record we assume that you groove to the Elvis GB Sound. As you know, there are only two Elvis. One is fat and famous, the other is small and languishes in obscurity. Stiff Records, ever keen to meet the record buying public demands, have hatched a plot that allows you to become a potent factor in El's future.
Here's how our See Elvis Go Gold Stiff Go Broke scheme works.
You pay the postage. We send the album.
Yes . . . that's right! You pay the postage.
We send the album. And all you have to do is write no more than 25 words why you like the English Elvis and send this sheet (together with postage stamps to the value of 25p) to:
Stiff Records 32 Alexander Street London W2.
We will then send a free album to the person of your choice who you think can do the most for Elvis. This offer is limited to the UK only.
We are only giving away 1000 albums (Jesus!) only a 1000! so write off today and grab a small stake in shaping El's destiny.
His meal ticket, your El Dorado.
This offer does not apply to Island Record executives, groupies, laggers, Elvis Costello and employee of Stiff.
My name is
Send my free Elvis album to
Remember. We at Stiff say Elvis is King

Genuine album offer. No strings. Just compose a succinct, imaginative essay to fill in the blank space on the right, and it's yours. (Though of course you've already got one . . .)

THRILLS

NOW THE BOOT'S ON THE OTHER LEG

AND WELCOME to the inevitable. Any week now, your friendly neighbourhood bootleg cellar will be adding two new delicacies to its rock and roll smorgasbord: "No Fun" by the Sex Pistols and "White Riot" by The Clash.

"No Fun" features the Matlock Era Pistols, and was recorded at the Electric Garden in Manchester on the Anarchy In The UK Tour. "White Riot" was snaffled, appropriately enough, on the White Riot '77 tour at the same venue.

Both albums are obvious cassette-machine jobs, and thereby prone to all the ills which cassettes are heir to: muffled sound with an acute shortage of highs and lows and battery fluctuation.

The Pistols bootleg is particularly rough: it's grade Z mono, makes "The Beatles At The Star Club Hamburg 1962" sound like a Yes album by comparison.

The Clash exhibit boasts a slightly more sophisticated grasp of — ahem — "production techniques": it's in stereo, the batteries don't run down, etc.

"No Fun" is the more topical of the two, since the Pistols' recorded *oeuvre* is at present less extensive than that of The Clash, plus it contains Pistolised versions of songs like The Who's "Substitute", the Small Faces' "Whatcha Gonna Do About It" and The Monkees' "I'm Not Your Steppin' Stone", which aren't going to be on their official debut album, which Virgin are hoping to release sortof-soonish.

From the Pistols' own repertoire, there's "Did You No Wrong" (mistitled as "Outta My Head"), a song listed as "Pushin' And Shovin' " (which may or may not be the actual title), "Seventeen" (mistitled as "I'm A Lazy Sod", which *isn't* included at all), "Satellite Kid (New York)" — a song dedicated to and about David JoHansen and the New York Dolls (listed as "???"), "Pretty Vacant" and "Problems." It's wrapped up with "No Fun", itself.

The Pistols sound to be in good form, even though Rotten's singing comes out like someone shouting distantly in an echoey toilet and Paul Cook's drums vanish almost completely.

However, Steve Jones is in good axe-grinding form (so to speak) and Glen Matlock pounds along with an unholy glee. The latter's backup vocal on "Pretty Vacant" is exhilarating, to say the least.

There's a regrettable shortage of dazzling repartee, though. Someone yells something about Eddie and the Hot Rods, and Rotten tells him to fuck off, the audience sporadically bellow similar sentiments . . . and so on.

The Clash bootleg, on the other hand, features the same contents as their album, with the addition of "1977" (B-side of the "White Riot" single, for those of you who came in late) and "Capital Radio" (from the NME-distributed freepie).

The only previously unrecorded/unreleased (delete where not applicable) piece is their arrangement of The Maytals' "Pressure Drop."

Again, it's a fine performance (despite some violently out-of-tune guitars towards the end of the set), and a bit of band/audience verbal. Strummer's "this song was written by a wog" intro to Murvin's "Police And Thieves" and his reply to the inevitable "Fuck off" howl: "I ain't fuckin' off, tosh . . ."

Whether you regard these albums as potential additions to your time capsule is down to three basic factors: how you feel about the Pistols and The Clash, how you feel about bootlegs in general and how you feel about sound quality.

In any case, don't bother asking us for details of how to obtain these albums since it ain't our policy to provide such information . . . and even if it was I don't know anything about them that I haven't already told you . . . last I heard they didn't even have covers yet.

□ CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

DON'T CRY FOR ME, NICARAGUA

Mrs. Jagger reveals her determination to be a future Eva Peron.

IT COMES AS almost a jolt to the sensibilities to learn that the well-known haute society dilettante, Bianca Perez Mora de Macias Jagger (27), was a part of the Paris political scene in May, 1968.

In a remarkably candid and sympathetic profile of Mick's missus in the July edition of *Viva* the itinerant Australian writer, and star of the Old Bailey *Oz* trial, Richard Neville, reveals that, after three years of studying at the Paris *Sciences Politiques*, Bianca became a researcher, compiling dossiers on political figures, for the editor of the leftist *Combat*.

"At that time", she tells him, "I was very militant, and I still am . . . a little bit. Living this way" — the interview was conducted over lunch at New York's fashionable Quo Vadis restaurant — "Does not make me blind. It does not mean I lose the objectiviity to see what's going on. I still have political convictions."

Indeed, her political convinctions were reinforced three years ago, after the earthquake in her Central American homeland of Nicaragua.

After the Stones had put on a US benefit show which raised 300,000 dollars Bianca intended to use the money to build a children's clinic in her native country. Following allegations of abuse by archetypal corrupt Latin American politicians of other fiscal aid, however, she refused to hand over the money directly to the government.

The official rage this unleashed confirmed her in her determination to return there one day as a political force.

"They tried to kill me. We were living in the hills. The wheels kept flying off our car. Policemen banged on the door at night. I got a message saying 'Don't dare come back'.

"In my country it is the children of the bourgeoisie who are interested in revolution. The rest are too busy starving and don't care what is right or left. It is the students who have established a relationship with the peasants and who sometimes get killed."

BIANCA JAGGER was born in 1950 into the luxury that came of her father being a coffee magnate, though he left home when Bianca was 11, and the family's circumstances were reduced. Bianca and her mother, however, ably kept up appearances.

By the time she was 15 Bianca had spent 12 years of her life being educated in a convent.

"I was taught," she tells Neville, "that virginity is the highest asset in life. It's so sick and strange that it's interesting. I believed it until I was 18."

It was at that age, though, that she persuaded family friend Raymond Pons, the French ambassador to Nicaragua, to assist her in gaining an education in France: "My parents went crazy. Paris represented everything they hated.

When she left for Paris, writes Neville, she had only been kissed once.

Following her *frisson* with French radical politics the woman on whose eyelids make-up expert Pierre Laroche would one day use real gold leaf began moving between Paris and London's ultra-chic Club Aretusa set on the Kings Road.

There, after first establishing herself by hanging out with the loaded Italians who frequented the club, she moved on to have scenes with, first, Michael Caine, and, then, French record magnate Eddie Barclay.

It was in 1970 that Atlantic Records president Ahmet Ertegun escorted the future Mrs Jagger to a Rolling Stones concert at the Paris Palais Des Sports.

Backstage she met Mick.

The next year the two were married in St. Tropez.

The wedding (a rock 'n' roll socialite's nirvana that was characterised by Keef signalling his arrival by heaving an ashtray through the door of the St. Tropez *hotel de la ville*) made Bianca, she tells Neville, "very sad, very shocked, and very unhappy. It was awful and I hated it."

In addition to this quite natural reaction to her marriage Mrs Jagger was already pregnant with Mick's daughter, Jade.

"Suddenly there is a third person and you don't know what to do or how you are meant to feel. I love all children and I reacted to Jade in a way that meant she could have belonged to someone else. She was a little friend. It took two years for my maternal instinct to arrive. Then I understood."

Jagger the father is, incidentally, "wonderful . . . He has this great relationship with Jade." Their "gypsy life", though, appears to preclude the possibility of further children.

Discussion of her much castigated carryings-on on the set of the aborted movie "Trick Or Treat" (which were well documented by Ray Connelly, the author of the film's screenplay), in which she would have been seen acting a bisexual role, leads Neville to allude to bisexuality.

She denies ever having a physical relationship with another woman: "I was a reserved child at school and didn't have much contact with other girls. I was introverted, aloof and unhappy. For a long time afterwards my relations with other woman were distant. I was taught they were my enemy."

In fact she adds, mentioning that her "emotional intimacies" outside of marriage have been mainly confined to gay men, "I sometimes think I am more homosexual male than female."

More recently, though, she has moved towards closer friendships with women: "Sometimes I even search out and find interesting the company of other women. I won't call it 'women's liberation', but I do believe in women's independence, which men have always resented."

Naturally, Neville enquires whether this includes Mick.

"Mick is terribly old-fashioned, whatever his attitude intellectually." Despite screaming matches chez Jagger, Bianca insists she is still in love with the Stones' vocalist — "There is no one else I ever met that I could have married."

Does she care, though, demands Neville, what her husband does outside of their marriage?

"The only thing I find inadmissable are lies . . . Mick is not famous for being the most honest person."

"If you sleep with someone else," Neville continues, "Does Mick care?"

"I don't know. I haven't asked him."

Do you care if *he* sleeps with someone else?"

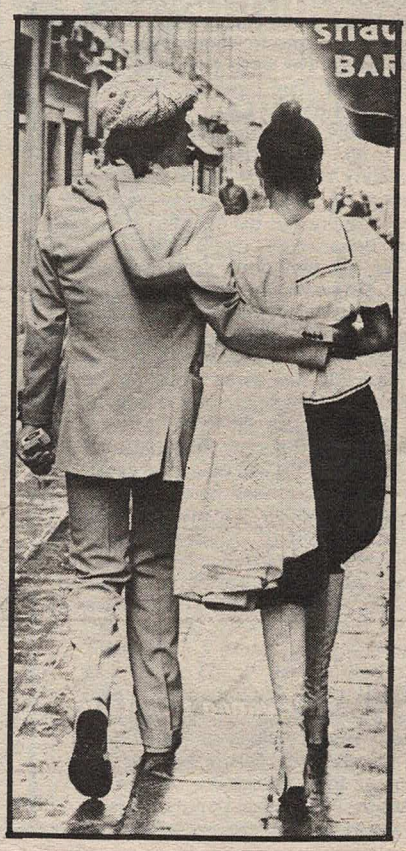
"It is not so important for him. For me it is. Somebody who is with me should not take it lightly, because I care . . . If all the girls who say they have affairs with Mick actually did, I wonder when he would have time to see them all.

"It is very strange, the mystique of women thinking they've made it if they've slept with Mick. It is peculiar. It shows so much a lack of respect for themselves. Mick is very critical about people who don't have respect for themselves. He finds it repugnant. Nothing could be less of a turn-on."

Their marriage, she claims, works on more than a superficial level: "The press . . . regularly divorce us . . . Unless we had a deep personal relationship, we couldn't survive all this."

□CHRIS SALEWICZ

***Bianca, seen here riding off with hubby into a 1971 St. Tropez sunset, talks of persecution in the hills of Central America ("Policemen banged on the door at night"), of virginity ("The highest asset in life"), of her wedding ("I hated it") and of her present relationship with Jagger** pere* and daughter Jade.



WHEN THE MUSIC'S OVER . . .

THE LONG AWAITED Jim Morrison album of verse and music is now scheduled for Christmas release. According to an interview given by former Doors drummer John Densmore to John Tobler (in this month's *Zig Zag*) "The Jim Morrison Project" will include renditions of Morrison tackling his poetry, presumably selections taken from "The Lords And The New Creatures" collection.

In addition there's talk of Morrison interview material and cuts that never made it onto "Absolutely Live" owing to running time.

Apparently, Densmore, Krieger and Manzarek are searching for additional interviews that might exist. Anyone who can oblige in this area can get in touch with Monsieur Tobler care of *Zig Zag*.

Six years on and interest in the late great James Douglas Morrison remains as fanatic as ever. Just as it should be. □MAX BELL

IS THIS THE START OF A WOPBOPA-LOOBOPALOP BAM *BOOM*?

(Or . . . will the real Little Richard please stand up)

PAGE two of *NME* two weeks ago carried a message both strange and incredible — not to mention misprinted. "Bubbling under", it said, beneath the British Top 30 singles, "Good Golly Miss Polly / Rip It Up — Little Richard (Creole)." The previous week, one of our news pages had proclaimed, "Little Richard: UK Tour Plan . . . which will be his first here for more than ten years."

While most of you have overlooked these cryptic items, a few of us old rockers in the biz were set to scratching our scalps in wonderment. Little about the messages made sense.

Aside from the mystery of how a Little Richard record hit the Top 50 one week after its release when it's getting little or no airplay and is hardly likely to be a disco breakout (think about it), it was only a matter of months ago that the ageing Peach of Rock announced that he was quitting evil ole showbiz — again — for the sanctity of religion. In this case, Seventh Day Aventistism.

Further, Richard has been to Britain at least twice in the last decade (and was embarrassingly awful on both occasions) and — the biggest query — the Creole cuts are so close to the spirit of his original '50s Specialty recordings that, given the stunts that can be pulled with modern electronic wizardry, a suspicion of bootlegging rip-off was abroad in the air. On top of that, another version of "Good Golly Miss Molly" by Richard was put out by Charly Records, who claimed theirs was also a new recording.

Confusing, eh? Well, we now bring you the *facts*.

First of all, the recordings issued by Charly were cut in 1964 and originally sold by Richard to Vee Jay Records, then based in Chicago. Since then they've cropped up on numerous American and British labels, because both Vee Jay and Richard keep farming out the tapes to whoever matches their price. The most comprehensive selection of these tapes was last aired on a DJM double LP.

Secondly, it's important to note that all of Richards's original Speciality recordings are available in Britain on Sonet's Specialty label. Since they're still the best things he's ever done, their ready availability makes all imitations rather redundant. However, the tracks issued by Creole *are* comparatively new, previously unissued recordings.

Recorded at Audio Media Studios in Nashville, the three tracks on the Creole maxi-single are part of a batch of approximately 20 tracks (all re-recordings of Specialty material), cut by Richard in the last week of August, 1976, and supervised by one Stanley Shulman. Another of the tracks, "The Girl Can't Help It", is already a hit in Holland and there'll soon be an album of the whole lot released by K-Tel.

Shulman is best known for his work at the beginning of the '60s with Ray Peterson ("Tell Laura I Love Her", "Corrine Corrina") and Curtis Lee ("Pretty Little Angel Eves", "Under The Moon Of Love", "A Night At Daddy Gee's") which emanated from his Dunes label. But in the last few years he has specialised in re-creating past glories for once-popular artists.

"I've cut over 400 re-recordings", he told me over the phone from his office in Brentwood, Tennessee, "from Jan & Dean to country & western. To me a great artist with a great song makes a great record, which should last forever. Basic rock 'n' roll that will live forever, you know what I mean? But the industry doesn't want to know about 'oldies', so the thing is to cut new versions which are technically modern but have that original *feeling*.

"I don't believe in screwing around with the public. If an artist got it right in the first place and then tries to change the direction or the phrasing then you lose all communication. We duplicate the original feeling.

"The trouble is", he added wryly, "we do it so well, here in The States we still have trouble getting airplay. With the Little Richard tapes we're gonna have to do further overdubs for the U.S. market. By adding two guitars to some tracks it'll give them a little more electricity and we might get some airplay on AM stations."

The Georgia Peach

As a Richard devotee from way back when I can testify that Shulman and his musicians have indeed done a faithful job, the guys in the studio being Dennis Bernside (piano), Paul Worley (guitar), Jack Jackson (bass), Don Jackson (sax), Eddie Bayers (drums). But even more remarkable is the way that Richard, who has spent most of his career parodying his original self, was persuaded to sing it like it was.

"Yeah", Shulman confirmed, "he did have some trouble. But what we did, we played him the original records because he couldn't recollect his phrasing and by the time we were through he said he couldn't believe it. Also, to capture the mood, we just sat down and talked about the old days. I have about 12 tapes of conversation with Little Richard.

"I just said, tell us about when you travelled on the road with Fats Domino and Chuck Berry and those others back in the '50s. For instance he told me he started his gay thing because the boys at the rock 'n' roll hops would get upset that their girls were screaming for the singers. He figured, 'Hell, I'm gonna get killed if I'm not careful, I better start acting funny.' You know it was rough at a lot of those gigs — people'd start shooting guns sometimes.

"That's just an example of what we talked about. So when he came to record he was really in the mood. Since then they tell me he's gone off on his religious kick again. It's crazy."

And what has Little Richard got to say for himself about all this? I wish I could tell you. Unfortunately, at the time of going to press he was 'unavailable', last heard of preaching somewhere in the depths of Georgia. Ooh my soul.

□ CLIFF WHITE

The three sides of Richard Penniman: "Good Golly Miss Molly" 1958, 1964 and 1977 versions; Little Richard has also recorded the song for at least two other labels.

BIG APPLE BLACKOUT — NEW DRAMA

ON THE DAY before a massive power failure put out all the lights in New York City, a small white-haired man walked into the offices of *The Seattle Post-Intelligencer* and said he was going to predict what their headline would be on that Thursday.

Sitting down at a desk he scribbled a note on a piece of paper, sealed it in five envelopes and gave it to the city editor. When the final edition had gone to press on Thursday, the envelopes were opened.

The message read: "I predict the banner story . . . will be: Massive Power Blackout Hits New York City Area. Arrest Hundreds For Looting." The word "failure" had been scrubbed out and "blackout" written in its place.

The actual headline in the paper that day was: "Massive Power Blackout Hits New York City Area. 500 Arrested In Looting."

The man identified himself as Koge, a magician from Salinas, California, who was in Seattle for the convention of the Pacific Coast Association of Magicians.

□ DICK TRACY

BEAU GESTE WOMBLE CONFUSION

AT THE reception to launch his first solo album, Mike Batt hovers uncertainly at the door, and the guests sweep straight past him to the bar.

Not that you'd know he was a star turn. A small man with a pasty face, and thinning red hair spilling unkempt over the sort of green parka once favoured by mods.

The venue is the CBS studios in London's West End, and the occasion has turned into something of a works outing for CBS staff. In their curious mixture of pinstripes and funky chic, they guzzle the free glasses of Beaujolais, and when Batt's album has run its course they mutter darkly among themselves.

Wombles singles they understand. But ambitious orchestral works, beefed up with heavy rock guitars, seem a little beyond them.

Surrounded by such people, Batt's anxious expression seems eminently understandable. When approached, he offers a little speech in defence of music that lacks repetition. *Lacks* repetition.

The album, he says (predictably enough), is the sort of music he always wanted to create. Batt used to sing *"Remember you're a Womble"*. But these days, he'd just as rather forget. That's not too easy, though, when you've masterminded five gold albums worth of Wombles.

He's not trying to do a Mike Oldfield with this new set. He's trying to avoid being pretentious. ("Not that Mike Oldfield is pretentious, you understand"). Also, it's not intended as a heavy fusion of rock and the classics.

Having said what it's not, Batt's a little hard pressed to say what it is. "It's not a concept album," he adds to the list of negatives.

The title is somewhat unfortunate. "Schizophonia". Phonier than what, you wonder. And is it an attempt to recall The Who's last masterwork? Presumably not that either.

Accompanied by a somewhat exotic slide show (aided by a small computer), the album blasts forth with surprising aggression. This is explained, in part, by the presence of the inevitable Chris Spedding (guitars) and Ray Cooper (percussion). But Batt himself has clearly opted for a tough approach.

The theme appears to have something to do with battles in the desert between French troops and Arab tribesmen, Beau Geste Womble, you might say, if you were unkind. But then, there's a big switch to lush harmonies and love songs. One of these, "Railway Hotel", is brilliantly poignant.

All very confusing, but at the same time, consistently engaging. And never once is it twee. The orchestra Batt used was the LSO, and far from allowing them to coast, he exploits the colours of the strings and woodwind at full intensity.

Whether it'll sell is another matter. Batt loyalists like Maddy Prior and Rick Kemp turned up at the reception to lend moral support. Ray Cooper was on hand, looking quaintly Dickensian in a three-piece suit and Jim McGuinn specs.

But when the lights came up, Batt was out in the corridor wandering on his own. And a tannoy announcement said: "Would CBS personnel please vacate the tables, as our guests have nowhere to sit".

□ BOB EDMANDS

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'TERRAPIN STATION'
the debut album on Arista
from the GRATEFUL DEAD
is a dynamic mix of musical energy confirming
them yet again to be probably one of the most
creative forces in West Coast music.
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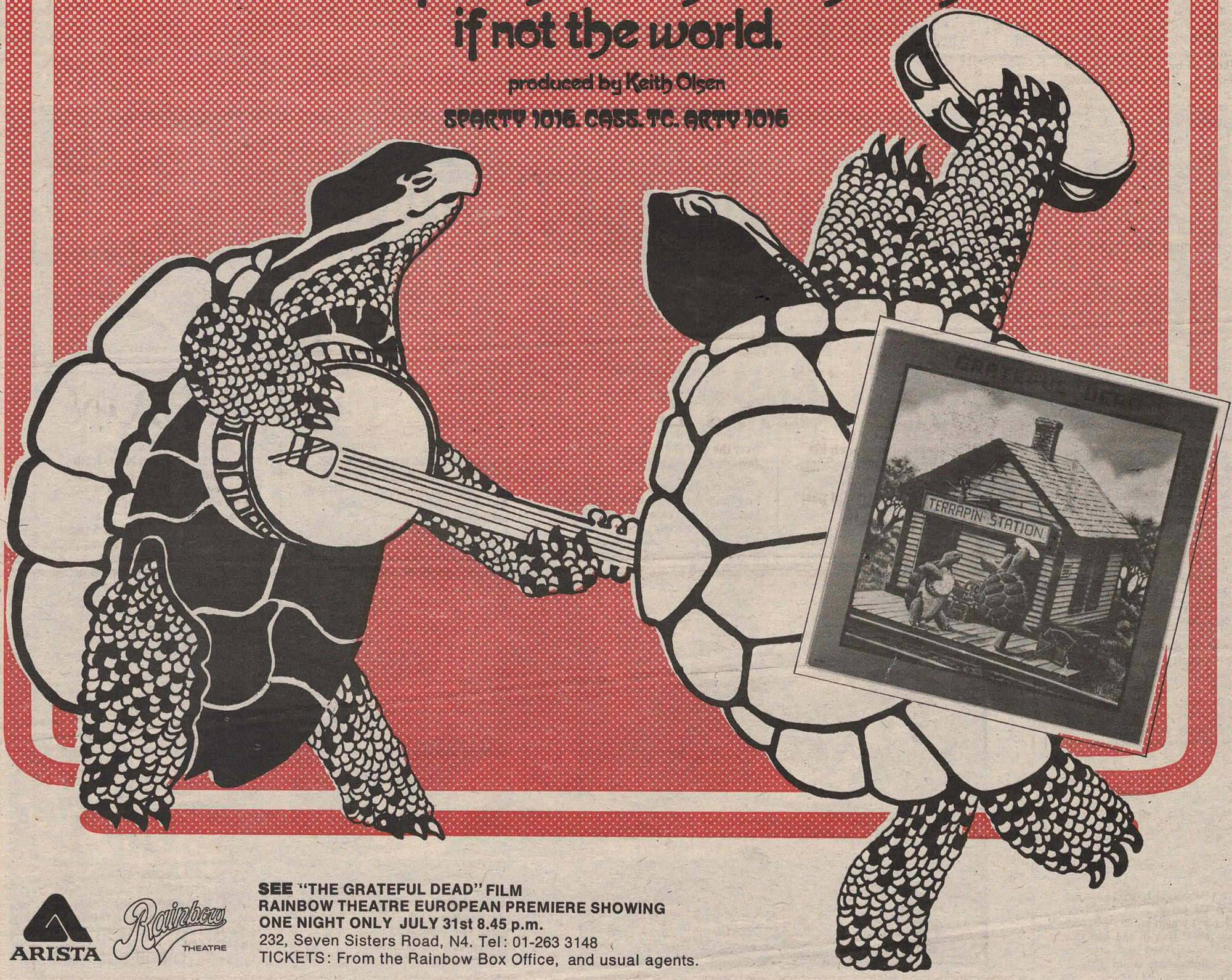

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'CHIPPER VETERAN NOT FAZED BY PUNKS' DRAMA

CONSIDERING HE was on stage in Atlanta the day before yesterday, flew in from New York yesterday and managed but four hours sleep last night, Mick Ralphs was amazingly chipper when I spoke to him just before Bad Company's Earls Court gigs.

Chatty, personable, certainly; but so damn cheerful with it. He puts that down to the fact that, as far as his body clock is concerned, he's still on tour and "into the gear of it".

Just completed 30 gigs in the US of A, these ones here, then back Stateside for two dozen more. It's all bread and butter.

The British shows were their first here in 18 months but even so many people, in the light of the relative 'failure' of their last two albums, were surprised that Bad Co. had sold out in Kangeroo Valley. Ralphs wasn't.

"Our forte is live performances and, after ten weeks in America, we're really sizzling."

That's as maybe (and apparently they did get it on at Earls Court) but after two gritty, no-nonsense rock albums, Bad Co. have bequeathed us the patchy "Run With The Pack" and the disappointing "Burnin' Sky".

I reviewed the latter *(NME 9/4/77)* and gave Mick the recorded highlights: "There is little to suggest that Paul Rodgers and Mick Ralphs are both proven rock composers of a pretty high order."

"You're right," he says, to my mild amazement. "You've put your finger on it there. It was all a question of time. We'd just come off a long American tour last year and, what with the non-resident tax thing, we had two weeks to get those songs together.

"Most of the stuff was written on the spot in the studio. Usually, me and Paul get a lot of material together beforehand and work it out between ourselves. I think the first album was especially good because at the time there was no pressure on us to do it."

But life is full of cruel irony and the fact is that the first album and "Straight Shooter" were so successful that Bad Co. were tax exiles last year.

It may have been financially beneficial, but certainly not mentally.

Although they were on the road most of the time . . . "In between tours no one could go home and the old British came out in us. It's great when you're working but when you're not and you start twiddling your thumbs . . ."

Boo-hoo. Mick was esconced in a French villa, a soul in torment, longing for an English pub lunch of bran-crammed bangers and a mug of steaming hot Watneys.

"We feel that we work hard for our money. We pay tax in America and to bring that back and be taxed again by the British Government would mean we'd be working for nothing.

"We've all been around for a few years and starved and all the rest, so when you get in a good position you capitalise on it, don't you, because you don't know how long it's going to last."

WHICH BRINGS us to the dreaded "Master Of Ceremony" (from "Burnin' Sky"), seven minutes of extraordinarily gauche politico-blues in which Mr. Rodgers intones: *"I've never been to a ghetto in my life before, but I can understand/Some whites don't have it too cool either . . ."*

"The thing is," says Mick' "that was a total stoned jam. I was playing organ and Paul was playing guitar and he was just ad-libbing lyrics as we went along.

"He came out with all these incredible lines off the top of his head, which happened to be controversial. Normally, things like that we don't bother to put on albums, but this time we said, 'Sod it, let's put it out and see what sort of reaction it gets . . .'"

But at the time, you were tax exiles and surely you must have realised that many underprivileged children, black or white, would not be able to relate to that.

"All Paul was saying was, 'OK, you had a tough childhood, but so did I'. That was the point he was trying to make, that it can be as difficult for whites as it can for blacks. He was trying to put himself into their position. Because he *was* and he still thinks that way.

"He never forgets what he went through, like anyone who's worth their bottle. He's come out of it because he's a survivor and everything he's got he's fought for.

"We were amazed that so many people picked up on that line. Read what you like into it, it was an honest statement. If it came over as pretentious, that was the total opposite of what we intended."

No, not pretentious, it's fair enough comment. But wasn't it *gauche* for guys in your elevated position to make it?

"But we never see ourselves in that position. We're very down-to-earth people and the success we've had has been great but it hasn't changed our perspective on things.

"We're still very aware of people's problems. That's the only way you can create honest music and come over as honest to the people you're playing to.

"I still think 'Master of Ceremony' was worth putting out because it *is* a statement. I mean, you could say the same about Bob Dylan. He says his point of view and he's even less qualified to say it, I think."

Because he's a middle-class Jew?

"Yeah, I don't think he's really starved. And he used to portray

MICK RALPHS: "I have not yet taken up golf." Pic: PENNIE SMITH

THREE GREAT HITS
CREEDENCE CLEARWATER REVIVAL
BAD MOON RISING
PROUD MARY : GREEN RIVER
MAXI SINGLE
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A superb introduction to 'CREEDENCE CHRONICLE'. 20 Creedence tracks on one album FT528
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himself as some kind of present-day Woody Guthrie."

BUT THE kids today are leaving school and inheriting a shit-hole. And to the quote punks unquote, Bad Co. — despite the fact that they're a relatively young band — are establishment.

"Well, we're semi-*established*, I can see that. But from our point of view, we've got the same thing they have, that aggression, that anti-establishment stance.

"We've just learned to hone it, to channel it through our records and live performances, rather than making statements that will get wide press coverage.

"We're still a young band and I don't feel any threat or competition from this New Wave thing at all. I understand the *attitude*. It's like trying to change things, which is good, you know, trying to stir up the old establishment of rock'n'roll.

"But I haven't really heard that much good music to back it up. Out of it could come two or three really good bands, like Bowie came out of that Glitter thing and survived, where everyone else looks silly now.

"But the punk rockers . . . you know, in America 'punk' has a different connotation. It's the stupid kid off the street who doesn't know *anything*. You remember Frankie Abbott in *Please Sir*? Well, that's what a punk is, so it doesn't carry much weight over there."

Mick pulls on his cigarette and contemplates my navel.

"So long as you never lose the elements you started with, so long as your music is honest and real and *relates*, there's no reason why you can't stay out of a rut forever.

"We haven't slipped into complacency and started playing golf, like The Moody Blues. We're out to broaden our musical horizons. We still feel that aggression. We still feel we're trying to prove something, especially in this country. That's why we're going to go on."

He butts the fag, still smiling, still jocular.

"We're very strong, very united . . . Fuck the lot of them."

□ MONTY SMITH

FAMOUS UNKNOWN TOPS OBSCURITY CHARTS

THERE'S A theory that the more obscure an album is, the more its stature grows through the years. Quality is unimportant; obscurity is all.

Such an album is Jackson C. Frank's first and, so far, only album, released on EMI's Columbia label in 1965, and produced by the then-unknown Paul Simon (to this day one of the few Simon has been involved with outside his own).

Frank's album has been deleted for about 11 years, and would probably have remained that way had it not been for an article in last month's *Folk News* and the efforts of Alan Paramour, managing director of Lorna Music.

The original copyright of Frank's songs was held by Heathside Music, a subsidiary of Lorna, and the publishing side of Transatlantic Records, who are re-releasing the album on their cheap Xtra label in the not-too-distant future.

Bert Jansch, in a recent interview, claimed that Frank "had as much influence on the English folk scene in the mid-60s as Bob Dylan, or anyone else at the time", and that Frank's first album "influenced half the folk scene in England".

This is not the unknown celebrity — it's his famous friend

Martin Carthy and Sandy Denny both recalled Frank as being an influential and powerful performer, and Al Stewart was, apparently, heavily influenced by him at the beginning of his career.

Probably Frank's best known song is the immaculate "Blues Run The Game", which Bert Jansch included on his "Santa Barbara Honeymoon" album, and which he regularly features at his gigs. Frank's original version is included in the four-album "Electric Muse" compilation set — and — until now — the only one of his songs extant.

Alan Paramour, who used to handle Paul Simon's publishing with Lorna in those early folkie days in England, remembered Jackson Frank with affection: "Paul was a friend of Jackson's from America, and was asked to produce the album. It was very much of a 'one take' album, the guitar and vocal being laid down on the same track . . . Jackson was a very, very intelligent person, and a very nice guy. He was very badly burned in a fire at his school in America. That almost cost him his life, and his whole outlook was understandably coloured by the experience; it left him with a considerable amount of pain and his songs reflect that. They don't offer much hope".

True enough, Frank's songs contain a bitter and emotive view of life, jaundiced by his experiences and, at times, almost frightening in their intensity. An interesting example is "Don't Look Back", Frank's reaction to the death of Medgar Evers, a subject which Dylan tackled on "Only A Pawn In Their Game" and Phil Ochs on "Too Many Martyrs".

Frank's album is firmly entrenched in the mid-60s bracket, but his distinctive voice and the maturity and variety of the songs offer a fascinating indication of a talent which could only have developed.

Alan Paramour has recently been in touch with Frank, who, despite the legacy of pain from his fire injuries, is still writing, and has a tape of some more of his songs.

So if the re-release is a success of some sort, there's a chance that — after a 12-year delay — the enigmatic Jackson C. Frank may get round to recording a follow-up. To be produced by Paul Simon, perhaps?

□PATRICK HUMPHRIES

BENYON: The Lone Groover

SIT DOWN GROOVER I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A SECOND — WE'RE JUST WORKIN' OUT TH' LEAD STORY FOR TOMORROWS PAPER.
WE'VE GOT LOTTSA FLASHIN' VICARS, GREAT TIT PICS, LOTTSA DETAILED RAPE STORIES, LOTSSA INACCURATE FACTS BUT NO REAL FRONT PAGE SENSATIORAMA.....
PANT!
DAILY TIT
DAILY TIT. ED
PANT!
PANT!
THERE'S A THREAT OF A THIRD WORLD WAR!
TH' RUSSIANS HAVE MADE A DOOMSDAY BOMB!
SOME PUNK SPILLED HIS DRINK OVER.....
NO.....!!
NOT BIG ENOUGH!!
THATS IT!!! GET SOME PICS FAKED! PAD TH' STORY OUT
DAILY TIT
WHAT D'YA THINK GROOVER?
IT'S A LOAD OF HYPOCRITICAL SUPERFICIAL, SENSATIONALIST, LYIN' CRAPPO NOT WORTH WIPIN' TH' ANAL VENT OF A DISEASED HYENA WITH.....
ITS CRETINESQUE GONZOS LIKE YOU WHO FEED FRIGHTENED SICK MINDS AN' STIR UP FEELIN'S T' BENEFIT YOR SINISTER POLITICAL INTENTIONS
IN OTHER WORDS IT FITS YOR EDITORIAL POLICY REAL NEATO!
GREAT!
DAILY TIT. ED

BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST

Hymn

A.
HYMN
(Taken from their forthcoming Album 'GONE TO EARTH')

B.
OUR KID'S KID
(Is an exclusive track that will only ever be available on this single)

Their New Single
(In A Special Colour Bag)

polydor polydor

MORE FREAKS IN THEIR OWN WRITE

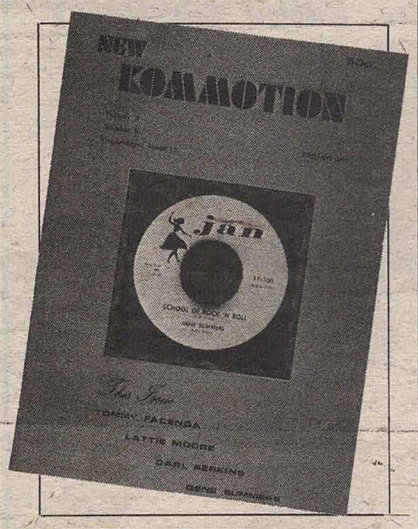
ROCK 'N' SOUL FANZINE SURVEY BY CLIFF WHITE

FANZINES ARE seldom topical, that's not their purpose. In the main they exist to ponder, probe and dissect the guts of subjects whose skins are barely scratched by the mass media.

I only mention the fact to ease my guilt about how out of time some of the following 14 reviews are. Several of the mags have published one or more issues since the ones I use as examples (which I've noted, where known); therefore I wash my cowardly palms of the responsibility for any inaccuracies regarding their current price, size or content. Or whether they're all still surviving. Last minute checks seem to confirm that they all are.

Although the American mags are generally available in London, I've included their home addresses. If you're living in Hetton-le-Hole or similar and are desperate to catch the *Time Barrier Express* you'd probably be as well advised to deal direct as to buy it via a London stockist.

Here they are then, in no particular order, except that the first gets a badge of merit (cut from a lined filing card and displaying a Sun single at the fesse point, quartered by rampant label listings and passant discographies) for achieving the most in the shortest time.



NEW KOMMOTION (The Magazine For Rock 'n' Roll Collectors). Editor: Adam Komorowski. Available from: 3 Bowrons Avenue, Wembley, Middx HAO 4QS. Published quarterly. VOL.2, NO.5 (ISSUE 15), Spring 1977. 44 A4 pages, pro printed, 50p.

SINCE ITS rejuvenation under new management a year ago, NK has won a lot of friends, even attracting a healthy amount of professional ads. Contains the traditional mix of articles, interviews, discographies and label listings — covering the famous (Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl Perkins, Ricky Nelson) and relatively obscure (Lattie More, Tommy Strange, Ray Sharpe) — but the presentation is generally better than rival mags and the variety of contributors write intelligently. About as good as a *fanzine* can get without going glossy and aiming for the big time.

NOT FADE AWAY (Official Magazine Of The Vintage Rock 'n'Roll Appreciation Society). Editor: Neil Foster. Available from: 16 Coniston Avenue, Prescot, Merseyside L34 2SW.
ISSUE 9, 1976. 20 A4 pages, pro printed, 30p.

AN ODDBALL, this. For one thing, the bold 1976 against the issue number suggests that it's only published once a year; secondly, it's mainly a collection of short, insubstantial articles (with a couple of show reviews and a letters page as fillers). While it's an excellent idea to avoid the usual fax 'n' infography approach, a lot of which has been duplicated by various mags over the years, it's a pointless move if you can't offer an interesting alternative. The most original piece is Stuart Colman's look at "British Radio In The '50s" but even that is thrown away. Didn't anyone think to interview any of the relevant DJs?

HOT BUTTERED SOUL. Editor: Chris Savoury. Available from: 67 Albert Terrace, Wolstanton, Newcastle, Staffs ST5 8AY. Theoretically published 4-6 times a year.
ISSUE 47, Autumn 1976. 38 10×8 pages, typed & stencilled, 30p.

CONCENTRATING on black American music of the '60s, it interrupts its main task of label listing (in this issue, the output of 32 different American record companies) with the occasional interview (Hamilton Bohannon, Edwin Starr) and discography (Florence Ballard). A popular stalwart among the fraternity that is derided by outsiders as a bunch of train-spotters. PS, HBS is apparently now up to issue 52. PPS, There are rumours that it will soon merge with . . .

SMG. Editor: Barry Lazell. Available from: 23 Holmwood Road, Rainworth, Mansfield, Notts NG21 0HS. Published bi-monthly. VOL.5, NO.4, Jan/Feb 1977. 32 A4 pages, pro printed, 40p.

OBVIOUSLY an ongoing publication. An eclectic mag (which wastes its opportunity for good photo reproduction; only three pix in this issue, including cover) it dabbles in all things rock or rolling, as exampled in interviews with Wilko Johnson & Ernie Maresca, short articles on Luther Allison, Rudy Grazell, Nervous Norvous & Ronnie Hawkins, discographies of Boyd Bennett & the individual careers of various Crickets, and a Carlton label listing. Factually interesting; visually dull.

SHOUT. Editor: Clive Richardson. Available from: 46 Slades Drive, Chislehurst, Kent BR7 6JX. Theoretically published 4-6 times a year.
ISSUE 110, Autumn 1976. 26 A4 pages, typed & stencilled, 35p.

A VETERAN on the scene, it's frequently rumoured to be folding. Just when it seems to have gone for good, up pops another issue. Covers similar but generally wider ground than HBS, the two mags complementing each other rather than clashing. *Shout* favours artists' discographies (Garnet Mimms, James Brown) more than label listings (Peacock) and will often run fairly interesting interviews — in this case, the transcript of a Bo Diddley / Johnny 'Guitar' Watson conversation submitted by myself, but that's entirely coincidental your honour.

RED HOT (The Magazine Of 50s & 60s Music). Editor: Tony Scott. Available from: 93 Westbourne Street, Hove, Sussex BN3 5FA. Published quarterly — perhaps.
ISSUE 3, January 1977. 32 A4 pages, typed & stencilled, 45p.

A TENTATIVE cross between *New Kommotion* and *SMG* but much rougher than either. Contains four reprinted pieces (of a '50s album sleeve note, a recent Charly Records press handout, an American review of an Eddie Cochran concert in '59 and an article on The Colts from a mid-50s American mag), the only notable original contributions being an examination of Jerry Lee Lewis and an article and a discography of The Searchers. Not bad for issue 3; will have to shape up to stay in business.

THE CAMEL-WALK-ER (Publication of the friends of Ronnie Hawkins fan club). Editor: Screamin' Brian Simmons. Available from: 126 Walton Acres, Carew Road, Wallington, Surrey. Published whenever a full moon passes directly over Brian T. Simmons.
ISSUE 4, March 1977. 22 A4 pages, typed & stencilled, no price quoted. (He probably has a hard enough job giving them away).

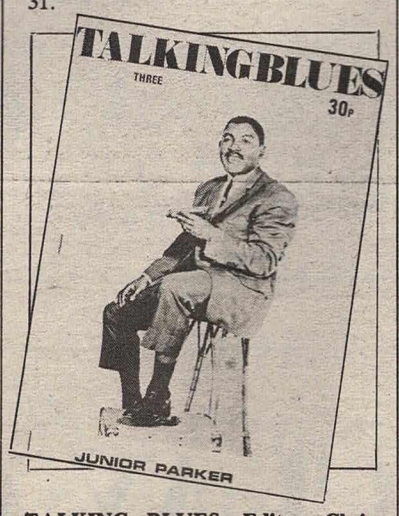
PROOF POSITIVE that British eccentricity is alive and well and lurking in Wallington, Surrey. Contains such gems as "The Ronnie Hawkins memorandum (A look at the highlights of the career of Canada's King of Rock 'n' Roll)" by Screamin' Brian, "A long look at David 'Screamin' Lord' Sutch" by Screamin' Brian, "My fourth and best visit to The States (Part 2)" by Screamin' Brian, "A Screamin' Jay Hawkins discography" by Screamin' Brian, and "I remember Vince Taylor" by Screamin' Brian. Also includes a useful list of 48 other publications, most of them defunct. That's compiled by Screamin' Brian. A priceless fanzine in every sense of the phrase; I love every stupefying line of it.

BLUES UNLIMITED. Edited by the committee of Bill Greensmith, Mike Rowe, Neil Slaven and Bez Turner. Available from: 8 Brandram Road, Lewisham, London SE13 5EA. Published by-monthly.
ISSUE 121, Sep / Oct 1976. 36 A4 pages, pro printed, 45p.

MORE THAN a fanzine and yet never quite managing to break overground, *BU* is the grand-daddy of all post-jazz specialist music publications (including legits like *Black Music*) and is respected worldwide. Needless to say, the subject matter is of limited appeal, although it now features a lot more than the proverbial detailed treatise on a one-legged, blind alcoholic who almost made a record once about 40 years ago. This issue includes a mammoth article on Screamin' Jay Hawkins, a Jimmy Reed obituary and the last part of an examination of Robert Johnson. The latest issue apparently features Roy Brown, a much-neglected R&B pioneer, and I'll be off out to buy it as soon as I've finished this round-up.

LIVING BLUES (A Journal of the Black American Blues Tradition). Editors: Jim & Amy O'Neal. Available from: 2615 North Wilton Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60614, Usa. Published bi-monthly.
ISSUE 28, July/Aug 1976. 44 10½×8¼ pages, pro printed, 75 cents (bought in London for 45p).

POSSIBLY THE reason why *BU* has broadened its appeal. True to its title, *LB* concentrates on post-war bluesmen, many of whom are still surviving, albeit unnoticed by the mass media. Its forte is The Definitive Interview, like the 19-page collection of conversations with Otis Rush in this issue. Rest of the mag is also informative, including news from all over the USA, obituaries, gig guide, reviews etcetera. It's now up to issue 31.



TALKING BLUES. Editor: Chris Smith. Available from: PO Box 226, London, SW4 0EH. Published sometimes.
ISSUE 3, Autumn 1976. 24 A4 pages, typed & stencilled, 30p.

RATHER LIKE a blues version of *Red Hot:* commendable but possibly unnecessary when compared with *BU & LB*. Still, it does have some original ideas (an interesting feature on blues / R&B records that made the American national charts, by Bob Fisher) and could develop into something if it hasn't already gone the way of its predecessor, *Blues Link*, which lasted six issues.

TIME BARRIER EXPRESS. Editor: Ralph Newman. Available from: Box 206, Yonkers, New York 10710, USA.
RECORD EXCHANGER. Editor: Art Tuco. Available from: Box 2144, Anaheim, California 92804, USA.
YESTERDAY'S MEMORIES. Editors: Marv Goldberg, Mike Redmond, Marcia Vance. Available from: Box 1825, FDR Station, New York 10022, USA.

THREE WELL-produced efforts specialising in American oldies, a study that originally focused on black and white doowop groups of the '50s and early '60s. Although that's still the central theme of each mag the subject has now been exhaustively documented so they're starting to diversify. *TBE & YM* are feuding offshoots of the defunct *Bim Bam Boom*, the former covering several different bets (Black vocal groups in motion pictures, Laurie Records' story and listing, article on Carl Perkins), the latter sticks with the roots, The Ink Spots. *RE* has started to tackle everyone from Jerry Lee Lewis to Savannah Churchill. American fanzine writers are seldom better informed about the big names than their European counterparts, often less so, but they're effusively informative about the punks who once sang on the corner of their, or their neighbours', block ... and they put together attractive magazines.

WHO PUT THE BOMP. Editors: Greg Shaw and Ken Barnes. Available from: Box 362, 3001 Hadley Road, South Plainfield, New Jersey 07080. Published quarterly.
VOL.3, NO.7 (ISSUE 16), Winter 76-77. 64 11×8¼ pages, pro printed, $1.50 / 75p.

THE MIRROR-image of every British fanzine that's detailed American musical history, only glossier with it. Here we have a couple of Yanks having as much fun with the recorded evidence of Britain's Swinging '60s (and even its murkier, preceding decade) as Screamin' Brian does with the life and times of Ronnie Hawkins or I do with James Brown. To be fair, they also dig about in American topsoil (here including an interview with Brian Wilson and articles on The Monkees, Jack Nitzche, Boston Rock and Mexican Punk Rock) but their sustaining delight is "The Encyclopedia Of British Rock", a continuing saga of discographies and potted biographies that defies intelligent comment. Great stuff.

● ***The above imports and most British fanzines can be found at COMPENDIUM, 240, Camden High Street, London NW1., whose extensive stock of trivia may or may not also include such exotic mysteries as FOREVER (from Japan), FIREBALL MAIL (Holland), BIG BEAT, ROCK 'n' ROLL, CRAZY ALLIGATOR NEWS (all from France), ROCK REVUE (Austria), ROCK & ROLL INTERNATIONAL, WHOLE LOTTA ROCKIN' (both from Norway), CRAZY MUSIC (Australia), and ROLLING ROCK (from the USA). When I've got £10 or more to spare I'll pop along and find out.***

LOWRY

"For God's sake Marlowe, when are you going to come off this ridiculous inverted snobbery trip and clean up your waiting room?"

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'B' SIDE FROM THE
'OFFICIAL LIVE BOOTLEG' ALBUM
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LICENSED FROM SHELTER RECORDS LTD.

Around the world in eighty daze...

(Give or take a gig or two)

***THE JAM** wind-up their UK tour with the Big One at Hammersmith, a backdrop of Punk/Ted foolishness, and sound-system problems.*
***TONY PARSONS** was there.*
*Pix: **PENNIE SMITH.***

THE SCENES outside Hammersmith Odeon before Sunday night's gig seemed to be the ultimate fulfilment of The Jam's reputation as the contemporary Shepherd's Bush Mods.

"The Teds are coming!" one girl shouted excitedly, repeating the warning/promise that had been going the rounds all week. "Hundreds of Teds are coming," she breathed, her eyes racing over the rat-packs of punks wandering the streets in a state of alked-out speeding belligerence and dressed right for a beach fight.

Primed by propaganda from both F. Street and the rock press a large number of kids were intent on punks/Teds warfare and backstage only Paul Weller seemed capable of summing up what a pathetic farce the whole thing was.

"It's all fucking rock 'n' roll," he says in exasperation. "We get Teds grooving at our gigs, Johnny Rotten loves Shakin' Stevens and The Sunsets . . . it's all music, it's all Eddie Cochran, WE'RE ON THE SAME SIDE!"

Weller strides back on stage with the rest of his band and has another shot at getting the sound to some semblance of satisfaction. They've been trying for about five hours now and they still ain't got it right. I'm almost getting used to seeing The Jam treading the planks in tee-shirts, jeans and sneakers as opposed to custom-made mohair.

When the monitors fail once more Weller — still very much the soul of The Jam — discards the red Rickenbacker and issues a stream of terse commands at the engineers before stalking off.

Drummer Rick Buckler and bass man Bruce Foxton shrug off the hassles with a few laconic one-liners — "Minor sound problem . . . we ain't got none!" — while Weller stares at the equipment with grim-faced determination as he tries to articulate The Jam's position in the current civil war of punks and Teds.

"To me it's IGNORANCE," he says. "Ignorance on the part of the punks who feel they've got to fight Teds and ignorance on the part of the Teds who feel they've got to fight punks. Fighting each other down the King's Road every Saturday . . . it's all bullshit. Bullshit that the media has encouraged, and still encourages."

Reflecting that Paul Weller has always seemed the oldest member of the band despite being just turned 19 while the other two are both 21, I comment that the atmosphere out in the street is at this very moment just like a Bank Holiday Confrontation between Skinheads and Greasers or, one generation back, Mods and Rockers.

"Yeah, but even *your* paper has been responsible for encouraging all the hysteria between the two different factions and also the local council backlash," Weller accuses, citing the *NME's* cover headline, "Murder At Punk Festival — At This Gig A Fan Was Stabbed To Death".

I agree with him that the wording was quasi-sensationalist but maintain that if it shocked people then it was a correct decision to print it, because people SHOULD be shocked if a kid gets stabbed to death at a gig, even if I agree with Paul Weller that using an emotive word like "Punk" in that context is playing right into the hands of Fleet Street.

While on the subject of F. Street manipulation I tell Paul that The-Jam-as-Working-Class-Tories line which has been widely reported in this journal (and which, to his credit, is a stance that Weller has always been prepared to argue with me in private) puts The Jam in a position to be *used* by the right-wing elements in the UK for their own ends. A couple of months back the band told me they were going to drop their Union Jack waving in case it gave the totally false impression that they were in any way sympathetic to the cretinous National Front.

'I'm sick of everyone calling us Conservatives and saying we're not radical enough," he explodes vehemently, and continues with the healthiest socio-political soliloquy I've ever heard him come out with. "I think that Jim Callaghan AND Margaret Thatcher are *cunts*. I don't trust *any* of them. All I said at *that time* was that I thought the Tories would do less of a bad job . . ."

And I maintain that the buffoons in the Labour Party are preferable to what life would be like under a Tory regime. So you're revising your position, Paul?

"Seems like everybody's got the right to change their minds except us," he says defensively, and backs it up with Julie Burchill's pompous accusation that The Jam may pose for *Vogue* but the Clash never would stoop so low. "The Clash have done a spread for *Penthouse!"* Weller shouts. "Did she know about *that* when she wrote that piece?"

I reply in the negative, and add that if she had, she wouldn't have wrote it. (When given this information later, Julie said, "I wouldn't have written it if I'd known, but I can't think of nuffin funny to say about it now.")

I assert that *Vogue, Penthouse* and F. Steet are all as bad as each other, and until ALL of us have a policy of *total* non-co-operation with these vehicles (and that includes everything from bands giving interviews to writers copping cash for free-lance articles) then the same old cigar-smoking lard-arse businessmen will still pull the strings and the New Wave is no better than the previous generation of bland-outs. Only in it for the money?

"I could tell you things that Rotten and Strummer have said to me that would show their major aims are just to be stars and make lots of money," Weller says knowingly. "But I ain't gonna, because I'm not into all the bitching between bands. That's just making everything worse than it already is . . ."

Yeah, but surely all this mutual hatred has reached such a rampant stage that any aspirations for a collective reaction against the music BUSINESS monolith is almost laughable . . . I mean, *is* there a "New Wave" anymore?

"No", Weller replies without hesitation, and it brings me down to admit that I agree with him. "What does exist is the worth of the individual bands. THAT means something as long as they're true to themselves. I ain't gonna go round spouting off all the time about politics and bitching about the other bands because that ain't constructive and it don't get The Jam anywhere."

Paul Weller seems to have a better idea of the reality of a New Wave labelled band signed to a gigantic capitalist corporation than most of his contempories. That was apparent even back in the hungry days of doing "Sounds From The Street" in some subterranean dive in front of a few dozen hard core supporters.

"We're never gonna change a thing,/An' the situation's rapidly DEE-CREASE-ING,/But what can I do 'cept try to be true?/That's more than you, at least I'm doing something . . ."

National interest in The Jam, *TOTP* appearances and hit records have thankfully not spoiled the geezer's humanity, anger or compassion.

"I was doing some interviews with some fanzines during a sound foul-up a little while ago and some kid told me that we'd sold out because we were signed to Polydor," he snarls with barely repressed frustration. "But we've got complete control over everything we get released, not like The Clash having 'Remote Control' released behind their backs by CBS while they were out on the road . . . that just couldn't happen to us. And 'In The City' is the most subversive single released by the young band and it got in the chart!"

Weller's sporadic arrogance is born out of both the knowledge that he's good and the constant stick The Jam have had to take all along the line from assorted poseurs, parasites and other slummers who have universally deemed that it is decidedly UNCOOL to like them. In the halcyon days of the Roxy it was not unusual for less than 20 people to be watching the band while hordes of mohair jumpers and safety pins jostled for *lebensraum* around the bar.

"Look, I don't wanna bitch about The Clash because I like Strummer as much as you do," Weller says. "I see a lot of myself in him. I just resent criticism of The Jam because I think we're the best band in the world . . ."

Ever since I've known Weller I've thought that he fights better with his back against the wall and vastly outnumbered. I still believe it, although if he doesn't maintain his attitude of keeping the majority of his rejection-aggression for his songs then in a few years he'll end up like some paranoid rock-Tzar dishing out the verbal acid to anyone removed from his own particular vision. Which would be a downer because not only is he one of the finest songwriting talents of *any* age in rock 'n' roll, but he's also one of the few people in *Showbiz* who don't give you no bullshit.

Back in the early days he'd spend a few hours constructively arguing the merits of the scene and then say he didn't have any idea what to say to an interviewer. Or else he and Bruce would argue about something until the matter was settled with

a black-eye and then forgotten. And I remember the joyless day me and The Jam spent searching for Pete Townshend at his house in Twickenham and his Meher Baba temple in Richmond, all because it was Paul's 19th birthday and he'd never met his avatar. We left a letter to Pete when we gave up the chase at the temple, saying we'd like to come and visit him one weekend. Weller curses Townshend and confirms that the man has made no attempt to contact him. Still wanna meet him? Weller grins and nods emphatically.

THE SOUND is *still* screwed up and The Boys and The Saints wander around with the quiet desperation of support acts who don't know whether there's gonna be time for the essential sound check. At the Clash/Jam Rainbow gig it was The Dodgy Mods who blew their set because they didn't get one. The consternation of The Boys is soon justified when they terminate their set after two numbers with complaints of no monitors functioning. The Saints also suffer from atrocious sound, but at least they finish their set.

I wonder how long it will be before the vicious circle rolls on and it's The Boys and The Saints who are head-liners and lesser mortals can't hear themselves play.

"It ain't democracy," Weller observes. "An' that's the only system worth believing in.

I go for refreshment but the bar is closed due to a GLC ruling that says the average age of the audience must be assessed before a gig. The less-than-18 estimation is accurate and the kids content themselves with orange juice, hot dogs and sweeties. One of the bouncers tells me that his instructions are to allow the kids to dance IF they do not leave the proximity of their allotted seat. This is rock 'n' roll?

No, this is the Hammersmith Odeon . . .

The kids present seem a fairly mainstream rock crowd, indicating that good-ol' "punk-rock" has now been fairly much assimilated by both the people who produce the music (the record companies) and the punters who consume (you lot) — the only difference being that these days anyone who wears his/her barnet cut short and sticks a safety pin through some mohair or drapes a skinny tie round their neck is going to be labelled "PUNK" by anyone who's read enough F. Street drivel.

The gangs of kids who were actually *looking forward* to a confrontation with the Teds have been integrated into the audience now to such an extent that the majority of punters are both pissed off that they've got so little rock for their money so far and pissed off that they may have to face some unwanted hostilities when they leave the Odeon, the time the rumble has been supposedly earmarked for.

Ironically, the only person decked out in full Teddy Boy gear inside the Odeon is Leee Black Childers, manager of the temporarily exiled Johnny Thunders' Heartbreakers, someone who has been more responsible for the growth of New Wave than most but who nevertheless got worked over by a few punks at the Music Machine because he looks like a Ted.

The futility of the punks/Teds civil war smashing him in the face has caused Leee to attempt to bring about an end to the violence by trying to set up a gig with New Wave aristocrats Johnny Thunders' Heartbreakers and arch-Teds Shakin' Stevens And The Sunsets (one of John Boy Rotten's favourites).

"I *love* the Teddy Boy's clothes," Leee enthuses, and hotly refuses the offer of a safety pin to decorate the velvet collar of his drape. "I would never put anything through it," he says reverently, while revealing that Thunders' crew will be gigging for a month or so on the West Coast of the USA before returning to these shores now that the Home Office is taking a more sympathetic viewpoint of the band's desire to reside in the country that first acknowledged their worth.

I tell Leee that he's got enormous bottle to come to a gig dressed in Ted gear and he tries to convince me that he's his old, sensitive self by saying that these days he stays home on a Friday night to watch the Bette Davis movie, mix martinis and cry.

I maintain he's got a lotta guts as hostile punks eye him threateningly and whisper sneered comments under their breath. Yawn. I'll get you at playtime, kid.

THE JAM come on stage fronting a backdrop of their black-paintspray on grey brick logo blown up to a big enough size to dominate the rear of the stage. They're wearing the mandatory black and white spats, two-piece black mohair suits with three-buttoned jackets, white shirts, black ties and white socks. The only thing unusual is that Buckler wears no shades and Weller's barnet has grown out from the French crop of old to Mop Top proportions, possibly as a reaction against the punk-party-line of compulsory shaven skull.

He apologises for the sound screw-ups, promises a good time, and they're tearing through "Art School" with its New Order manifesto before I realise the complete paucity of Union Jacks, an omission caused purely by the fact that The Jam don't want any mistaken association with the National Front scum.

As I've said to Weller before, such revised tactics are pathetic because not only does it mean The Jam are letting themselves be dictated to by the actions of a bunch of neo-Fascists, but also adds fuel to the growing belief that the only people who can have some pride in our country's flag are the potential lamp-shade manufacturers.

The Jam's attitude to the monarchy has always turned my stomach, but I used to admire their pride in the legacy of the UK; it was just one more expression that I'm so bored with the USA, USSR, name it. But they backed down.

Those of us who sweated with The Jam in the Ice Club, Nashville, Red Cow and a host of other beautiful little joints are brought down by the sight of the audience (it ain't no *crowd*, brother) being reduced to POGOING ON THE SPOT WHERE THEY STAND. I mean, that dance ain't exactly a Gene Kelly routine at the best of times . . .

Weller and Foxton go through their moves frantically as they battle against the sound system with "Changed My Address", "Sounds From The Street" and "In The City" but the songs lose the melodic strength apparent on the album in the sonic-mire of this movie-house airhanger, and the Fire And Skill blurs into little more than a primal rush of released aggression. Which is a goddam waste.

Weller does his arched eyebrows, Townsend-speeding-at-The Scene and bares his teeth as he slashes at his red Rickenbacker with vicious windmills while Foxton runs up the monitors or moves like a blind crab whose emotional turmoil you can, as always, perceive by his constantly changing facial expression.

But they have got all . . . this . . . SPACE to move in and the old routine of crashing into each other and speeding off in opposite directions would just seem so *contrived* if they did it here. The two-pronged visual seems to be constantly and individually striving for more moves to fill all . . . this . . .SPACE. It's the difference between playing at Upton Park and Wembley, the difference between the Roxy and the Hammersmith Odeon. They didn't look *right* up there, Weller's brilliant tirade against Government-sponsored slum development, "Bricks And Mortar", didn't *sound* right coming from that stage.

"So Sad About Us", the old Who number that didn't go on the album because of The Jam's sensitivity to Who association (like dropping the Union Jacks, this was a dumb and UNNECCESSARY compromise) still sounds like the best number they do live, wiping the floor with

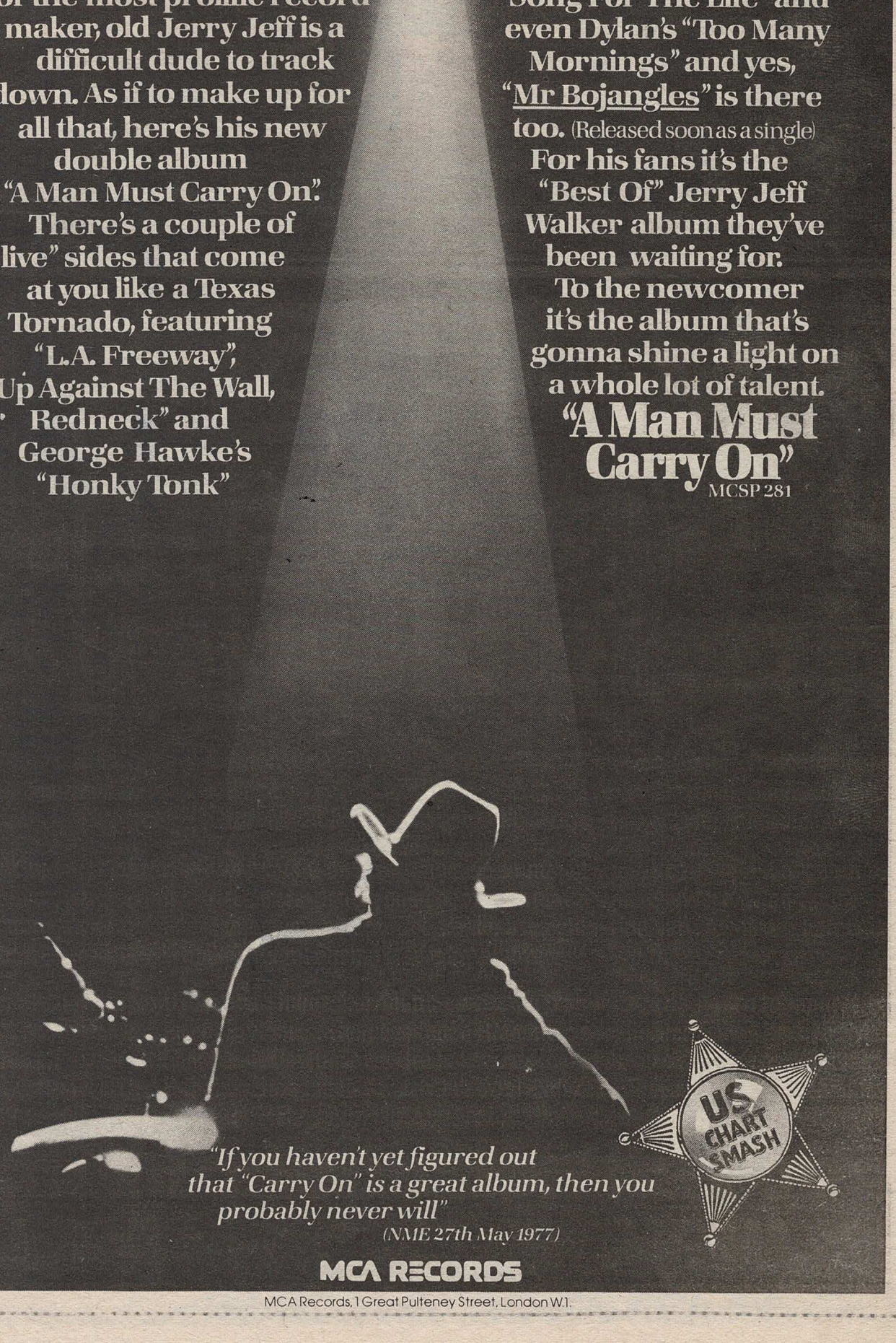
■ *Continues page 39*

Jerry Jeff Walker steps into the spotlight.

About time too you're probably saying. Not being the most outgoing person or the most prolific record maker, old Jerry Jeff is a difficult dude to track down. As if to make up for all that, here's his new double album "A Man Must Carry On". There's a couple of "live" sides that come at you like a Texas Tornado, featuring "L.A. Freeway", "Up Against The Wall, Redneck" and George Hawke's "Honky Tonk"

as well as a good helping of laid-back numbers including Rodney Crowell's "Song For The Life" and even Dylan's "Too Many Mornings" and yes, "Mr Bojangles" is there too. (Released soon as a single)
For his fans it's the "Best Of" Jerry Jeff Walker album they've been waiting for.
To the newcomer it's the album that's gonna shine a light on a whole lot of talent.

"A Man Must Carry On"
MCSP 281



"If you haven't yet figured out that "Carry On" is a great album, then you probably never will"
(NME 27th May 1977)

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On Stage **Rainbow** On Stage

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RECORDED LIVE ON THE WORLD TOUR

All in all one of the best live albums released in ages and imperative for all H.M. fans, and anyone who knows a brilliant guitarist when they hear one.
MELODY MAKER

The band power straight into "Kill The Kings," a riff ferocious enough to wipe out an entire dynasty. There need be no qualms about "Mistreated," Rainbows version of the last Deep Purple classic. No wonder Blackmore was discontented with the original. This is in a different universe.
The song starts with a sound not unlike an incoming shell. An abrasively pitched, high decibel hum. Imagine Ted Nugent with a million volts up his plectrum, and you get the idea. Put this week's latest exquisite sensation up against Blackmore's Rainbow, and you just won't believe the carnage. Ritchie Rules. No question of it. Bob Edmands.
N.M.E.

Headbangers of the world unite, this one's for you. Four mind battering sides of Blackmore and the lads captured live.
This has got to be one of the few records that captures the full excitement of live performances.
++++ Robin Smith.
RECORD MIRROR–8/7/77.

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polydor

JAZZ

ART THEMEN (left) with Don Weller in the Stan Tracey Octet. Pic: VALERIE WILMER

Keep on taking the saxophone . . .

Sax practitioner Dr. ART THEMEN is a hard man to nail. Our man BRIAN CASE braves a roof-top chase and punk recording session in pursuit.

CLARK KENT had it easy compared to Art Themen. By day . . . a bone surgeon in a bustling hospital . . . at nightfall, A-round the corner, B-hind a bush, peels OFF mask to emerge as . . . THE'-TH'-THE TENOR AVENGER!!! Aw shucks, I guess Art gets fed up with that kinda copy, but there is something journalistically germinant in that combination of jobs, and the Fourth Estate and circumspection are uneasy bedfellows at best.

Easier to avoid hot copy if Art were a cooler player, but he's ain't: he's a swinger. His imagination is 12th Dan at least, can prop your anticipation on its last beleaguered corner, and ankletap it out from under. He can take the straight left and unfancy footwork of the 12 bar blues, find a fulcrum beneath the bearhug, tug here, chop there, twist — reduce the skeletal remains to a malleable putty and play pat-a-cake with it.

Phrases emerge by breech presentation, so that his line — and he does suture up a line — is as convoluted as a star's signature. His tone ranges from mellifluous to hoarse, and often both chafing within the bar.

So, sitting on a step round the back of Oxford Street, I essay a theory. Is one gig a release from the other? Is there, bottled up inside those careful white corridors, a secret loutish hankering for the bread'n'circus circuit of Jazz At The Phil?

"Yes, I take your point," says Art. "Well, what I feel about Jazz At The Phil is that inevitably there's a strong awareness of the audience, a playing to the gallery. I think maybe there's a slight element of that. There's no doubt that I am aware of the audience, but I like to feel I don't squeal and honk on B flat just in order to . . ."

Art takes pains to tread carefully with your feelings. "Well — it's a nice theory, but I don't think of the day gig as being restricting and I can throw off the traces when I'm playing. Even if I didn't have this day gig, I'd play the same way, I'm quite sure".

He doesn't so much state as suggest, and he sidesteps immodest claims with great diplomacy. Is he aware of the sheer originality of his imagination? "Well, everybody is different. Everybody has their strong points, I suppose. I'm not suggesting that time is a strong point but — time is terribly important to me. Not more than harmonic sense or any of the other facets that make up playing, but it's obviously a strong feature.

"Humour is also very important. One of the things I've found out over the years is if you're not enjoying yourself, then it reflects on the audience. All right — straight from the shoulder — jazz music, despite what a lot of very serious people think, is entertainment".

Mainly a tenorman, Art also plays soprano and — occasionally — clarinet.

"I started on clarinet and I think I could have got quite serious on it if I hadn't taken up the saxophone. Incidentally, I think it's a good thing to play a hard instrument first, like the clarinet. Not being complacent, but I'm glad I did because it makes one a better saxophone player. I don't play it very often, and if you find me 'quirky' on that instrument, it's probably because technically I can't do anything else".

"Woody Herman says clarinet is as tough as digging ditches," I tell him as the breeze from a passing bus sets up a cavalry charge of litter across our feet. "Also that the tenor is the faker's horn".

Art laughs. "That's right. It's impossible to play two horns very well. I don't pretend to play one of them very well, but I can't get anywhere near the clarinet. I learned the flute for 10 years but I can't get if off. Ray Warleigh and Stan Sulzmann, they really play the flute. I'm a philistine really, a sort of set-of-the-pants player on the easiest instrument.

"Practically everybody can get a sound out of the saxophone straight away, and the fingering is basically very easy. It's easy to identify so many tenor saxophone players because it's easy to impress your personality on the tenor — much more than on alto, soprano and baritone".

He uses a cut-down Rico 4 reed, approximately a 4½, and has untypically assertive opinions on mouthpieces. "Lots of people change their mouthpieces every six months. I wouldn't say it's wrong, but I think it's misguided. I wouldn't set myself up as an example, but I have actually played the same mouthpiece from the age of 17. It's an old-fashioned Selmer metal. It takes a long time for your embouchure to adapt to even very minor differences — you've got to give it a couple of years. A really heavy pro, maybe a year".

He grins, dons an alien accent to disinfect dogmatism: "Them what carries 16 mouthpieces in the case are wrong".

Art once lent an alto to an American, got it back with the comment, "Hey man, I didn't know you wuz a doctor. Lissen — is syphilis catchin'?" Art boiled the mouthpiece. "It doesn't live very long. Only archbishops and army officers are allowed to catch it from lavatory seats," says Art.

"How do you get on with circular breathing techniques?" I ask. "It seems very fashionable, but Harry Carney had been doing it for the last half century. It's quite easy to do it on the soprano, It's valid, but it's silly to make it an end in itself. It's just part of — what's the word? — the armamentarium".

"That has to be the word".

We gallop through the tourists along Regent Street, Art due at a recording session, tenor case in one hand, soprano in the other, self pounding along beside the nippy double-feature like Ludwig Koch stalking a peewit. Do the full-time musicians resent him? Does economic security place him apart from the jazz life? My questions light a prairie fire among shopping Arabs — "Yes effendi, oud players hand me the frozen fez since my oil wells" — but Art finds the opposite.

"Undoubtedly my favourite band at the moment is the Stan Tracey Quartet. Our social circumstances are very different, but still musically we get on better than I've ever got on with anybody before. This sounds romantic, but it's still a musical love affair. They're just interested in the music. There are half-a-dozen people who are fundamental in one's musical development, and Stan is clearly one of them".

We jet into a waiting lift. Art has played on and off with Stan for years, through the big band, Tentacles and a variety of quartets. The sheer variety of Stan's music floors him. "We've been doing his 'Under Milk Wood' a lot recently and melodically, you know, nobody's written more melodic tunes. I still enjoy doing it. At the other end of the spectrum, there's his current stuff. I wouldn't like to choose between the 1960's or the late '70s".

Second floor, third floor, studios. "Does the shadow of Bobby Wellins daunt you when you do 'Milk Wood'?" I ask him.

"No. It's awkward if you step into the shoes of someone who's a great player. People expect you to either sound like him or do something fantastically original, and I did neither. I just played my usual, I didn't worry about it because I thought that Stan didn't expect me to play like Bobby".

Up the end of the corridor the musos are waiting: Stan Sulzmann, Brian Smith, Henry Lowther. What's the gig? Nobody knows for sure, but it's laying a riff for a rock band, a Mickey Mouser. "I've seen the scores," says one of the lads, curls over an ear and flattens his nose, the Terry Malloy look.

It's a piece called "The Punk" for Cherry Vanilla. The four sax players sit and warm up with Coltrane runs and Parker licks. "Bit tricky, this one," says the studio manager, peering at the charts. "Two bars, then riff, two bars, then riff, then four bars. All right?"

The drummer's in cans in a booth. The guitar does some major loins and plucks a simple line. The lads sit straight-faced and play it down, pencil in a minim on request, yawn, compare reeds.

Art and I go up on to the roof, no view, plenty breeze.

"What can you learn from rock except solvency?" I ask him.

"Well," says Art, "I'm not quite sure what rock is, but on my few skirmishes in that direction with Jack Bruce, Chris Spedding and John Marshall, I've found them fantastic players. It's all music really. I really do believe that every time you put a saxophone in your mouth, it does you good, it improves you — no matter who you play with. Every time, something rubs off. All right — I suppose I wouldn't like it if I did this sort of thing every day of the week. I do sessions very seldom so I enjoy it — socially it couldn't be better, could it? All your mates are there.

'I don't think you can compartmentalize. We did something with Stan's band in Liverpool, a recording session. When we started in the morning, you could practically see the sound men putting their fingers in their ears, and the wise guys whistling tuneful tunes because they couldn't hear us playing a tune. It's a frequent reaction from people who've never heard our sort of jazz before. In the end they were won over. One of them asked Stan what we were doing, and he explained that it was really traditional jazz — and it is".

We climb an iron catwalk and look down on an escarpment of slate. This interview has mise en scene in spades. All we need is an attempted strangling in a puppet factory and we've got the set.

"My first idol was Johnny Dodds," says Art. "I was almost a moldy fig. I played a fair bit of traditional jazz in Manchester. I used to think the only way to come up was playing the blues and then playing like Charlie Parker. It's not true. Everybody plays in their own way and they're all affected by their various environments. I've played with the Polish alto player, Zbigniev Namyslovski. It's no better or worse, but different — he plays Polish jazz.

"There are definitely a few charlatans about, but it's not necessarily those without roots. There's just as many charlatans whose first idol was Johnny Dodds. I used to have an axe to grind on that, but I think I'm getting mellower in my old age".

We went back down for another crack at "The Punk". A lot of dyed barnets were bounding about to the playback, facing reality and that.

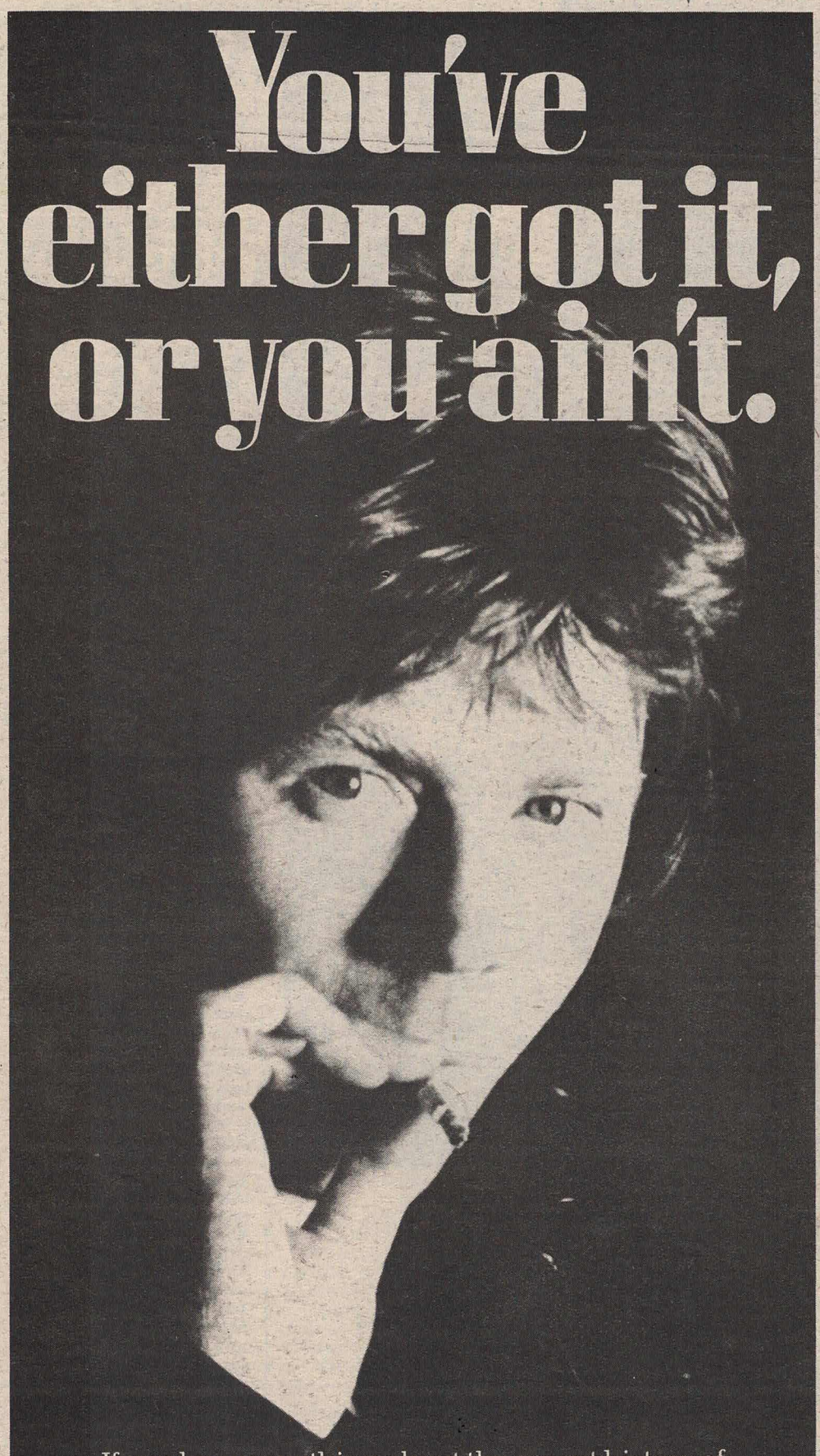
I hit Art with three swift questions and got three categorical answers, all barrels up and no one more surprised than Art.

"It's absolute cock to say you've got to starve in a garret to create art. Also balls that you've got to be black to play jazz. Music is music — abstract — but since musicians are notoriously stumm about expressing themselves, you can read whatever sociological implications you like into it".

He grins a self-deprecating grin. "You're bringing out the worst in me," he says.

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY
Jack Bruce, "Songs For A Tailor" (Polydor); Michael Garrick, "Home Stretch Blues" (Argo); Stan Tracey, "Captain Adventure" (Steam); Stan Tracey, "The Bracknell Connection" (Steam); Stan Tracey, "Under Milk Wood" (Steam & RCA); to be released — Stan Tracey Quartet & Octet albums (Steam), Graham Collier, "Symphony Of Scorpions" (Mosaic).

You've either got it, or you ain't.



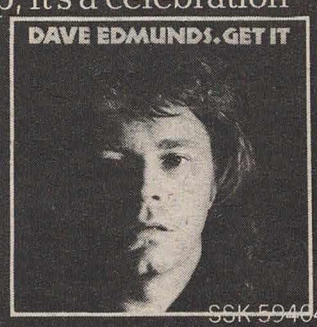
If you know anything about the recent history of rock 'n' roll, you'll know about Dave Edmunds.

If you don't, then you need some help with your homework. "Get It."

Kicking off with Bob Seger's frantic "Get Out Of Denver," Dave journeys through masterful recreations of a whole spectrum of rock 'n' roll styles.

His latest single, Nick Lowe's **"I Knew The Bride"** sounds like vintage Chuck Berry, Gene Vincent, Jerry Lee, Elvis, Cajun, Rockabilly, Country and even Doo-Wop also take a bow.

But, this is no mere nostalgia trip, it's a celebration and recreation of some of the best of yesterday's music, and in his collaborations with Nick Lowe, Dave Edmunds is also producing some of the best music of today.



Get It.

DAVE EDMUNDS

"There's so much love, skill and enthusiasm on the record that, for my money, it's a small masterpiece."
MICK FARREN N.M.E.

SWAN SONG

A SWANSONG RECORDING DISTRIBUTED BY WEA RECORDS LIMITED

***BARRIE MASTERS** of The Rods*

SINGLE OF THE WEEK DESPITE OVERWHELMING COMPETITION

RODS: Do Anything You Wanna Do (Island). In a freak week bringing competition from a veritable galaxy of "name" singles, Eddie And The Hot Rods amputate their moniker, drastically change their sound and wipe the floor with the opposition. The rivvum 'n' blooze is left behind in Oil City, the notion that the Rods are not valid is *trashed* — and this is their best single so far, superior even to the Live Marquee EP recorded in the halcyon daze of last summer.

Imagine the melodic consciousness of Paul Weller on The Jam's "Away From The Numbers" filtered through jingle-jangle guitars of a Byrds' vision, the chord

changes of Bruce Springsteen's "Born To Run" with a similar lyrical frame of reference and simplistic, epic hookline chorus, plus handclapping as good as a Gary Glitter record and you've got the four-minute nirvana of the Hollis/Douglas song, "Do Anything You Wanna Do".

Solipsism-rock rules, awright?

BEACH BOYS: Mona/Rock And Roll Music/Sail On Sailor/Marcella (Warners/Reprise). Fun-Fun-Fun till your daddy takes your sand-box away . . . I'm afraid. A track each from their last four albums with The Beach Boys coming across like geriatric surfers. This is more Frinton than California and the sound is a self-parody of younger, sunnier times.

VAN MORRISON: Joyous Sound (Warners). Junior Walker style sax best feature on a single finding Van in a quasi-Staple Singers mood of Bible Belt righteousness which is not so offensive if you concentrate on his purity of FUNK ingredient. Wish they'd re-release "Brown Eyed Girl".

THE RAMONES: Swallow My Pride/Pinhead/Let's Dance (Sire). I agree with the rest of you that the Brothers Ramone are the world's perfect group although I STILL reckon they're much too slow on record. Checking out their vinyl, one (two-three-four!) soon susses that their definitive minimalism statements are the two live covers, "California Sun" and, on this single, "Let's Dance", stormed through at the Roxy in LA. Only when they're recorded live does the full excitement of the Seventies Beatles come over, although "Pinhead", with its moving story of the love between a

peeeenhead and a nurse and the legendary soundtrack of "Gabba-gabba-we-accept-you-one-of-us-gabba-gabba!" and so on, sounds as great as the first time you heard it, and "Swallow My Pride" proves conclusively that Lennon and McCartney have been ripping off these boys for years.

CREEDENCE CLEARWATER REVIVAL: Bad Moon Rising/Proud Mary/Green River (Fantasy). When they showed up at the time of all that rock-star-as-avatar crap the CCR were refreshingly devoid of pretension and made some good singles. But hearing this stuff now is like discovering a fungus-encrusted cheeseburger you didn't eat when you bought it five years ago.

WAYLON JENNINGS: Luckenbach Texas (Back To The Basics Of Love) (RCA). A Good Ol' Boy exiled in the cold streets of Babylon longs to get his roots done and once again wiggle his bare toes in the cattle-droppings of Luckenbach, Texas. Starts off most solemn as the G.O.B. twangs mournfully on his Ol' Faithful and brain receives message that four-car garages and diamond rings are not everything . . . TWAAAANG! "Der only two thaangs in lahf dat make it wuuurth livin," TWAAAANG! *"Is geeetars a-toooned GOOD an' a firm feeling woman."* After this startling Satori, the G.O.B. and his tale of woe trundle through a depressingly predictable melange of pedal steel and acoustic guitars embellished with mandatory bull frog warbling. Sounds like a Redneck version of Loggins and Messina and was a gigantic smash Stateside. Dumb sods.

THE BEATLES: Twist And Shout (Lingasong Records). Frying-bacon hiss and sizzle from Hamburg daze when *Das*

Fab Vier benefited greatly from poverty-stricken squalor in the Reeperbahn and a diet of amphetamines. Lennon sings great, like he's slit his throat. The B side is a ridiculous "Falling In Luf Again, Vat Am I To Do?" that sounds like Jonathan Richman without the glorious hysteria. If The Beatles had chosen a plane-crash instead of the inevitable castration of fame and fortune, they could have been legends by now. They had *grossen* bottle in those days.

THE STRANGLERS: Something Better Change (United Artists). I was garroting my best girl as we listened to "Rattus Norvegicus IV" the other morning when I remarked how hysterical I've always found the sexism charges levelled against The Stranglers. Didn't quite catch her reply, something like

SINGLES

REVIEWED THIS WEEK By TONY PARSONS

Status SINGLES

. . . An occasional feature covering interesting and/or worthwhile singles from smaller outlets. For where to get them, see Andy's Platter Stall, pages 40-41.

STATUS SINGLE OF THE WEEK

SIX PISTOLS: Anarchy In The UK (Import). The best single of 1976 and the most unforgiveable deletion of ALL TIME has been re-released in France and is available over here in *real* record shops like *Rock On*, 3, Kentish Town Road, London, NW1 where it will cost you a mere £1.50 (some *"real"* shops are charging more) instead of the many, many quids you'd have to pay for an original copy. Got the same B side, "I Wanna Be Me". The Gods have smiled on all neophytes who didn't get into the Pistols before they were Virgin's.

HAMMERSMITH GORILLAS: You Really Got Me (Raw Records). From three years back before they dropped the Hammersmith reference, told the world they were the future of rock 'n' roll and subsequently disintegrated. Even in retrospect, the boasts of future glory were understandable. Jesse Hector nails down that primal Heavy Metal riff better than the originators did and howls the lyrics of neurotic lust like a Gorrilla possessed. Come back *soon*, Jess me son.

BLITZKRIEG BOP: Let's Go (Mortonsound); *"If you're going to San Francisco be sure to wear some floweeeers in your hair,"* sneers Blank Frank of these Geordie New Wave luminaires over dark Velvets noize. *"You're meet a lot of weird 'uns there . . ."* Sinister Hate-Hashbury soundtrack, probably the best song ever written about the subject. *"If you'd gone to San Francisco you'd have seen those hippies on the floor, I GOT OUT of San Francisco before the buggers called The Law."* I wanna see this mob live because nobody — well *almost* nobody — has heard of them and they're good enough for six-figure recording contracts at the current rate of inflation.

THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS: Stuck On You/Paranoia Paradise/The Last Time. Wayne County's band proving they can make good rock vinyl as well as making you chortle when live. I would have preferred Wayne's masterpiece "If You Don't Wanna Fuck Me Baybee, You Better Fuck Off" in preference to either of these three tracks. Still, the girl's in fine vocal form and the quality of playing caused numerous inquiries into the band's identity as I remained confined to the reviewing room, indicating that people who think the Electric Chairs are no more than a joke dunno when to laugh.

SQUEEZE: Packet of Three (Deptford Fun City Records). "Cat On A Wall" on the top side and "Nightride" and "Backtrack" on the flip benefit greatly from John Cale production on three songs which reveal that labels like Heavy Metal and New Wave are often defined by sartorial as opposed to musical differences. Will appeal to both Damned and Status Quo fans.

KILLJOYS: Johnny Won't Get To Heaven (Raw Records). Cacaphonic beautiful explosion of addictive three-chord wasteland that sounds EXACTLY like listening to the Pistols on a transistor radio at the volume where they shout from the stairs, *"We're trying to watch the telly down here"* . . . All about His Rotteness.

TWENTY-FIVE VIEWS OF WORTHING: Rat Brain Incision/You Are What You Eat (25). Look, I don't mind you long-hairs coming into my status singles, but all that free-form avant-garde meanderings are driving me MAAAAAAD! Why ain't there no words? Still, you're better than E£P, lads.

THE DRONES: Temptations Of A White Collar Worker (O.H.M.S.). *"White collar conservative pointing his plastic finger at me,"* Hendrix sneered with a joyous celebration of alienation from "straight" society, and with the music substituted for a murky sub-Ramones quagmire of fantic-fret thrashing that's exactly where the Drones are coming from on four tracks entitled, "Look-alikes", "Corgi Crap", "Hard On Me" and "You'll Lose". But lads, please suss that you're conforming just as much to your OWN little niche as a bleedin' insurance salesman is to his cosy little rut.

SUZY AND THE RED STRIPES: Seaside Woman (Epic). Lynda McCartney nauseates on white man's reggae with hubby joining in for the background vocals. Sounds like "Oob Blah dee, dah de dah," played at 16 RPM. Fake Uncle Tom voices are insulting, Paul. Almost as insulting as the perrenial MOR wallpaper muzak churned by the Macca clan.

Auntie, didn't ya?) with chanted title as chorus for, uh, Top Ten chart potential. Let's not start getting coy about these things. It's best for dancing to, and if you wanna use it for the projection of your own sicko fantasies then that's entirely *your* problem, nurd. Lost your sense of light, rat-features?

ELVIS PRESLEY: Way Down (RCA). If it wasn't for the distinctive cheeseburger inflection in the vocal then this synthetic, gutless record would not even warrant a few lines. As it's The King you take in the contrived emotion of the Devil-gonna-getcha lyrics, the bland-out "raucous" rock muzak and overall feel that if you're going to Las Vegas, be sure to wear some blue rinse in your hair. Not in the same league as "Less Than Zero".

TELEVISION: Prove It/Venus (Elektra). Special Limited Edition, Special Twelve Incher, Special Green Vinyl . . . *what* vinyl

shortage? Anyhow, two tracks from the "Marquee Moon" *meisterwerk* of the insect featured visionary. Cold fire for all you cerebal New Order troops. Although live Verlaine's crew exude all the passion of deep frozen fishfingers, on record they cut through as always like a new kind of drug that flashes straight to central nervous system and don't go away. Too bad Tom Verlaine comes across on stage with such bleak, clinical detachment, because he's got the depth of vision to create, in "Venus", the best love song *anyone's* written since Dylan's "Love Minus Zero — No Limit". But talent without passion eventually provokes yawns.

JACKIE WILSON: It Only Happens When I Look At You (Brunswick). Wilson's up there in the same league as Otis and Sam Cooke when it comes to Classic Soul Masters capable of producing records that make you wanna screw, dance and cry (preferably all at different times). "Woman, A Lover, A Friend", "Higher And Higher", "I Get The Sweetest Feeling", "Alone At Last" and "Baby Work Out" all back up this estimation, as does this sweet soul summer single that he cut two years ago just before the stroke which put him in the coma he's still in now. Sounds like vintage Isley Brothers plus that unmistakeable mellow vocal that shows up the current deluge of disco-fodder for the garbage it is. Listen, if you frequent your local discomat and you only buy one single this month, then make it this one, awright? *Jackie Wilson Don't Lie.*

THE JAMES BROWN SOUL TRAIN: Honkey Tonk (Polydor). Five years old re-release from The Funky

Geriatric which will also win the minds and bodies of those of you whose favourite dancing partner is your mirror. Get it while you can.

LINDA LEWIS: Come Back And Finish What You Started (Arista). This lady deserves better than a quasi-Tina Charles Hit Vehicle written by Van McCoy that Radio One will use for their washing-line soundtrack, aimed at the housewives of the nation. The housewives deserve better, too. National Health downers are no substitute for popular music.

THE BOYS: First Time/Whatcha Gonna Do/Turning Grey (Nems). Great New Wave concept EP from the most underrated band in the UK, tracing the rise and fall of a Modern Love through three-chord loss of cherry, devastating betrayal followed by slashed-out retaliation worthy of Sex Pistols and ending with psychotic reaction and a change of address. All on an EP. Sign of the times.

HAWKWIND: Quark, Strangeness And Charm (Charisma). Piss-taking hippies do it well enough if you're suss enough to make it a compulsory purchase for anyone who ever owned a Lou Reed record. Pure genius, the band reaching a new dimension down in the gutter with the rest of us. *"Here it comes, now-now!"*

BEN E. KING AND THE AVERAGE WHITE BAND: A Star In The Ghetto (Atlantic). Tasteful teaming of talents with brilliant interplay between the assembled company creates genuine disco classic where you can't hear your brain thinking about the

crass lyrics about someone who has no money in his threadbare pockets but is still a rich man. Gimme five and ain't life wonderful? Yawn.

SWEET: Stairway To The Stars (RCA). The great Chinni-Chap trash they used to skid about to in their silver platform boots on TOTP was dispensed with after the band's inevitable musical *bar mitzvah* — when they felt they could, uh, *express* themselves better by writing their own material. Happily, they've managed to overcome the greasy skin and artistic pretensions of adolescence and this here is a fine pastiche of their Golden Age garbage, the Stones' "Honky Tonk Woman" riff and cosmic HM imagery. With a bit of luck the Sweet will soon be back on *TOTP* alongside all the New Wave guerillas.

"Blllaaaargh!" it was, but I went on to point out that most of the band's best songs weren't even vinylised yet. As the offensively crass radio ad for this single wafted through the airwaves of her tranny she tore off my ears and suggested it was perhaps just as well.

Sometimes she feels like a wog, see. Now that I got a copy of "Somehing Better Change" and had those dismembered limbs stitched back on, I tell her that anyone who can't smirk at Jean Jaques Burnel's gross overkill vocal howling — f'rinstance, *"Don'tcha like the cut of my clothes? Don'tcha like the way I seem to enjoy it? Stick my fingers right up yer nose?"* — is a humourless schmuck who would have The Ramones shot for Nazi affiliations. In much the same genre as "Go Buddy Go" (missed the chemical references there,

NICK LOWE

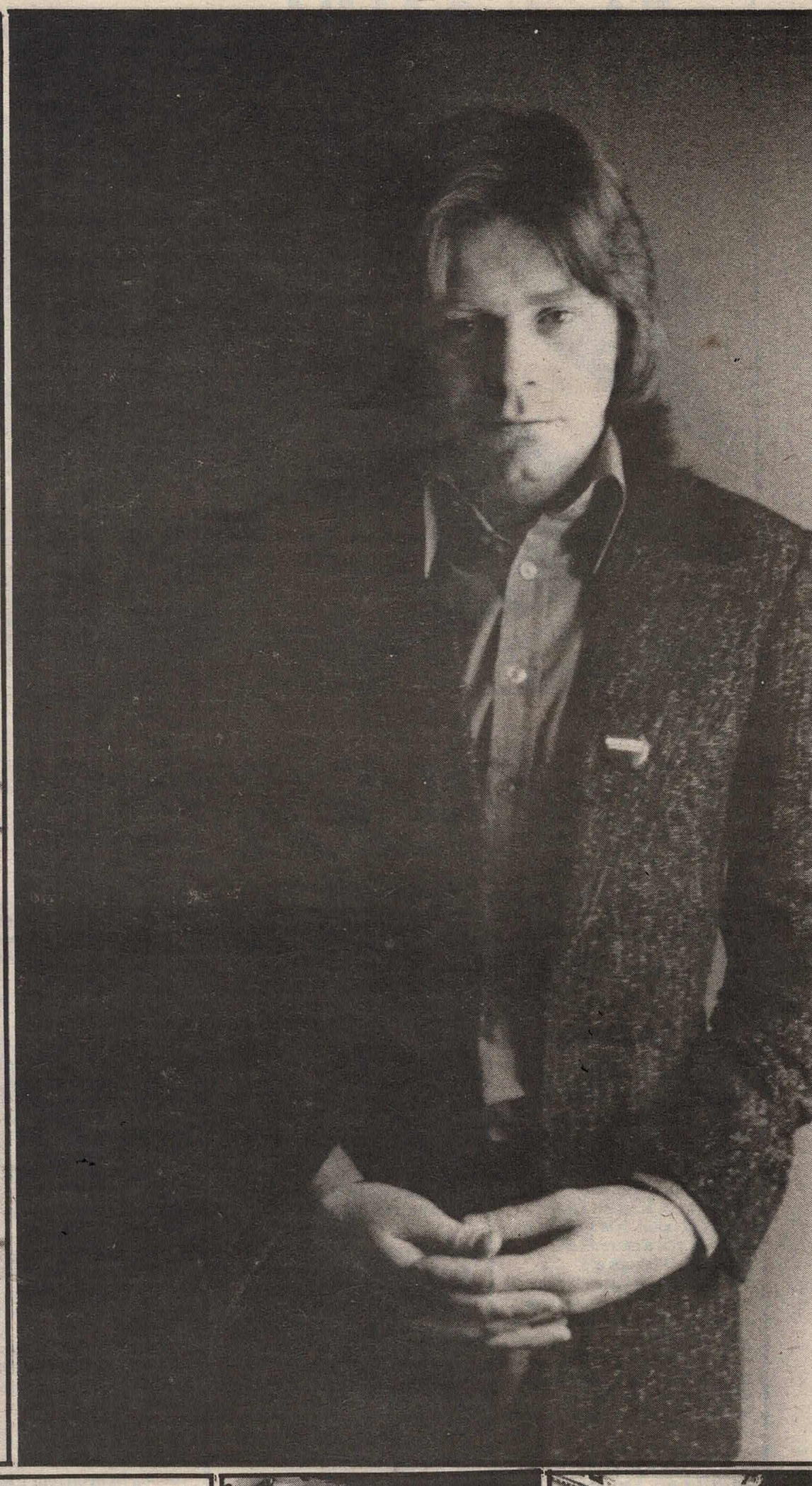
Antecedents: Kippington Lodge, Brinsley Schwarz, The Damned, Elvis Costello, Rockpile and DAVE EDMUNDS...

Quote: 'Dave was as close to being my hero as anyone has ever been. I studied him and I used him.'

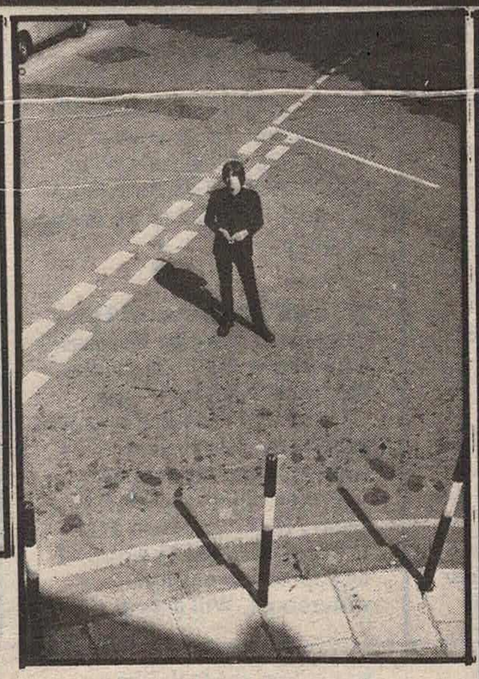
DAVE EDMUNDS

Antecedents: Love Sculpture, "Sabre Dance", Rockfield, Stardust, Brinsley Schwarz, Rockpile and NICK LOWE...

Quote: 'If only Nick would tell me why he left. Yes, I'm confused and I'm angry.'



THE ROCKPILE TAPES



Transcription: NICK KENT **Illustrations: PENNIE SMITH**

DAVE EDMUNDS HAS had his definitive quote on Nick Lowe's talents down pat for a long while now. "There are loads of guys around in bands or whatever writing songs" — he opines with a rather fetching theatrical dogmatism — "but Nick Lowe is a songwriter. In the classic sense."

He'd stated it in our first interview over four months ago when Rockpile, Edmunds' self-confessed dream band featuring Nick Lowe on bass, Terry Williams ex of Man on drums, and a stocky unknown quantity called Billy Bremner on second guitar, had been given an albeit modest consummation: the obligatory smallprint news-story backed up by a string of UK club dates designed to flex the corporate muscles before the masterplan was set into traction, namely a prestigious support-place on Bad Company's three-month American tour.

And even now, when Lowe has suddenly thrown the switch on this ensemble's natty assault-programme by quitting his mates in a manner that has left the three remaining somewhat shaken and bemused to say the least, Edmunds the leader still repeats his definitive thoughts on the Lowe vocation with a vengeance.

Still he's hurt, and one can sympathise.

"If only Nick would give a reason," he repeats. "I've phoned him up, we've been in touch. I mean, he's still my best mate, him and Jake (Riviera of Stiff) both . . . but yes, I'm confused and I'm angry because I've still not received one good concrete reason for him leaving . . . from his lips."

MEANWHILE, DOWN the road, in Stiff Records' Alexander Street offices, Nick Lowe is equally incredulous after his own manner as to why Edmunds still demands a reason. "That's what Dave keeps asking me. 'Give me a reason, give me a reason'. I mean, what more can I tell him?"

Lowe is equally as dogmatic in his statements as Edmunds was the day before, but he doesn't have the hurt, the sense of being wronged to back his words up.

Instead, I'm here witnessing the new-attitude Nick Lowe with newly developed ego drive.

This, it should be said, is Lowe's first real interview in more than three years. Interviews are not exactly high on our kid's list of pleasant encounters and this final confrontation has only been agreed to with reluctance — he's not going to blow the occasion with any low-profile bland-out woffle.

This is a man in the mood to deliver some good copy — no, that's not even close — this is a man who's ready to give the more mundane aspects of the music business, plus a good 90% of humanity in general (his odds, not mine), a good verbal drubbing.

But let's draw forth the illuminating rod of perspective in order to frame these rantings before things get even more prickly around here.

A GOOD SOLID piece of journalism spotlighting the fibres of hot combo Rockpile had been high on the *NME* editorial list of worthwhile projects for some months now, starting a mere week after the first official news story heralding said formation with this writer interviewing Dave Edmunds at Swansong — a pretty routine affair at the time but focusing on some most interesting ironic pronouncements with the aid of hindsight.

I'd contacted Jake Riviera in order to pan in on the Stiff side of this potential gold-mine, aiming for a Nick Lowe interview to flesh the project up nicely. Riviera, up to virtually the very day I contacted him, had been both Edmunds' and Lowe's official manager, not to mention being the veritable catalyst whose efforts had pretty much single-handedly pushed the Rockpile project out of the pipe-dream stage (for at least two years both Edmunds and Lowe had been crowing about working together in a fully-fledged road band, the one stipulation being that ex-Man band taffy Terry Williams be slotted in on drums).

Edmunds himself boasted of Riviera's coup at that first interview — "It's Jake and Jake alone who's singularly responsible for all this. It was him who phoned us up and said 'OK Dave you've been talking about this for years now — ever since you, Nick and I had been going down the pub every evening. Now Terry Williams is free because Man have split up, Billy Bremner's free because Neil Innes' band have split, Nick's around, ready and willing — so let's do it.' Jake even booked time for us in the rehearsal studio; he was backing us every step of the way."

For Edmunds, Rockpile's formation was a Giant Step in that it represented his first permanent band line-up since the days of Love Sculpture, while at the same time consummating what can only be described as his most clear-headed and optimistically creative period sustained so far this decade.

Edmunds' pre-Rockpile history is one of professional listlessness and much confusion and general hedging of bets, afforded merely by the studio recluse's uncannily lucky knack of turning out the odd million-selling hit single while always failing to clinch this winning streak by following through with anything substantial.

It was "Sabre Dance", Love Sculpture's amphetamine guitar trouncing of Kachaturian's old classical harangue, that first gave Edmunds the financial access to get off the road and afar, far away from the likes of record giant EMI who, so the story goes, one day informed Love Sculpture quite simply that they had seven hours' studio time booked during which they were required to churn out a blues album to slot into the then burgeoning white blues market — thus could a tenured band's whole musical scope be redirected via a single memo.

Monmouth's fledgling Rockfield Studios, owned by the brothers Ward, became the guitarist's second home. And when one of his first home-spun efforts — a trashily raunch-glazed re-tread of Smiley Lewis' "I Hear You Knockin'" — shot to No. 1 in 1970, he was consequently to closet himself in the studio full-time, gorging himself on pills and drink to the point where:—

"All my friends — like Terry (Williams) and Kingsley (Ward) — were just waiting to receive a phone-call saying that I was dead. I was totally into Mandrax and booze — eight mandies a day easily. I'd take speed when I had to go into the studio but otherwise I was totally out of it all the time."

Still the hits kept on coming, sporadic certainly, but still selling enough copies when they hit. The likes of "Baby I Love You" and "Born To Be With You" upped his world-wide figures to a solid six million units.

Edmunds' failure to truly capitalise on these stray successes, though, kept his career and his morale at a generally low ebb. Two solo albums — the great "Rockpile" and, several years later, the sub-standard "Subtle As A Flying Mallet" — both failed to cling to those mercurial chart streaking 45's coat-tails due possibly to inadequate merchandising on the part of their two outlets, MAM, and later, RCA.

IN 1973, still in far from good shape both physically and mentally, Edmunds met Nick Lowe, a young songwriter and pretty much leading-light of Brinsley Schwarz.

The Brinsleys were one-time victims of a near-fatal hype who'd been so shattered by the experience that they'd taken the most dramatically opposed route to their initial pratfall, going heavily low-profile image-wise, playing anywhere and everywhere (often for free), living a communal and frugal existence and pioneering a tastefully ornate line in country-rock to boot. In this manner, the band gained great respect locally though they were beleaguered by a total absence of commercial success during the first four years of the '70s.

Brinsley Schwarz, in retrospect, were a bitterly under-rated combine, easily this country's most perfectly formulated bar-band with an easy authority to their playing and a kind of inbred good taste particularly apparent in their ever-changing repertoire which was bolstered betwixt a great line in obscure non-originals (from Jim Ford's "Ju Ju Man" through to Harold Melvin's "The Love I Lost" with the odd blast of something as exquisitely chosen as Garnett Mimms' "I'll Take Good Care Of You") and Nick Lowe's often impeccable, self-penned stuff.

Edmunds' definition of Lowe as virtually the songwriter's songwriter is all too painfully true — painful because his abilities in the field are only equalled by the quite appalling lack of attention meted out to them, which has consequently left the composer's ego somewhat scarred to this day.

Almost every Brinsley Schwarz album for example contains at least two stunning Nick Lowe creations. Even a work as lyrically overbearing in its country-mysterioso imagery as the early "Silver Pistol" has its dazzler in "Nightingale", a song of such quality that the reputations of ten currently hip singer / songwriters would be assured were they to have been blessed with a talent for turning out stuff like it. On subsequent albums there are diamonds in the rough like "Don't Lose Your Grip On Love" and the title track from "Nervous On The Road", the jubilant driving good-time of "Play That Fast Thing One More Time" (if only Little Feat could have hit on something as self-assuredly effervescent as that for their last lacklustre outing) and, ultimately, the classic" (What's So Funny 'Bout) Love, Peace And Understanding" from the "New Favourites" opus.

These are just stray examples of talent at work — a talent which during its Brinsley Schwarz tenure proved itself as capable of tackling country-rock, loose-limbed rhythm'n'blues, hard rock, quality soft pop — even disco — with equal dexterity.

Brinsley Schwarz made it through to early 1975 before calling it a day, by which time they and Lowe in particular had quite closely involved themselves in the often-frustrating, stop-start propensities of Dave Edmunds' career.

Jake Riviera — something of an impartial observer at the beginning — claims it to be a well-known statement of fact that Lowe's friendship with Edmunds forced the former into a position where he became the guitarist's unofficial guardian / confidant, turning out at all hours to tend to Edmunds' depressions and desperate states of lethargy. This initial friendship was professionally baptized when the Brinsleys backed Edmunds on a tentative comeback tour of Britain, close on the heels of the guitarist's performance in the *Stardust* movie (Edmunds also arranged the music soundtrack, for which he was to gain another stray gold disc, while Brinsley Schwarz played the anonymous ropey band in one of the very first scenes of the movie).

Edmunds was still in rum shape, paunchy and short-haired, his features fraught and clenched like some doomed sheep, while the idea to dress him in rather ludicrous fringed black leather made him look even more the redundant rocker. Musically it was good though: the band played rock-steady solid to the guitarist's scatter-gun fretting.

However, personalized reminiscences of the 1974 tour are virtually impossible to be gleaned from Edmunds these days — he claims that his former stage-fright phobia caused him to drink his fears away before every show, numbing his brain to virtual oblivion of any trace of knowing what was going on. At the same time, Edmunds produced the penultimate Brinsleys' album "New Favourites", successfully tarting up the band's studio sound only to be greeted with evermore frustrating commercial obsolescence.

Then, after a final stab at the singles chart with a gaudily rumbustious version of Tommy Roe's "Everybody", the Schwarz connection was broken — the old communal household some 30 miles out of the smoke was broken up and the five Brinsleys went off to pursue their own careers.

Organist Bob Andrews and guitarist Schwarz himself made the first dramatic move to some potential greener pasture, using their age-old connection of ex-manager Dave Robinson to land themselves in The Rumour backing up golden boy Graham Parker, whose frenzied stage manner allowed this conglomerate a lucky break from the formerly laid-back stance so characteristic of the old punk-rock low-profile stance of yore which Dr Feelgood successfully proved to be something of a proverbial albatross around the neck. So many of the quality musicians hailing from the pub-rock circuit of the middle '70s had failed to grasp hold of the fact that to play rock'n'roll no matter what slant you were taking — you had to project.

Meanwhile, while other Brinsleys like Ian Gomm and drummer Billy Rankin have seemingly gone to ground, Nick Lowe's journey through the last two years has been a strange odyssey indeed.

NICK LOWE LEFT the Brinsleys with no money in the bank and an absolute minimum of possessions — just one guitar, one bass, a revox, one suit and two or three shirts apparently, and nowhere to live apart from crashing occasionally at his sister's gaf in Paddington.

He had, however, struck up a strong friendship with Jake Riviera, ne Andrew Jakeman, when the latter was Chilli Willi's manager, seeing in Jake a rock-solid ego, general singlemindedness and all-purpose business acumen-potential that he thought instinctively could be paired with his own not-inconsiderable talents to some mutually providential outcome.

Lowe, though, was in no hurry to make his mark — instead, he dug in behind the console to produce Graham Parker's first album "Howling Wind", performing a creditable job that afforded him the chance to fly off to the States with Dr Feelgood and Jake, who was then earning his living as the Feelgoods' tour manager while at the same time harbouring plans and finances to start his own label.

Then the consummation of Jake's pet Stiff Records in the summer of last year was rung with fellow shareholder N. Lowe's first solo outing, "Heart Of The City / And So It Goes". A lavish critical success, the 10,000 copies sold out immediately.

Lowe's songwriting style was going through some drastic transformations at that time, veering far away from the previous Schwarz adherence to all things vastly 'ethnic' towards a more systematically minimal music with sly, cynical lyrics. His first outings weren't that inspired in retrospect — "And So It Goes" was too wordy, say, while another new song "I've Just Taken The Truth Drug", was a great title and nothing more. Lowe's talent for all-purpose eclecticism was beginning to display discrepancies that made the new works look thread-bare at times, and only his forays into hard rock or soft pop seemed inspired.

While he was listening studiously to the likes of Jonathan Richman and picking their brains, the songs that really hit home remained straight rockers like "Heart Of The City" and, particularly, a crafty lift from Chuck Berry's "You Never Can Tell" which Lowe entitled "I Knew The Bride".

As it happens, the latter was among the songs that a suddenly re-invigorated Dave Edmunds was frantically working through last summer down in a closet-sized Highbury 16-track studio known as Pathway. Edmunds had moved down to London that year in an effort to use his talents to a better end, having previously sussed that "I was using the business as a hobby when I should have been making it a career all along."

At Pathway for example, Edmunds cured his habit of massive studio self-indulgence, getting tracks iced in one or two takes instead of taking all night to tape one 15-second guitar break, as had often been the case apparently at Rockfield in the past. By mid-summer '76, Edmunds had completed an entire album from whence the lion's share of "Get It" was to appear some nine months later.

This was Edmunds' big chance. The stifling RCA contract was up, and it was signing time with Elton John's Rocket Records well in the lead until publicist B. P. Fallon played Robert Plant several of the finished Edmunds tracks, thus moving the Zeppelin singer to drive enthusiastically to Rockfield and entice the rocker onto the group's pet label, Swansong.

Lowe and Edmunds played a one-off gig together last summer during the three-day "Save The Hope & Anchor" festival — a free-form affair with Lowe, Edmunds, bassist Paul Riley and drummer George Butler forming the basic nucleus for added guest shots from Sean Tyla and an ailing Ian Dury.

Lowe then planned with Jake to do a one-off gig at a punk festival in Mont de Marsan with Richard Hell, both of them playing bass and encoring with "Una Paloma Blanca". Hell failed to show and instead Lowe found himself confronted by the dreaded Damned who, spearheaded by the rabid-dog ego of Rat Scabies, more or less took over proceedings. In the process The Damned made a vast name for themselves in the British Press for their general deportment and caused Lowe and Riviera to be sufficiently impressed by their general outrageous bottle to offer them a deal with Stiff Records.

The Damned's two singles and subsequent album were Nick Lowe's second production job — gnarled heavy metal was hardly a mode he was totally conversant with, but an impressive job was done nonetheless. Lowe's best production work thus far, though, is arguably the sparse presence he affords the songs gracing Elvis Costello's epic first album on Stiff.

FOR ALL HIS activity over the last year or so, Nick Lowe hasn't seemed over concerned about his own career. He has only one single and an EP, "Bowi", currently in the shops (plus one track — "I Love My Label" — on "A Bunch of Stiffs" written with Riviera who used the moniker of L. Profile for the occasion).

But as I stated at the outset here, we're facing a new Nick Lowe — a man whose particular journey through de biz has led him up the most overtly cynical path currently conceivable.

After all, it's been a long ride from the bashful youth whose attempts at fronting his first band, Kippington Lodge, saw him permanently with his back to the audience shaking nervously as he played (this morsel comes from Riviera who claims he first saw Lowe in the late '60s) to the last onstage incarnation of the lean, determined young man whose position between guitarists Bremner and Edmunds was re-emphasized by all these slight, almost machoid gestures. The clenching of fists, the taut jutting chin, the mean look, the constant speed-freak chewing — these were the visual highlights of Rockpile's club dates prior to the American Bad Company tour.

Perhaps it was fated from the start.

Lowe himself claims that he joined Rockpile absolutely on a temporary basis, and that his recent departure should have caused no surprises in the camp.

Edmunds, however, is adamant about claiming otherwise, saying that Lowe's only intimation prior to the actual split was an arguably flippant statement one night to Bremner.

"One night he said something to Billy . . . something like 'Oh well, I won't be doing this for long' which really hurt Billy who's always been totally committed to the concept of Rockpile and to the music. But we just left it at that really — just one single pissed-off statement that could have meant anything."

Lowe's reasons for leaving though can only have been hastened by the insights he had into the workings of Swansong Records by dint of Edmunds' association, and also due to the band's support billing to Bad Company. Rockpile, in fact, only made it through half the dates before they were abruptly hauled off the tour and replaced by the boogie woffle of The Outlaws. The suggestion is that the change was necessary to bolster ticket sales, though Lowe has two other points to voice:

"Well first it would be ridiculous to dare claim that we ever blew Bad Co off the stage because however well we went down in those big auditoriums and ice rinks, no-one really knew who the fuck we were, and after we'd left they didn't give a toss.

"However in many of the next-day reviews of the gig we'd get a better write-up than Bad Co, who'd usually always get slagged off. And bloody well rightly so! I mean, they are about as exciting as a sack of old rotting spuds. It's so absolutely brainless that it's not worth . . . I mean, it's hardly worth even possessing an opinion about Bad Co really."

Lowe despises the whole Swansong set-up, knocking every rung of this particular Jacob's Ladder right up to resident Buddah Peter Grant and the holy Zeppelin, who he claims "run it so that . . .

Continues over page

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well for a start everyone's a bloody roadie or something and they're all terrified of Grant. It's sickening just to observe those people crawling around.

"Just seeing all that — just having to be around it all was enough to make me want to leave."

Lowe's attitude was probably part-formed at the outset when Peter Grant took over Edmunds' management in a deal which ousted Jake Riviera and Stiff partner Dave Robinson after all the hard work the former in particular had put into Rockpile's formation.

Edmunds himself is still very upset at losing the Jake connection. "When they said they were going to leave me to get on with it, I was almost in tears."

Swansong, on the other hand, claim that there exists no animosity towards Lowe, Riviera and co, that Lowe was even offered a record contract by Swansong and that it was Riviera who came on heavy with *them*. And so it goes.

Lowe, meanwhile, has other reasons for quitting Rockpile. Musically he claims it was too one-dimensional and restricting.

"Only one facet of what I do was being involved really. I mean, I can write these hard rock songs two-a-penny — playing bass is nothing to me, anyone can do that. I'm a songwriter. Period. If this was the '60s I'd be . . . no, I don't think I'd be good enough to work for the Brill Building . . . I'd be one of those Tin Pan Alley junk-pop tunesmiths knocking out an album's worth of tunes for the Peters And Lees of my time. I could write for Peters And Lee. Christ, I could write any song to order. If The Clash want new songs or The Jam, say, I could churn 'em out. That's what I'm good at."

Just a hack tunesmith?

"Yeah that's it, that's what I do."

Only I think he's under-rating himself sorely. Lowe may have got a new cynically detached view to go with the cynically detached '70s but he still appears under his albeit impressively tongue-lashing eloquence, to be as confused as ever. At one moment, his ego is running rampant in a particularly self-assertive fashion almost as if by telling me these things he's convinced himself in the process.

"I mean, when you come down to it, 90% of the people you see around you are fools, right. I believe . . . I believe I've got my own style. I really do. That, to me, is important."

Yet his past, particularly the Brinsley Schwarz era, he dismisses totally, pleading that aesthetic success means nothing to him now.

"I want to be a commercial success. I want to sell and lots of records. *That's* success to me now. I don't want to make clever little recorded statements for a small clique of admirers. I want to be rich, of course, though I'm not going to sell my soul for it, and I want to get the girls. I know Tom Petty said it first but it's true. I started doing this for the 'boilers' and I'm still in it for all the 'boilers' I can get."

About his production work he's equally candid.

"All those things were one-offs and I'll tell you now that I won't be repeating them again. I'll not be producing any more Graham Parker albums or Damned records. Like, The Damned! The first time I encountered them I was totally turned off! I mean, who are these obnoxious mouthy geezers blabbering on about Iggy Pop . . . who the fuck is Iggy Pop? I'd never heard of the New York Dolls or the MC5 or . . . but there was still something there, a kind of arrogance that I admired, that I latched on to. I used them. I worked with them because I wanted to, and it was great! We'll never do anything together again though. There'd be absolutely no point. I've exhausted all that."

Final thoughts on Dave Edmunds.

"When I first met Dave he was really . . . yes, Dave was as close to being my hero as anyone has ever been, I suppose. And I studied him and used him and stole any idea I could off him and now, well, there's certain incompatabilities. He has his way of doing things and I have mine. He's too restrictive for me honestly, but that's his way of working."

Dave Edmunds has his final thoughts on Nick Lowe's predicament too.

"What I can't understand is why Nick walked out on Rockpile. Not even me so much . . but he honestly had the best. He's talking about doing a Stiff tour now with Larry Wallis (ex-Pink Fairies) on guitar. Now *Nick* . . . God, Larry Wallis is a nice guy but compared to Billy Bremner . . . there's no one better than Billy for that kind of guitar playing. And there's no one better than Terry Williams as a drummer. You say he wants to break out and be a huge commercial success . . . well, the way he's going he's just going to be a huge *cult* figure. And he's that already! Even in the States, he's achieving that now."

Dave Edmunds will probably replace Lowe in Rockpile by bringing in bassist Lincoln Carr. "I still don't know if he can sing though," he adds as an afterthought.

Meanwhile, Nick Lowe is down at Pathway Studios, boxed in with his 50 finished tracks and the 51st being worked on right now.

That song's title alone says it all for his current attitude. It's called, simply, "Music For Money".

Joan Baez 'Blowin' Away'

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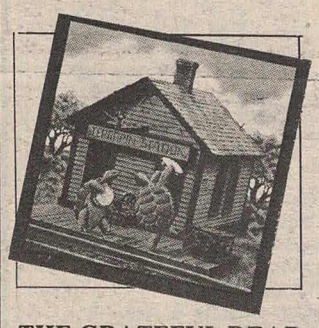


THE GRATEFUL DEAD
Terrapin Station
(Arista)

DEAD: Still Riding The Rods of the Celestial Train

WHEN CALIFORNIA'S most progressive rock band chooses to employ a producer for the first time you can assume the end product is going to be different.

Actually, the resultant album, or at least side two, is so complex that after a weekend's solid incarceration with "Terrapin Station" I can't commit myself to anything like a definitive personal opinion.

The introduction of Keith Olsen as mixmaster general places the good 'ol Grateful Dead in a light of greater intensity than at any time since their supposed hey-day six years back. Couple this with a move to Arista, the current limbo of Round Records, and a regeneration of interest in San Francisco's most misunderstood, and you can see that "Terrapin Station" is an album of much commercial importance.

The Dead have never had trouble confirming their appeal as a live attraction, but concomitant with their image as the confused sons of outdated anarchy has been their relative slump as a record-selling force. In 1977 America has witnessed a revitalised Dead, a committed concerto of studio interest and touring enthusiasm that parallels the renaissance of The Starship and the Beach Boys. When the psychedelic revival comes to a head, people will realise that Jerry Garcia never was a spent force.

In many ways the unsolved puzzle of "Terrapin Station" is its very accessibility. Side one is pretty much standard Dead, except that it comes over as something that will sell, not on the strength of its cosmic soloing (which is conspicuous by its absence) but purely on the grounds of the upfront melodies, catchy arrangements and basic rhythms.

I never have found it a chore getting next to Jerry Garcia's modus operandi — those so called exercises in scale blues — and Robert Hunter's linear lyrics have always struck me as the vision of a group who knew exactly what they were doing. The Dead have maintained their musical ideals in the face of growing critical unrest and scorn of the sort I guess even Mozart was subjected to. Posterity will have the last word.

But this Grateful Dead is for now, for real. As approachable and warm on one hand as it is baffling and beautiful on the other.

Composition credits are scrupulously democratic, and the stubborn demarcation lines reveal their intent is unshakeable. The album opens with a Bob Weir / John Barlow number "Estimated Prophet", which to me is a natural extension of "Walk In The Sunshine", being a mixture of crazed religious fervour and stone sense, take it either way.

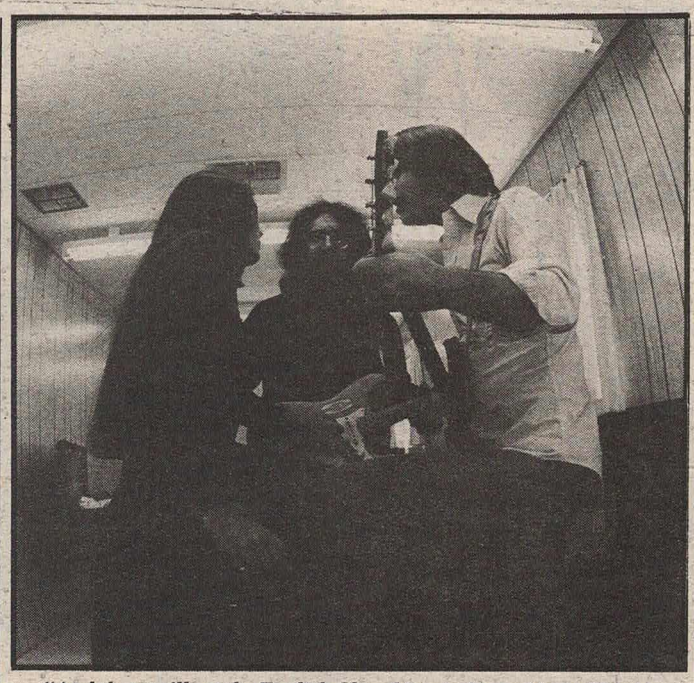
Weir's vocal carries off into the realms of intellectual cowboy insanity, almost spoken in a breathless rush, just waiting on vindication. The Weir-Barlow combination also threw up "Cassidy" from the "Ace" masterpiece; this tune echoes that but in a sparse, pared-down manner. Under the menace of the desert heat-haze, Garcia picks a fourteen beat, near-reggae pattern with the notes bubbling like air in water. On the surface Weir surveys his apocalyptic claims with a messiah's sense of right:

My time coming, voices say
And they tell me where they go.

Barlow's lyric mixes dogma with moments of pastoral quietude, the music is a perfect compliment to lines packed with associative imagery:

California, reaching on the burning shore
California, and I'll be knocking on the golden door.

"Dancin' In The Streets", a Dead favourite for ten years emphasises Olsen's part (he produced the "Fleetwood Mac" monolith and Sons Of Champlin's "A Circle Filled With Love"). This one should come out as a single — plain good fun with expert harmonies and a surplus of relaxed percussion.



"And then we'll get the English Choral Ensemble and have like this real cosmic passage before Jerry plays his heavenly solo and I do this neat boogie part in the back . . ." Godchaux, Garcia and Weir plot on.

The pacing of the side leads naturally into the Phil Lesh/Peter Monk rocker "Passenger", an essential slice of West Coast fervour replete with some massive slide from Garcia, counterpoint vocals in the manner of modern Starship (Donna Jean Godchaux is a ringer for Ms Slick here) and some brief lead guitar phrases that turn my head inside out.

I'm more dubious about Bob Weir's adaptation of "Samson and Delilah" (aka "If I Had My Way"), a straight piece of bible telling. Keith Godchaux's keyboards scatter out from all angles, Bill Kreutzmann and Mickey Hart lay down peculiar rhythms, but the song evolves without saying very much.

Donna Jean's "Sunrise" gets the full ballad treatment, orchestra, umpteen melodies and a solo vocal performance that requires a fair amount of suspended scepticism to get next to. Another band composition would have been more welcome.

Significantly, little is heard of Garcia until the first notes of the work that fills side two.

"Terrapin Station" stands or falls on the success of Robert Hunter's primary metaphor; at the moment I'm taking 'terrapin' to be a synonym for a fictional otherworld, not necessarily heaven. The Dead have chosen to embellish this piece using full orchestration, arranged by Paul Buckmaster and played by the Martyn Ford crew (!) with a refrain that features the English Choral.

It's a daring move whose justification I'm unable to verbalise. The tone is peculiarly English for the Dead, and reference points for music of this nature in the rock idiom include the Floyd's "Atom Heart Mother" and even popular classics like Oldfield's "Tubular Bells".

Only time will tell whether Garcia has surpassed the pitfalls of rock playing with classical fire. My own feelings after the first hearing were of profound peace; I believe the effort to be fully valid. *(Gee, that's truly touching Max. — Ed).*

The five parts of the piece open with "Lady With A Fan", Hunter's story is unfurled in parable form like a mediaeval romance, a trial by fire. The paramour tests her suitors, a sailor and a soldier, the prize being eternal bliss on Terrapin Station.

No further delineation of the plot's outcome is needed; exploration depends on your interest. The music and lyrics are super-arranged, cyclic, veering from elegiac to bombast, with shades of Bach, Aaron Copland, the Orient and the Wild West. Hunter's tale moves on the levels of a journey through time and space, the destination is hidden.

At times the music is like nothing you've heard on a rock album. Garcia's moves are taut and powerful, increasing in muscle from a lyrical motif to an astonishing solo duet with Keith Godchaux and the orchestra on "Terrapin Transit" where he plays a break of unbelievable speed and precision.

Mickey Hart, Kreutzmann and Hunter combine on the heavily percussive concluding section, a drum crescendo leading into "Terrapin Flyer", the super-riff itself, block chords and a suite of symphonic horns and strings. Breathtaking on three days hearing with the refrain consolidating the moral:

Some rise, some fall, some cry to get to Terrapin.

Misguided or monumental? All Superlatives seem tacky. The atmosphere is classic Dead, a natural progression of their aims from "Aoxomoxoa" and "Anthem Of The Sun" through to "Wake Of The Flood" and "Blues For Allah".

At its peak "Terrapin Station" scales the heights of rock and roll as a sophisticated art form. You decide if they were wise.

Max Bell

SOFT MACHINE
Triple Echo
(Harvest)

SOFTS: The Compleat Machine

ALMOST ALL you ever wanted to know about Soft Machine (except shirt sizes), but forgot to ask.

The three albums that comprise "Triple Echo" trace Softs through nine years (1967-76). Over a third of the set hasn't found its way onto record until now. Also included are comprehensive credits, pics a plenty, and an exhaustive genealogy of Softs and their many partners in polyphony.

Softs' greatest hits? Well, not exactly. The critical brood may have drooled unconditionally, but most generally response to Softs' output has remained muted; the group's had to look elsewhere (to Europe, France especially) for a place in the heart of the populance.

Softs' undoubted influence on music as she is conceived and played extended well beyond Canterbury confines. "Triple Echo" reveals their constant fascination with previously untried and untested structures and systems, a fascination that engendered eclecticism within the group and open-eared wonderment without, among fellow musicians.

Jimi tells bad joke to Mike Ratledge & Robert Wyatt, 1967. Just one from the booklet accompanying "Triple Echo."

First off, Softs declare themselves non-aligned, contending that each and everything was fair game regardless of how it was "officially" labelled.

But to begin at the beginning and to recall Softs' extraordinary flirtation with what's commonly termed The Popular Song; a serenade largely encouraged and prolonged by drummer/singer Robert Wyatt, some initial help from bassist / singer Kevin Ayers notwithstanding.

Softs' first single, the irresistible "Love Makes Sweet Music", kicks off. It's followed by its flip, the lunatic "Feelin' Reelin' Squeelin'", an infringement of damn near every copyright known to mortal musician, a peak of psychedelic nuggeteering produced by the peripatetic Kim Fowley. Ayers and Wyatt feature on vocal exchange, Mike Ratledge on Lowrey organ effrontery, Daevid Allen on whistle and absurd guitar.

"Memories", less or more mild blues, and "She's Gone", another summer of '67 rush, wind up the preliminaries.

Exit Allen. Softs record "Volume One". Wyatt and Ayers sing some more. Ayers may be held responsible for the drole "We Did It Again" (and again and again) and the Gurdjieff-inspired dream sequence "Why Are We Sleeping?"; everybody improvises with startling originality on the impromptu "So Boot If At All".

Exit Ayers. Enter visceral / cerebral Bassist Hugh Hopper.

"Vol. Two" continues the profound reassessment of song shapes and sizes with wit, ever more sophisticated instrumental expertise, ever more zany titles ("Dada Was Here", etc.) and epochally innovative sax charts from Brian Hopper.

Orthodox shunned (shock), lateral thinking omnipresent, production (the group's first try) appalling.

And so to "Third". Well, not quite "Third", since the period's covered by corresponding *Top Gear* broadcasts, "The Moon In June", an open-ended helix twist of a song, marks Softs' final eccentric embrace with the human voice. A generous sample of Wyatt's wryly humourous singing, "Moon" showcases the unaffected warmth and intimacy of his vocal manner.

Enter frontline extremist / saxist Elton Dean, whereupon Softs immerse themselves in a panoply of all things rock and jazz. "Esther's Nose Job" and "Mousetrap/ Noisette / Backwards / Mousetrap Reprise" tell the wondrous tale.

Reinforced by additional chorus, the group catapult into Ratledge's newly formulated razor riff formations. The horns rasp and screel, push acrid or aesthetic solos as and when necessary, lie elegantly low through the harmonic wealth of Hugh Hopper's tunes.

The extras are abandoned for "Slightly All The Time/Out Bloody Rageous/Eammon Andrews" as Ratledge claws through preposterous Lowrey scales and Dean jets on afterburn. The horns return for "Teeth" (from "Fourth"), possibly Ratledge's most bamboozling composition, based on some utterly insoluble equation of musical algebra.

"Teeth" and Hopper's mellifluous "Kings And Queens" from the same album are incomparable essays in modern music — thoroughly innovative, thoroughly accessible, the best of several worlds.

Exit Wyatt. Confused and bemused, Softs swing out on a none too propitious limb. "All White" (from "Fifth") sees Ratledge's comparative caution obliterated by Phil Howard's thunderous cymbal splashing. Exit Howard, enter John Marshall. "Bone" (also from "Fifth") is eerily disembodied dervish dancing.

Exit Dean, enter another ex-Nucleus man in Karl Jenkins. Softs curtail freeform activity. Although an accomplished technician, Marshall lacks Wyatt's dexterous grace or Howard's intense aggression; he proceeds to tie up loose ends, doles out strict measure.

Ratledge himself becomes increasingly obsessed with musical notation as pure mathematics. "Stanley Gibbons" (from "Sixth") catches his Lowrey in bewilderingly chill, inhumane frenzy.

Exit Hopper, enter Roy Babbington. The dance of the Nucleoids starts in earnest and Softs lose momentum. The gentle textures of "Carol Ann" (from "Seventh") have been compared to Weather Report but, frankly, have little in common with Zawinul and Co.'s lush tonescaping.

"Hazard Profile Pt. 1" (from "Bundles") riffs relentlessly, graced by guitarist Allan Holdsworth's clean, curvacious soloing but little else.

Exit Ratledge, the last founder member to go. Jenkins assumes complete control, writing, arranging and orchestrating most of the group's material. "The Tale Of Taliesin" (from "Softs") indicates a return to form.

"Taliesin" floats on Jenkins' gorgeous piano theme, suddenly locks into John Etheridge's slendertone guitar break, resolves itself into a mood as mysterious as the semi-historical mage of its title.

Some have found Softs' repeated shifts in direction puzzling, but the strict chronology of "Triple Echo" suggests that the group's evolution has been natural enough.

For Soft Machine the perimeter fencing between rock, jazz and all compass points empiricism has been largely irrelevant. Which only goes to show that all you need is no preconceptions.

At last, a retrospective that's really justified, by both its painstaking thoroughness and the near total excellence of its subject matter.

Angus MacKinnon

KISS GET THE NEUTRON BOMB

(See right — note bomb's small blast, big noise)

KISS
Love Gun (Casablanca)

"Hey, Gene."

"What, Peter?"

"What are we doing in one of Farren's record reviews?"

"What do you expect? We've been most other places. Once you've let yourself in for being a comic book hero you got to expect anything."

"Yeah, but he's putting words into our mouths."

"With an image like ours what can you expect? We're hardly in control of our own destiny."

"I guess as long as he throws in a few words like 'destiny' it's probably okay."

"But we're Kiss."

"And we play warmed-over heavy metal cliches, heavily laced with a lot of junior league creepy crawly, gutter macho, SM posturing."

"We sell a hell of a lot of records."

"In the USA".

"To kids who sincerely want to be werewolves from the stratosphere when they grow up."

"There's one hell of a lot of them."

"Let's hope the world needs werewolves in 1984."

"Who cares? We'll be playing golf with Gerald Ford and Alice Cooper by then."

"But what about the new album? That's what this is about, after all."

"What about the new album?"

"Farren's making me say it's just the same warmed-over formula."

"Isn't it?"

"We did 'Then He Kissed Me', the Phil Spector classic."

"We were smart, though."

"We changed the lyrics to 'Then She Kissed Me'."

"We also managed to come out with one of the most lumberingly mediocre versions of the song ever committed to vinyl."

"It's only one track."

"Okay, pick any other track."

"Any other track?"

"Any track at all."

"How about 'Hooligan'?"

"It ain't nothing more than a compendium of warmed-over rock cliches punctuated by largely redundant power chords."

"Does that apply to the other tunes?"

"Pretty much."

"What do the English have against us?"

"Maybe they got short tongues and can't afford the makeup."

"Maybe they gave up the things we're doing years ago."

"So screw the English."

Yeah, screw them."

"We've been in a *Howard the Duck* comic."

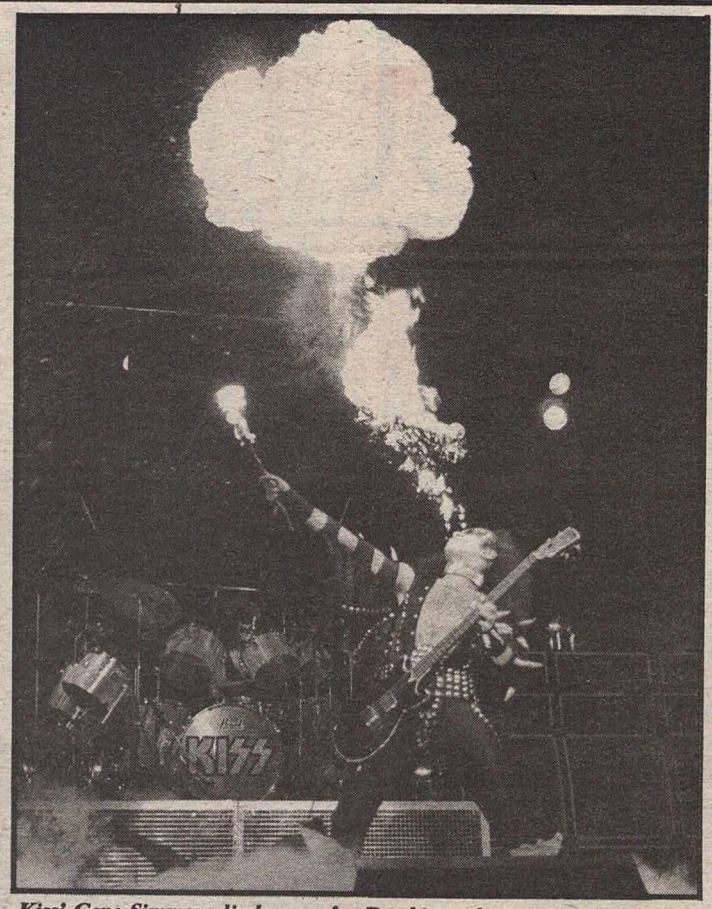
"And what did Howard say?"

"Howard said 'Waaugh', Peter."

"Yeah, Gene."

And that, dear reader, about sums it all up — waaugh!

Mick Farren



Kiss' Gene Simmons limbers up for Russkie tanks.

EARTH QUAKE
Leveled (Beserkley)

EARTH QUAKE are as their name suggests, basically a Heavy Metal band.

But the Yanks still haven't lost their feel for HM with a bit of raunch, which is one of the reasons why Aerosmith are such a big noise over there. It's also one of the reasons why Earth Quake's last album "8.5", scraped the lower end of the U.S. charts.

Earth Quake are often described as a failed Bay Area HM band, which was once true. In the early '70s, whilst being managed by a wet-behind-the-ears Matthew Kaufman, they released two albums on A&M, both of which went nowhere.

Despairing of the treatment the band was receiving, Kaufman decided to form "the world's smallest record label" to give his boys a better chance. His first releases were two singles, both of which were very good indeed and wound up on the "Beserkley Chartbusters" album.

The second and more successful of these two was a spirited re-make of The Easybeats' "Friday On My Mind".

It more or less summed up what Earth Quake were and are about — English pop, specifically The Yardbirds ("Friday" could easily have been a Yardbirds song) and Jeff Beck, but also The Kinks and The Move, all pared-down, turned-up and given a '70s streamline.

This isn't to say that "Leveled" is mere nostalgic recreation, but Earth Quake's fondness for English pop continues. There's the unlikely choice of a version of Hot Chocolate's "Emma", an almost straight lift arrangement-wise, but done without the soul feel. Amongst the razor guitars and flailing cymbals the song sounds out of place.

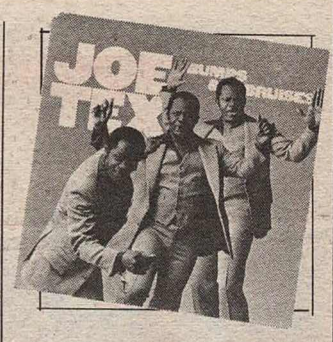
The rest of the songs vary only slightly from the basic prescription of twinned, open-throttle guitars from Robbie Dunbar and Gary Phillips, nasal vocals from John Doukas and a crashing foundation from Stan Miller and Steve Nelson.

At their best they're power chords with raunchy rather than postured dynamics, as on "Nothing Personal", the live blow-out "Trainride" and "Street Fever". which beats Aerosmith to their own game but misses the latter's strange tension.

At their very best they add a measure of pop sensibility and come up with "Lovin' Cup", the best song on the album. Elsewhere they fall short of the mark with the melodies.

These idiosyncrasies can be ignored in the face of the Kaufman/Kolotkin production. The sound fairly kicks its way out of the speakers — fresh and with maximum impact.

Paul Rambali



JOE TEX
Bumps and Bruises (Epic)

ANYONE EVER pursued by an amorous X-chromosone owner will have given a sympathetic sigh on hearing Joe Tex's contemporary tragi-comedy "Ain't Gonna Bump No More".

This sassy smash, evoking the startling image of a helpless male being forcibly cajoled into strutting his stuff by an Amazonian Terpsichore, is surely the definitive feminist disco battle-call.

Some feel the urge to snigger with glee on hearing Mankind get its come-uppance — especially after the sanctimonious tomfoolery of old Atlantic sermons like "Men Are Getting Scarce", "A Woman Can Change A Man" and "A Sweet Woman Like You".

Hardly surprising that El Tex retired to the legit pulpit at the end of the Sixties — though the grunting gyrations of "I Gotcha" indicated that '72 found Joe in full working order. "Ain't Gonna Bump No More" is just as hilarious here, only a little too long when it wanders into its unexpurgated fevered brass workout.

The ladies stay on top (so to speak) for "Leaving You Dinner", in which Joe's chick puts all the stuff he likes to get his mouth around on the table to a slinky rhythm and then smirks *"That's your 'I'm leaving you' dinner!"*

"I Mess Up Everything I Get My Hands On" finds Joe's lucrative amorato putting him on a short lead when he starts messing with other girls. *"So I was thinking of going to the surgeon/So he could cut my hands down to the wristbone!"*, yells Joe mirthfully.

The humour of side one surrenders to the lacklustre flip opener "We Held On". "One Two Three/You And Me" is a real sluggish shuffle and "I Almost Got To Heaven" a slower retread of the requited theme which sunbursts into an energetic strut fit to burst a braincell too.

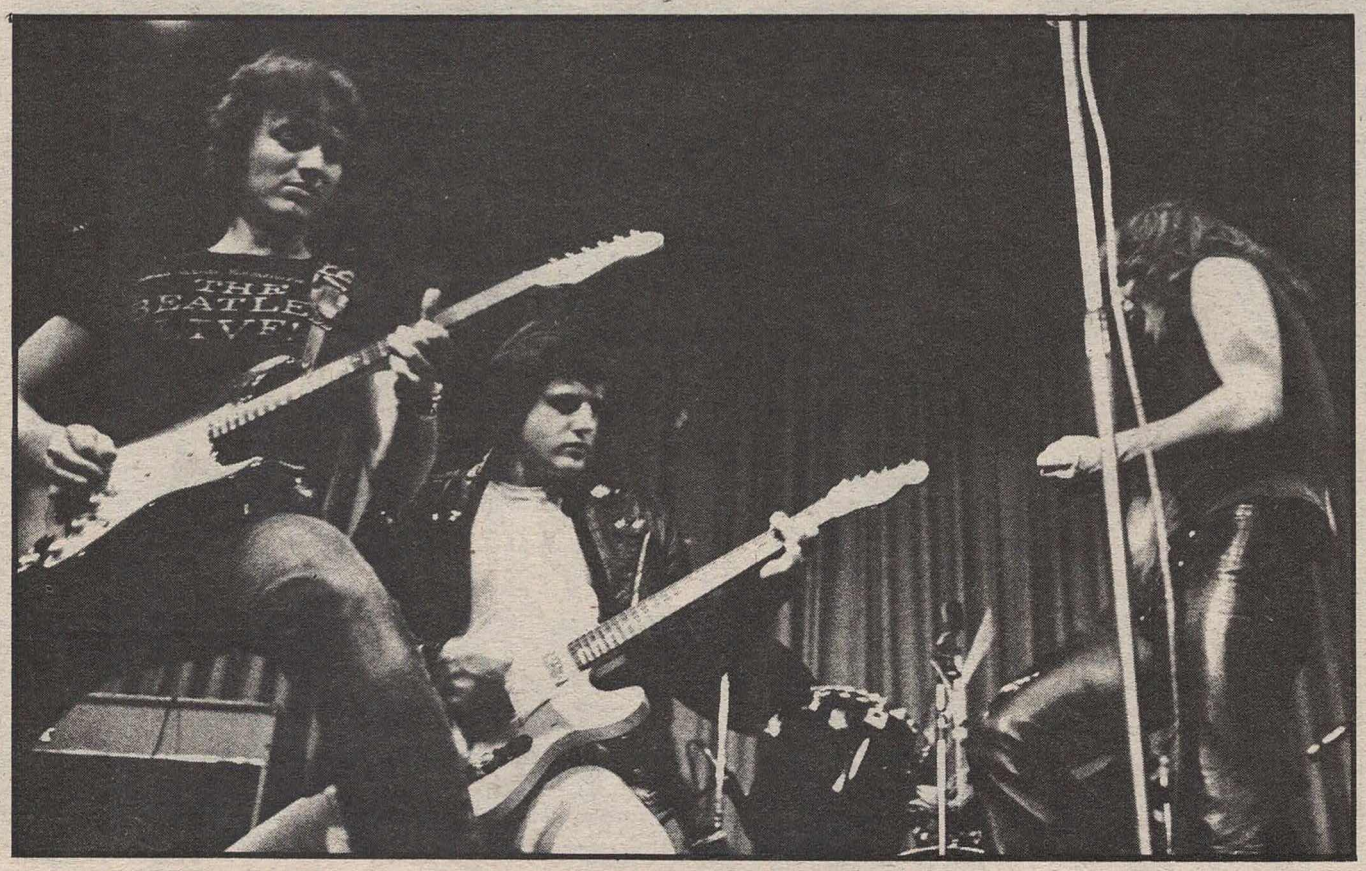
The closing "Jump Bad" is ace tragi-comedy about a bad-ass who's beat up by an old lady he tries to rob. And get a wagonload of her rap!

"I'll knock ya out with a can of sauerkraut!/Ah been dyin' to send one of you punks to hospital!/Mess ya up so bad ya mama won't recognise ya!/I'll kill ya!/I'll bust ya brains out, ya young punk!"

Wonder if the little old lady wears a DA?

Julie Burchill

THE COUNT BISHOPS



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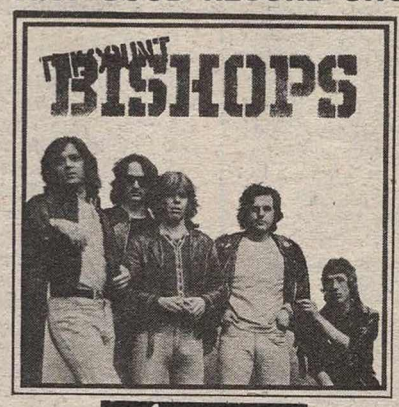

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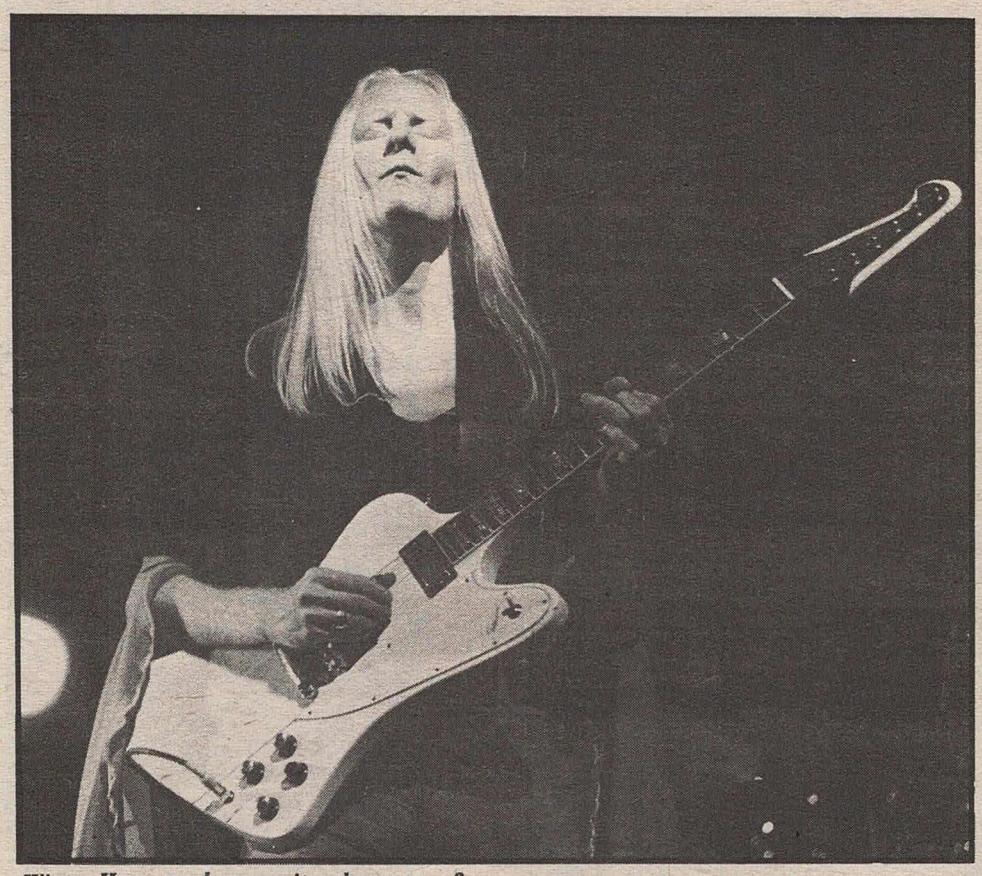

Winter: Hmm, maybe my guitar plays me . . .?

He just got dem medium deep blues

JOHNNY WINTER
Nothin' But The Blues
(Blue Sky)

THE COLLABORATION between Muddy Waters and Johnny Winter seems to be the most profitable encounter ever between black and white bluesmen. Not only has Winter helped C. S. Murray elevate Muddy Waters at last to major hall bill-topper in the UK — though I wouldn't have doubted Waters' ability to pull 3,000-plus over here in the past, just nobody ever thought of it — but to top that here's the second superb album in succession from the Winter-Waters groups.

Muddy Waters' star is currently brighter than ever; happily his health is similarly at a peak. He looks set to capitalise on the unprecedented luxury of having a major company (Blue Sky being a CBS adjunct) with the insight to see that both he and his potentially huge audience prefer him to play with his own band.

Another reason for Muddy's current boom is possibly a shift in blues audiences' tastes, from the Shoeshine Johnny / Mississippi Blind Floyd / Piano Hank packages to a concentration on stars.

However, the only other performer who seems to bear out this theory is Freddie King; whose recent death was doubly tragic because he never managed to transfer his frequent onstage brilliance to record.

In the face of the huge response to Muddy's recent visit — and bearing in mind Howlin' Wolf's death last year — it would be an inestimable service to mankind if Winter felt like twisting Blue Sky boss Steve Paul's arm on the subject of, oh, Junior Wells, Buddy Guy, Otis Rush . . . Most of them could use a good recording, and *all* of them could use a bit of promo.

But best of all would be if someone could harness John Lee Hooker to this Waters Band. The set he once cut live with Muddy's band at the Whisky A-Go-Go was astounding. Deep deep blues indeed.

Anyway, ladeez'n'gennum, it's Star Time, and today's star is a skinny 33-year-old white man all the way from Beaumont, Texas — Mr Johnny Winter.

He sure gets around. For his previous three outings he's touted heads-down-in-the-studio rock blues ("John Dawson Winter III"), hair-streaming-in-the-wind guitar-virtuoso-under-an-open-sky axeman blues ("Captured Live!") and sanctified-albino-soul-brothers-revisited rhythm 'n'blues ("Together" with Edgar Winter).

But now, as Elias Canetti'd say, he's a medium deep blues racket.

Of course, Johnny Winter's always been a 'real' bluesman at heart, but he's certainly aided here by the company he keeps. Apart from Muddy Waters' absence, this is an identical set-up to "Hard Again": produced by Winter, engineered by Dave Still, recorded at The Schoolhouse, presumably at the same sessions.

Not that being a Muddy Waters sideman fronting the Waters band is any automatic guarantee for cutting a hot album, as I recall Luther Johnson discovering to his cost.

However, for the '70s this is something of a special Muddy Waters Band. Not only does it co-star Johmmy Winter, but it also features the great James Cotton, whose return on harp completed the formidable three-man front-line on "Hard Again".

The aura of that triumph lingers here. Waters' inspiration is tangible. We're back in the halcyon days of the Chess all-star confrontations, and if James Cotton has cut an album of his own with this band it will be one to match the fitful brilliance, if not the lethal flash, of his marvellous "Pure Cotton" album for Verve some years back.

"Nothing But The Blues" (released August 5) is a far cry from the hard rock and superstar fraternising of Johnny Winter's past few years, but you'd never guess he hadn't been fronting this group all his life.

Willie Smith kicks the set off lazily with a kind of stripper drum lick, Winter yelps joyously, and the band stroll with exaggerated cool into the "Dimples" riff of "Tired Of Tryin'."

Heaven from the first note. Winter growls his song slightly echoed, second-nature instinctuality overcoming any shortcomings of his throaty bleat, the guitar biting snatches of vibrato back at the vocal.

Cotton draws first instrumental blood as the band overdrive into third, then second guitarist Bob Margolin, the whitey axe in Muddy's touring show, struts in with a real streaky grin solo, the band in top with a wicked kick.

That's enough. They don't need to go on. Just playing that cut over a few times to review it has put me in touch with the supernatural perfection of Chicago blues like nothing has done for years.

When a group infiltrates so thoroughly the mysteries of any of the blues styles they virtually cease to exist. The blues plays the man. Hence the complete obliviousness to anything but the puppetmaster blues muse which CSM noted in Winter's onstage trance dance.

As if to demonstrate that ghostly forces are at work, Winter surrenders to Robert Johnson's wired-out country blues style on the second track, "TV Mama", an acoustic solo job whose technique may be somewhat limited but which nevertheless captures the Mississippi blues expression without bluster, and far more accurately than innumerable technical virtuosi.

Winter takes the slide to "Sweet Love And Evil Women", not too close to Elmore but a million miles from the instrument's grim heavy rock usage. Towards the end Charles Calmese runs into a bass lick of the kind that can be played while chording a six-string, the sort of riff that must have sustained the blues during its cross-over from street singers to bar bands. The eternal 12-bar stalks again.

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Johnny Winter puts himself into possibly his truest roots focus on "Everybody's Blues", a slow mid-tempo moaning blues with slightly over-amped guitar rippling across Cotton's bent harp; early '60s Chicago R&B guitarists like Buddy Guy and Otis Rush flicker through Winter's fingers.

"Drinkin' Blues" closes the side on a jovial shuffle, with Bob Margolin (I think) playing my favourite break on the whole album, a real crazy-eyed git-tar jive.

On the other side there's a loping blues ("Mad Blues") with a really sizzling guitar break; a slow blues called "It Was Rainin'," intro'd by lovely harp from Cotton, Winter talking himself through a packed solo; and a downhome blues called "Bladie Mae", with Winter firing his raw steel-bodied National acoustic over a primitive group backing.

Finally the sassy "Walking Thru The Park" by McKinley Morganfield (the rest's all J. Winter) has Muddy guesting emphatically on a few verses, ferocious guitar from Johnny, and James Cotton steering the band into one of his daft pseudo-mambos to put a garish little full stop on the proceedings.

The one weakness of the set lies in the anonymity of the songs. Rick Derringer wrote Johnny's most celebrated number, "Rock And Roll, Hoochie Koo", and Winter shows no sign here of changing that.

Not so long ago it would have seemed a pretty tall order for Johnny Winter to cast off his heavy metal habits and casually go out and cut one of the best blues albums ever by a white man, wouldn't it?

Well, damn me if that albino boy didn't do it!

Phil McNeill

WOODY WOODMANSEY'S U-BOAT
U-Boat (Bronze)

GURGLE, GURGLE. Will Woodmansey's U-Boat ever get off the sea-bed, and if it surfaces, will it torpedo itself?

These questions are left largely unanswered by this strangely muted set. No doubt the flatness of the production is

partly responsible for the lack of excitement. But it's odd that a band led by a drummer should be short on instrumental power.

Too much depends on the songs and vocals of one Phil Murray, and it's a lot of weight to carry. He's got a nice, angelic voice which is uneasily out of context in abrasive rock of the sort that the band's image suggests.

Still, he writes some nice melodies, such as the title track "U-Boat" and "Hope They Come Back". Woodmansey has come up with an agreeable tune on "Star Machine", which nevertheless sounds embarrassingly like wishful thinking — it's about the traumas of stardom.

Basically the band don't sound busy enough, the vocals are beached high and dry above the backing and there aren't enough intriguing textures to hold the attention.

Too much conning, and not enough tower. All achtung, and too little action.

Bob Edmands

FAIRPORT CONVENTION
The Bonny Bunch Of Roses (Vertigo).

THE GOODS so often anticipated now delivered. Back as Fairport Convention — a small but significant point — with a new label and an album that should establish them back at the top of the tree.

With Simon Nicol now back in their ranks, it means the burden of singing and composing is split between him and Dave Swarbrick — that and an instinctively right choice of traditional material means that "Bonny Bunch Of Roses" is as good a Fairport album as "Gottle O'Geer" was awful.

In the past, diehard Fairport fans have greeted each new release with fingers crossed. "Bonny Bunch" is the album they've been waiting for. From the opening track, the driving "Jam O'Donnells Jig", there's proof that Fairport mean business; the rhythm section of Dave Pegg and Bruce Rowlands thunders along with authoritative power.

There are several tracks on this album which should find a permanent home in Fairport's stage set. There's the recklessly fast "Royal Selection No. 13", Ralph McTell's "Run Johnny Run", the chirpy "Eynsham Poacher" and the shanty "General Taylor", which they recently encored with at Drury Lane to great effect.

Simon Nicol's contribution is most noticeable on his achingly beautiful interpretation of Richard Thompson's "Poor Ditching Boy"; I hope it won't be too long before they get round to recording Thompson's "When I Get To The Border", a live tour de force.

Swarb has never been in better voice than on the epic title track, a portion of which The Chieftains used in "Bonaparte's Retreat". It's a powerful narrative piece, telling of the rise and fall of N. Bonaparte, which works better on record than onstage.

"Bonny Bunch of Roses" has Fairport playing together as a band with a unity and variety not heard since "Fairport Nine". Nicol, after his sojourn with the Albion Dance Band, seems to have brought Fairport back to their roots as England's premier electric folk band.

Patrick Humphries

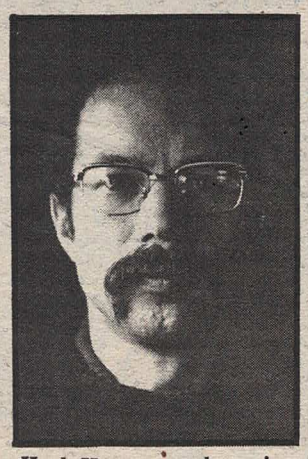
IMPORTS

"ROOTS" (KENT) is basically a pure rip-off. The sleeve of this double is a ringer for that used on the original soundtrack album, employing the same style of logo, and anyone buying in haste could be forgiven for grabbing the wrong disc.

However, having said that, I much prefer the contents of the Kent release to that of the A&M album it seeks to emulate. For instead of getting Quincy Jones's TV score — which is pretty dull when devoid of screen action — the punter receives 24 tracks by such bluesmeisters as **Elmore James, B B King, Roosevelt Sykes, Jimmy Reed, Howling Wolf, John Lee Hooker, Boyd Gilmour** and **Joe Turner.**

Fidardo, a Norwegian label, list two items of interest to Softs freaks, namely **Hugh Hopper's** "Hopper Tunity Box" (Fid 7) and "Cruel But Fair", by Hopper, Elton Dean, Keith Tippett and Joe Gallivan; both can be ordered through your local retailer (tell 'em to contact Selecta), as can "The Cheque Is In The Mail" (Ogun), another Dean and Gallivan effort, this one featuring Kenny Wheeler on trumpet and flugelhorn and being available through the CRD wholesale company.

Incidentally, others on this month's CRD import listing include **John Lee's** "Down At The Depot" (Rounder), **Jimi Hendrix's** "The Greatest Rock Sensation" (Polydor), **Little Bob Story's** "High Time" (Arcane), "The Best Of Cream" (Polydor) and **Bob Reidy's Chicago Blues Band's** "Ain't No River" (Rounder).



Hugh Hopper — solo again

Unusual Atlantic offering "Malomb" (the name means "spirit" in the Vanda language) is a made-in-Johannesburg item featuring South African percussionist Gabriel Thobejane and his uncle, flautist Philip Tabane.

"Leadbelly" is an 18-track job that features the eminent bluesman on two different versions of "Goodnight Irene", one being of seven minutes duration. You'll find it on the Playboy label — which is ironic when you remember that **Leadbelly** was once jailed for murder, later sentenced for intent to murder and eventually died in poverty during 1949.

One for folkies — "A Feast Of Irsh Folk" (Irish Polydor), a 16-tracker containing cuts by Planxty, Spud, De Danaan, Wolfetones, Tommy Makem, The Dublin City Ramblers and others.

"Fire", the latest **Charlie Daniels** release on Epic, has done the rounds before in the guise of "Way Down Yonder", a Kama Sutra item. "Joy Ride" (UA) is the soundtrack album to the movie starring Desi Arnaz Jnr and Anne Lockhart. Music to this non-blockbuster is mainly in the hands of **Jimmie Haskell** and **Barry** "Who Put The Bomp,, **Mann** but **ELO** also supply renditions of "Rockaria", "Boy Blue", "So Fine" and "Tightrope".

Ex Stax-man **Frederick Knight,** now on Juana, one of TK's multifarious offshoots, has a solo album in "Knight Kap"; the "Love On A Mountain Top" singer also turns up in the role of producer for The Controllers' "In Control", another Juana newie.

More back-up vocal chores for **Emmylou Harris** — this time on **Vern Gosdin's** "Till The End" (Elektra), a Gary Paxton production that features Hargus "Pig" Robbins on keyboards. The award-winning Pig also has his own solo effort, predictably enough called "Country Instrumentalist Of The Year" out on Elektra — though the word is that it's a whole roll of Nashville wallpaper.

Also around — "Dingoes" (A&M), produced by Eliott Mazer; **Driver's** "No Accident" (A&M); **Tornader's** "Hit It Again" (Polydor); "Blue Water" (H&L), which spotlights the talents of Red Indian vocalist **Steve Bluewater,** his ma and pa, his wife, and numerous brothers and sisters; and "New York, New York" (U.A) another soundtrack special, on which Robert De Niro (of *Taxi Driver*) and Mary Kay Place (of *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman)* get together for a touch of the lovey-doveys on Rodgers and Hart's "Blue Moon". **Liza Minnelli** is also around to chip in a minim or two on some of the other, mainly swing-orientated, tracks.

Fred Dellar

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NME 25th June 1977

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John Coltrane then.

THE IMPULSE RE-RELEASES
(Impulse)

CRITICAL verdicts have long been filed on the latest 12 Impulse re-issues; in fact, they've all been reviewed — as the late John Ruskin remarked — from asshole to breakfast-time. Two of them are indispensable, several are very good, some deeply average, one incontestably duff.

"Coltrane Live At The Village Vanguard" contains the seminal "Chasin' The Trane", a blues marathon that starts at that point of extremis runners reach when breasting the finishing-tape — snapping tetanus bow of aspiration to quit the cage of ribs — and hangs in there for 16 minutes.

In its time, 1961, this performance confirmed critical apprehensions that Coltrane was not going to be Monitor Material — worse, was probably possessed. Duende is always a dodgy category and a bugger to cross-reference.

What made Coltrane "New Wave" — nothing to do with haircuts and impacted amateurism — was the challenge this music made to Western ways of hearing and feeling. On the debit side, Coltrane's inspired example fathered legions of musical marathonists who mistook evisceration for art.

Just to complicate the straight onward-and-upward ticket, Gil Evans' "Out Of The Cool" was built with an Old-World-panelled-study sensibility, and is also magic. Where Coltrane is all thrust, Evans is a hoverer: both, by different routes, tend to arrive at stasis which seems to be the predicatment of contemporary culture.

Brilliantly served here by his soloists — particularly trumpeter Johnny Coles — Evans allows more space for improvisation in his arrangements. One snort from sections blended to this man's recipe makes you realize that you've been suffering from flavour-blur, been settling for too little, and are now happily in the hands of a specialist.

Cop the wave that rears up at the start of "Stratusphunk", the purple shadows cast around the Jimmy Knepper trombone on "Where Flamingoes Fly", or the consummate setting for Coles in "Sunken Treasure", and reflect, dear reader, upon the strength of the tradition.

Poor old Quincy Jones suffers by comparison. "Quintessence" is ordinarly professional, an album of good knocks and not a vulcanized patch on the Philips' "We Had A Ball" album. The brass punch, ping-pong of riffs between sections, Basie-ish drop in volume to padding bass and bluesy piano, are the standard effects here so that one welcomes the frankly bluesy piano, are the standard effects here so that one welcomes the frankly eccentric playing of Joe Newman on "Straight No Chaser". "Another 'New Wave' swingin' album" announces the sleevenote. Yeah? You and whose army?

McCoy Tyner's debut album as a leader, "Inception", will surprise only those who know only his current Milestones. His origins, like Coltrane's, are BeBop, and he sounds less overpowering and just as interesting at this stage.

The thump and the vamp developed out of his restlessness with the changes, and the next siren-song for McCoy can be heard here coming out of the right-hand speaker, and called Elvin Jones. At various points on the title track — why do pianists always choose titles like "Inception", "Empathy", "Affinity"? — he sounds like Mose Allison, and on "Sunset" like Bud Powell.

"Mingus Plays Piano" is the duff one. A great bass player and a greater leader, little of his uniqueness comes through as a solo pianist. Variable tempos, counterpoint, collective improvisation, simultaneous soloing, cross riffs, stop-time, double-time, and volcanic climaxes are the means whereby Mingus animates his romanticism. Stripped of axe and sidemen, the kernel is revealed as a sugary almond.

"George Wein & The Newport All-Stars" has plenty of potential in the line-up, but settles for amiability rather than tilting for the big cigar. Pee Wee Russell's clarinet style could have you examining the gram for loose connections. "Bends Blues" is a laconic and wayward series of doodles that scarcely clouds the mirror — and yet, and yet . . . School of One, our Pee Wee: it shouldn't work, it does, and postulates insecurity as an art form.

Tenorman Bud Freeman's hustling, bumping, crowding style comes on like a road-sweeper on piecerates; his feature, "Crazy Rhythm" is the best thing on the album. Ruby Braff's cornet does a fine open-throttle bit on "Keepin' Out Of Mischief Now", saving the number from over-relaxation, and a very funny send-up of Freeman's style on "Lulu's Back In Town".

The late Ellington's late tenorman, Paul Gonsalves has a nice 'n easy sort of album in "Cleopatra Feelin' Jazzy" — good Kenny Burrell guitar, great Roy Haynes drumming. Gonsalves is medium-beefy in tone, wonderfully lithe and inventive in attack. "Bluz For Liz" catches fire as the tenor hefts comparative densities, letting some notes grow, belly out and wobble, pruning others back, until the scales tip over into stomping excitement, Haynes right on it. One of those moments you pray will survive the studio.

Archie Shepp's "Four For Trane" dates from the most fertile writing period, just after the New York Contemporary Five, and before his reliance on existing armatures like the blues riff or the Sousa march. "Fire Music" is arguably the best, but this album is very good indeed, with an imaginative Shepp arrangement of "Syeeda's Song Flute" and a better one from Roswell Rudd on "Niema". Altoist John Tchicai is outstanding, spiky measured and with a curious sidesaddle approach.

Drummer Shelly Manne's "234" is a high-wire performance from start to finish, no safety nets, and everyone risking everything. The result is a startlingly good album, Manne's throat-clearing snare, sneeze of cymbal and delirious tempo switches keeping his crew in peak condition.

"Take The A-Train" and "Cherokee" sound entirely fresh, all the predictable cadences and tensions re-cast by the molten time signatures,

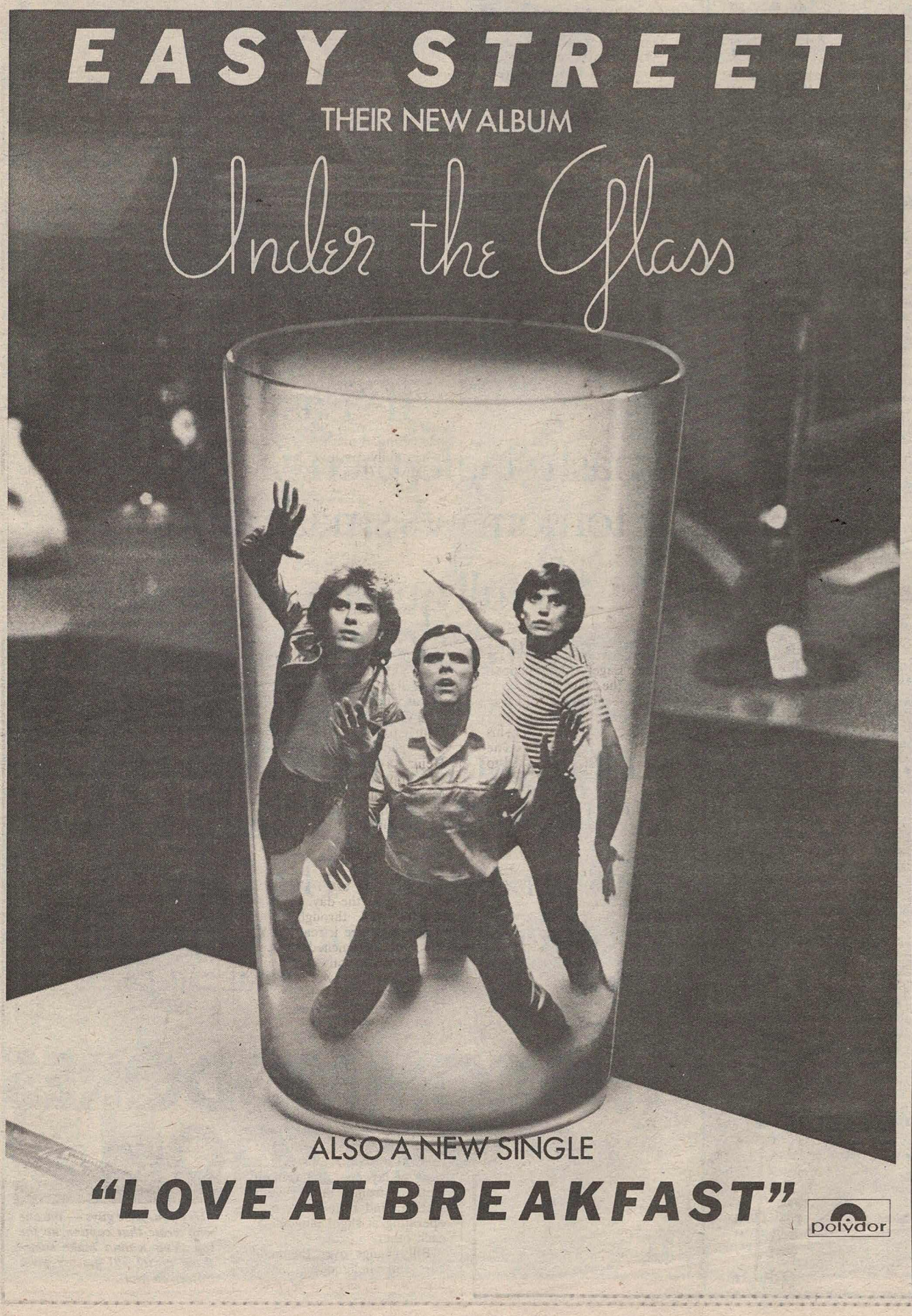
Sonny Rollins now.

and Coleman Hawkins, Hank Jones, Eddie Costa and George Duvivier playing for their lives.

The trio tracks with vibes and piano-man Costa are in no way inferior to the cuts with Bean — try the surging low-register piano on "Lean On Me". Never any fear of the great tenorman turning into a statue during his lifetime: here, on "Me & Some Drums" he feels his way into a magnificent solo over the shifting quicksands of Manne's free playing, sounding at the climax as if he were taking bites out of a slate roof.

Which leaves space for three condensed comments — add water to taste — on the remainder. "Duke Ellington & John Coltrane" was not a meeting made in heaven and at a tangent to both men's preoccupations: polite, respectful, musicianly. Sonny Rollins' "Alfie" is magnificent. The Dizzy Gillespie, "Swing Low, Sweet Cadillac", is all right, but with Dizzy's current form on Pablo and re-issues like Verve's "Diz & Getz" in the bins, only a fool to himself would plunge on this.

Brian Case



ON THE TOWN

GREAT TOGETHER, BUT APART . . .

Average indeed

Ben E. King
Average White Band
HAMMERSMITH

THIS ISN'T an original thought but it bears repeating:

Ben E. King is an excellent singer, and highly individual with it — unmistakeable in a blindfold test — who's just that bit short of greatness that he needs expert guidance and accompaniment to bring out his best;

AWB is a talented sextet who are just that bit lacking in originality, versatility, personality and — most important — vocal agility, and they really need help from outside writers and a charismatic frontman if they're going to stamp their name in the ledgers of music history.

So when the former fronted the latter the result was a memorable experience. Unfortunately, the combination was only put to public test for two songs in about 2½ hours of musical entertainment, excluding encore(s). A sorry waste of potential.

I exclude the encore(s) because by the end of the main part of the show I couldn't take any more of the full-throttle vamping that was smashing about the heads of everyone in the auditorium. Half-hearing the final 30 minutes of the same from the refuge of the theatre's foyer I was convinced that AWB & Ben were attempting two James Brown numbers — "Hot (I Need To Be Loved)" and "Papa Don't Take No Mess". When hardier friends finally emerged from the fetid interior I was told that, in fact, they'd been subjected to an interminable, self-indulgent version of "T.L.C.", a track on AWB's first album.

There's a moral there somewhere but I haven't got the stamina to examine it.

As for the rest of the show, events proceeded thus:

Ben opened with a set of his own hits (plus a couple of unnecessary extras, like The Jacksons' "Show Me The Way To Go") which was severely mutilated by the wayward hacking of his pick-up band. I don't know who they were, and I'm fully prepared to believe that they're dynamite on their own turf, but as back-up musicians for Ben E. King they rated Z-minus. From "Spanish Harlem" (1961) to "Supernatural Thing" (1975), they displayed an inordinate lack of empathy and concern for their employer.

Ben sounded fine of course, when it was possible to hear him and concentrate on what he was singing amid the confused bashing going on.

After a 30-minute break, AWB appeared without much ceremony and sensibly slammed straight into "Pick Up The Pieces". Handled very much the same as on record. Malcolm Duncan's sax break was sloppy but the rest of the band, augmented by crazy conga slapper Sammy Figueroa, was super solid; all seemed set for a high ole party.

The majority *did* get their kicks, but me, I was disappointed. Like the Bonzos' infamous "Into And Outro", the show was nearly all promise'n'anti-climax with very little actual meat in the sandwich.

The root cause of their problem was highlighted in the pre-encore finale, a rather leaden version of "Cut The Cake" in which each man took a slice. Only Figuero and drummer Steve Ferrone coped efficiently with their portions, the others offering little more than crumbs off the table.

As for the vocals, both Stuart and Gorrie are a cut above the great white wilderness (Gorrie being the more acceptable of the two) but they're still no match for any average black singer. Juxtaposed with Ben E. King they seemed even less capable.

AWB's finest moment came early on with a magnificent performance of "A Love Of Your Own" from their "Soul Searching" album. Apart from that it was left to Ben to salvage the evening when he joined the band for two tracks off their new album — the relentless sex-machine pulse of "Get It Up For Love" and Philip Mitchell's great street anthem "A Star In The Ghetto".

Alas, he then walked off again, and it was back to the mundane with Hamish leading that over-rated opus "If I Ever Lose This Heaven". Elsewhere in the set AWB performed "Person To Person", "Got The Love", "Queen Of My Soul" and "I'm The One", all of which were proficient and loud but hardly exciting.

Look, let's get this in proportion. I know I'm being over-critical when in fact the concert was a great success. And I must say I'd sooner watch AWB than 90% of the acts that are regularly featured in these pages.

It's just that I'd hoped for something more inspired from a band that's gained a reputation as one of the best rock / soul outfits of our age.

It turns out that they're just a damn good backing group.

Cliff White

Pix: DENIS O'REGAN and ELAINE BRYANT

Generation X
The Lurkers
MARQUEE

YOU KNOW THAT immense sense of relief that hits you when you get through the one album in every twenty or so that you might score which has *no* turkey-like qualities about it whatsoever? *(Er, Chris — most folks can't afford to go buying duff albums — Ed.)*

Well, the same thing happens with gigs.

This was one of those.

One could, of course, claim that Generation X's pulling it off despite the horrific humidity in the club — created as much by the Chrysalis video lighting as by the weather, it caused bassist Tony James to keel over into the rear-of-stage dressing-room during the seventh number — justifies the band even more in their butterfly logoed stance as this month's New Wave *wunderkind.*

This, though, would be churlish. Unperceptive, even. Unworthy, certainly.

Indeed, one could certainly make out a case for The Heat as participant in a rather larger conceptual structure. In such a case, though, must one also include being trampled underfoot by sweaty pogo-ing Italians as part of the scheme of things? And should one exclude dumbfounded Canadians, replete with mediaeval peasant thatched heads and maple-leafed backpacks, as being mere sociological aberrations?

Who knows? Certainly not I.

A Fact: had it not been for the Chrysalis lighting preventing the Marquee letting any more people in Generation X would have broken Chris Farlowe's house record. Come now, when was the last time *you* saw queues extending right down Wardour Street?

The Lurkers opened the show. The Lurkers are: guitarist Pete Stride, bassist Arturo Basic (quite!), vocalist Howard Wall, drummer Manic Esso (quite quite!!).

Howard is into quivering his lower lip and leaning back until he almost disappears into his overshirt just like Cliff used to do on "Oh Boy". A mere matter of weeks ago, though, he'd looked more like Elvis, Adverts guitarist Howard Pickup tells me. In fact, by the end of the set he seemed closer to Vince Eager. Things happen apace in the New Wave.

Manic wears a black (a true punk existentialist, of course), leatherette cap to cover his balding pate just like The Hollies' first drummer used to do.

Pete Stride is the statutary stick insect guitarist. With one perhaps vital difference, however. He is left-handed. This could be very significant.

The Lurkers are, in fact, very tight (as they say) in a Ramones/Damned — and, therefore, showbiz — kind of way. In fact, like so many new wave outfits there is a distinct cauterised heavy metal edge to it all. Nice changes going down in the midst of it all as well.

Their upcoming single, "The Shadow" (God knows on which back garden label) really rocks, and features some ballsy burning slashes of guitar solo in between the tonsils double act that Howard and Arturo get into.

Notwithstanding their equipment's having shifted into a state of non-operation after the second number they go down very well indeed.

It is as I'm shaking a casual tail feather to the now obligatory reggae in the interval and grooving on its soothing mantra qualities that I realize this is merely a continuation of the mantra aspects of The Lurkers' riffs. Considering their cooling out qualities, therefore, surely the continuous riffing of many NW bands is certainly positive and not negative. *(Ha ha — Ed.).* Just ask Winston Rodney.

Ahah. But talking of riffs what have we here? Generation X. And — cripes! — just like true style-cognoscenti they've set off with a Gary Glitter number — "Rock On". The sound is fairly dreadful on this, and on the second number "From The Heart" as well. Mind you, the whole bleedin' audience is already pogo-ing away like they might turn into Teds at midnight.

But what I, who have never seen Generation X previously, want to know is what's happened to singer Billy Idol's Heinz lookalike white hair? It now appears to be bright red. Maybe manager No Income is, like, laying a heavy Marxist trip on him, man.

Although I can hardly see guitarist Derwood at all, as far as the rest of the band are concerned op art T-shirts are the order of the day.

We get through four numbers before it really starts to bite with clenched teeth.

Though I can make out hardly any of the words for the duration of either band's set, "London Life" strikes me as pretty vital stuff. Okay, as the Gary G number lets you know it's great pop among many other things, of course) that's at the core of the Generation X soul. Accordingly, their songs are structured similarly but with a quite stunning power behind the actual musicianship. "London Life" seems to work on layers of riffs from the guitar, from the rhythm section, and from Idol — all operating at slight tangents to each other.

Billy hangs over the audience, mike in hand, panting his lines into it. He has supreme power lungs, as strong probably as Strummer's but, appropriate to Generation X's style, with more range.

They begin to pound through the set: "Above Love", "New Orders", "Listen", the new "Wild Youth" on which the whole sick crew is singing along on the chorus line before it's even forty-five seconds old (J. Rotten would loathe 'em for that), "Ready Steady Go", "Day By Day" plus many many more.

Like all great rock 'n' roll — and like the reggae that preceded it — it both wires you up and takes you right down. Tremendous stuff that spins about your nervous system, moving it with it. Moon-esque drama in Mick Laff's stampeding drums, Troggs-like harmonies, ice-pack cool stabs of feedback from Derwood.

And it's not just the music that does it, either. This band really knows how to shift around a stage. Maybe they bring out the masochist in us all, but glimpses of the band thundering about the stage and almost visibly evaporating in the heat provides almost as great a rush as the nerve-end chewing riffs themselves.

"I don't think this band quite makes it," says Steve Clarke. But then *he* likes Nilsson.

Chris Salewicz

Pic: SHEILA ROCK

Gosh, what a fierce face, BILLY . . .

Youth Youth Yawn

(Actually, CHRIS SALEWICZ thinks they're great — but then *he* likes The Heavy Metal Kids)

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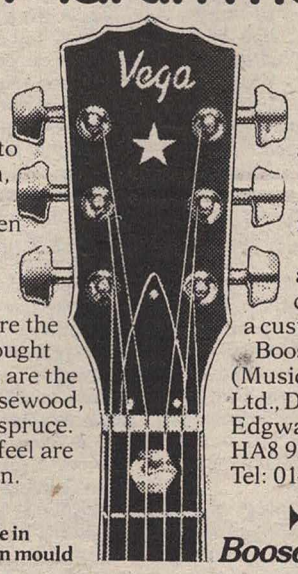

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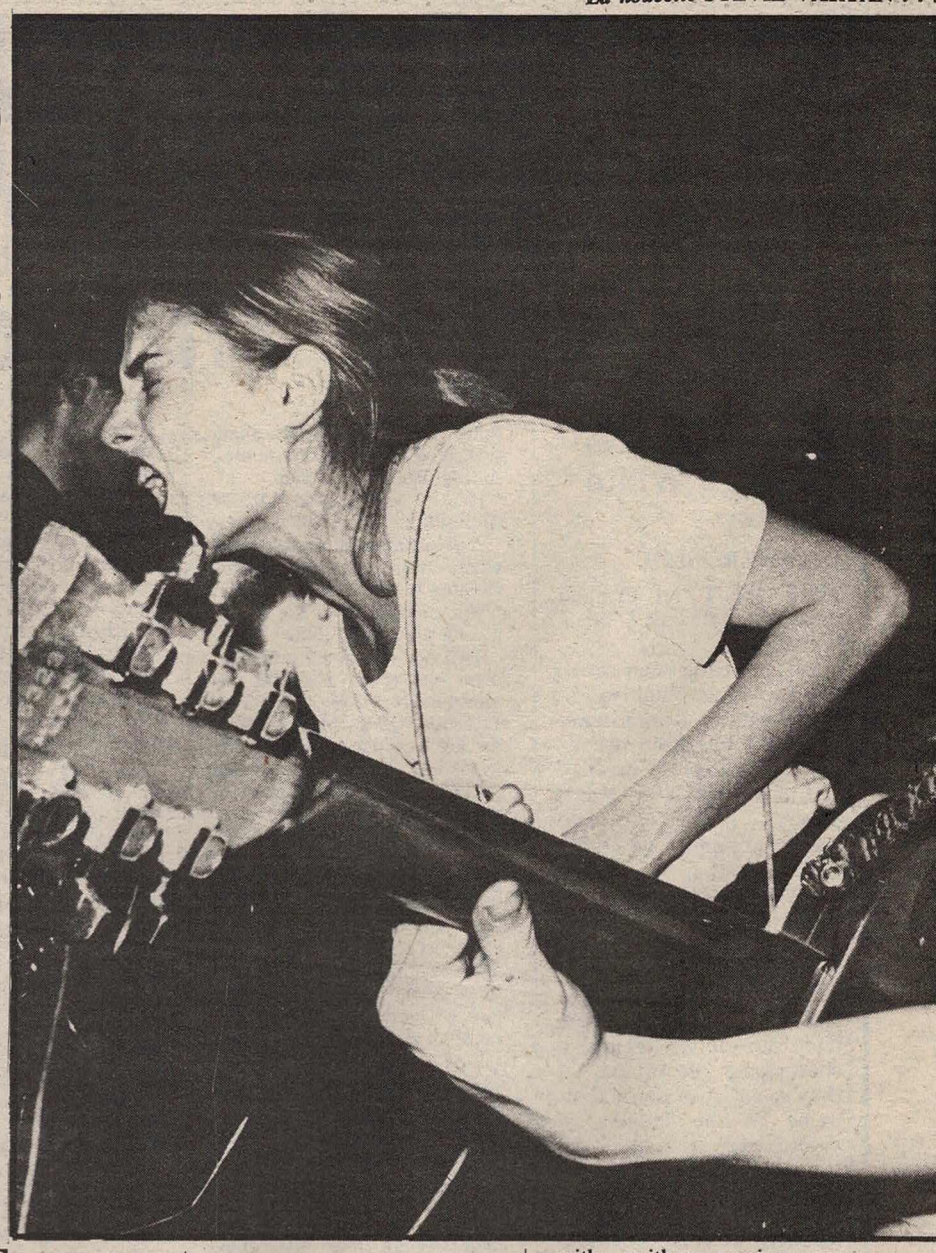
La nouvelle SYLVIE VARTAN . . .

The Young-people-make-fools-of-themselves-for-money Page



Stinky Toys

ROCK GARDEN

LES PUNKS Francais' last appearance on these shores was at the notorious 100 Club 'punk fest' of last year. It was an inauspicious London debut and was promptly forgotten.

Stinky Toys were first on behind The Damned and The Sex Pistols; the place was nearly empty and those who were there listened out of polite curiosity for a while before gravitating back to the bar. At that time they had little to hold the attention other than curiosity value.

They looked nervous and awkward in their Parisan street flash (always a more coutured affair than London's) and their half-hour set was a strange combination of The Beatles and The Velvet underground. Literally, they stretched out an early Beatles song for almost the whole set and played it with discordant electric frenzy. The idea seems good on paper, but the end result was more postured than inspired.

They gave the impression of having rehearsed solidly for at least an hour.

All the way from Paris for this? I thought. Everybody else must have wondered about it too, because they treated them to little more than zero applause.

They didn't do too well at the Rock Garden last week either.

To begin with, most of the crowd seemed to have little interest in Stinky Toys and were basically there for a night out: the regular Saturday night boozer crowd transplanted.

These young punks came from France

(They needn't have bothered)

Stinky Toys delivered their first number with suitable crashing aplomb, and Elli Medeiros shook and trembled while she sang. Unluckily, her mike had failed, so the effect was fairly ludicrous.

Whilst the fault was being rectified the crowd amused itself with some heckling, some of it funny, some of it not, but mostly good natured. Elli took it the wrong way though and stormed off like a hurt primadonna, while the band waited nervously and the crowd sang "You'll Never Walk Alone" — hardly what's expected at a punk gig.

Still, a new mike and things began in earnest. Being able to hear the singing was a debatable improvement, because Elli's voice was totally colourless and about one step away from Yoko Ono's. She sings with neither passion nor energy; she simply screams.

The rest of the band suffered from the same lack of intent; they make a lot of noise but don't back it up with any real power. They play every number at breakneck pace, and the over-busy drums and two guitarists, racing to get the notes in, lose all dynamics — speed mistaken for energy.

Fair enough, they're not alone in this. But to compound the problem Stinky Toys don't really have anything more to offer. Their regenerated '60s riffs are played with the slashing attack of The Jam and the Feelgoods (the latter being essential stuff in France) but with no pacing, no inherent strength and no character.

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Considering the difference between what they were doing last year, which was promising, and this, I suspect the events of the last ten months haven't gone by unmarked.

The noticeable songs they did were "Hang On To Yourself" and "Substitute". Both were taken too fast which, with "Substitute" especially, emptied them of any impact. Their own songs were indistinguishable, so it was more or less left up to Elli to carry over anything individual.

Sadly, her stage presence is faint. She jumps and jitters, but only develops some kind of style when she's excessive — though crouching down to sing isn't that exciting anyway. The applause at the end was merely polite.

No better and no worse than a lot of groups playing in London. The proverbial big fish in a little pond becoming the opposite even.

Paul Rambali

Arctic Sun

CHELMSFORD

ARCTIC SUN strive for a chilling brilliance, and one day they'll achieve it.

An intense technician, Simon Campbell deftly states the complex themes of their fusion pieces on his assembled electronic keyboards. In response, guitarist Dave Maskell — a Santana lookalike in a rugby shirt — holds forth with an impressive mixture of spiky aggression and fluid melodies.

Underpinning it all, drummer Jay hurtles round the kit like he's auditioning for the Mike Shrieve part in the remake of *Woodstock*.

Aware that they're in the presence of potential virtuosity, the crowd at the City Tavern cheer encouragingly. This, the first of a series of regular Thursday night gigs, marks a new bid to present live rock twice weekly in an unusually neglected stretch of the sticks.

Arctic Sun play two sets — the first entirely instrumental and marked by its careful pace, with Dave Maskell in particular firmly restraining a tendency towards flamboyant solos.

The second set features a vocalist, Dave Thomas, who bears an uncanny resemblance to Steve Harley — but belts them out (when he can get a word in) with a good deal more abandon.

One purist in the audience somewhat regretted the hard shift in emphasis to rock and pop at the end of the set. But Chuck Berry and Sam Cooke standards do get people out of their seats. And up-and-coming bands in the backwoods can't afford to eschew compromise.

Bob Edmands

. . . et le nouveau JOHNNY HALLIDAY *Pic: DENIS O'REGAN*

REZILLOS Fay Fife and Eugene Reynolds at their London debut on Sunday.

Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

This lot come from Scotland

The Rezillos
Ignatz

EDINBURGH

THE REZILLOS have been tagged Scotland's leading new wave band, but that is to stretch an already vague term so far as to make it virtually meaningless. If you insist on a label, The Rezillos are a New Wave beat group.

Most of The Rezillos' repertoire consists of golden oldies, attacked with express train energy — the vigour of the new wave but no politics, no spitting and nobody beats them up. The Rezillos are neither revivalists nor copyists; purists will hate them. They're doing these worthy chestnuts as they think they would have emerged today, ie with mucho gusto. Reminiscent of the '60s is all they are.

To say that The Rezillos are visual would be an understatement worthy of S. Pokesman. The outrageous gear — vocalists Eugene Reynolds' lime green PVC jump suit and Fay Fife's black plastic pelmet, which serves as her dress (not to mention her tastefully silver sprayed ankle wellies), the accessories, Fay's manic dancing (or was she just drying her hair?) — it's an entertainment in itself to watch the audience's faces when they catch their first glimpse of the band, as they belt through their act.

The Rezillos are primarily entertainers rather than musical virtuosi, but that is not to say they're bad musicians. There's no room for ego trips, but Angel (drums), Willie Mysterious (bass, deputising for Dr. D. K. Smythe), and Hi Fi Harris and Luke Warm (guitars) are more than adequate. Vocal weaknesses remain annoying, but both singers are new to the trade and, like guitarists, singers improve with practice.

Collectively, the overdrive treatment they mete out to the songs doesn't always work, but mostly The Rezillos are a gas.

They've also started writing their own oldies, genuine ersatz period pieces. The exception is the frantically silly "Can't Stand My Baby", half of their new single on Scotland's new independent record label, Lenny Love's Sensible Records. Surprisingly, they've transferred very well to vinyl, and a very ownable slab of energy it is too, becoming insanely catchy after a couple of plays.

The other track — it's a double B-side (another first for Scotland!) *(No it's not — Stiff got there first as ever with "Styrofoam"/"Texas Chairman Massacre Boogie" by the Tyla Gang — Ed.)* — is a racing version of "I Wanna Be Your Man", complete with feedback. It clocked nearly 2,000 advance orders before it was even recorded — a fair indication of the way they've made their presence felt in Scotland.

The Rezillos are like a musical neon sign — electric, flashy (garish, even), dazzling and slightly unreal.

Ignatz are not the London band of the same name who functioned some months ago, but an up and coming Scottish six-piece with an appealing line in blending rock and soul.

Ace's "How Long" is the only non-original in the set. In "Breakfast At Tiffany's", Gerard Lohan has surely written *the* anthem for all the aspiring bands in the land, and keyboardsman Gordon Dougall has a happy knack of turning out simple, commercial melodies with strong funk overtones, while leaving room for rock improvisations. The arrangements could still be tighter but this is being worked on.

Two other major plus marks are guitarist Gerard Lohan's biting axe work and singer Dave Amos' superb vocals. A fine little band and well worthy of your attention.

The Rezillos are in London until August 2 and Ignatz from July 31 to August 10. Try and catch them both — The Rezillos for fun and Ignatz for pleasure.

Ian Cranna

Osibisa

FESTIVAL HALL

IF YOU THINK of them at all, you probably think of Osibisa as ethnic second-leaguers who've been good enough to sustain a lengthy but quiet career based on a modest loyal following. I certainly did, which is why I was surprised to find them headlining at such a grand venue — and was absolutely staggered by the reception they received. This was no routine gig; this was startime.

As far as I could make out the place was packed to capacity (give or take a royal box) and by the time the set was reaching its climax nearly everyone was on their feet, at least half the audience boogying in the aisles or, having already negotiated the tricky slopes, dancing in the pit before the stage.

Where did they all come from, all these Afro-funk fanatics? I mean, where do Osibisa fans disappear to in the cold light of day? I don't remember ever meeting anyone who'd claim any allegiance to the group before this night; suddenly I was surrounded by teeming hoardes of them. And a further mystery: if this was a typical Osibisa gig, why isn't the group rated among the top names of our time?

Taking a stab at the last query, I'd guess it's because their vibrant blend of percussion, chanting and electric energy is close enough to American funk to succeed in concert but a little too close to the bush to appeal to the great western record-buying public. Just as I was swept up in the spirit of the show but still have no great drive to investigate Osibisa's records, so my neighbours in the street may be similarly disinterested.

Not being familiar with the group, I can't detail their repertoire (except that they brought the show to a riotous close with "Sunshine Day") but I noted that they played a generous set of some 13 numbers, the overall feeling being like an amalgam Black, War and Santana.

Within that generalisation was an impressive display of virtuosity on an eclectic assortment of instruments (including the regular western rock kit, traditional African bits and bobs and an Australian didgeridoo), some excellent guitar work, plenty of eccentric horn playing and much joyous bi-lingual singing and chanting. Four girls occasionally augmented the proceedings but for all their sexy ways they didn't really earn their keep.

Nevertheless, it was a surprisingly bumper gig and if the proposed live album of the night only captures half of the atmosphere it should still be a goodie.

Cliff White

CHORLEY

Wakes Festival Report

A COLD IN THE HEAD and worries about weather were blown away on the cycle-ride out of Wigan (using British Rail's new free-fare push-bike offer) ... uphill grind and easy pedal to Charnock Richard, memories of last year's Chieftains — Martyn — Stivell fest refreshed and the sun showing through.

Rochdale's **TOM YATES** wasn't a bad way to start, being particularly fine on "I Shall Marry The Miller's Son", and closing with his own "Bide Awhile", apparently now almost regarded as a trad song, well-used.

Compere for Friday **WALLY WHYTON,** played his set next, somewhat bland in comparison. I had a leak and a look-around and awaited the first electric spark ...

SPRIGUNS: Cornish pixie or five piece band — one woman (vocals) and two Australians in there somewhere. They never quite got off one level, excepting contrast between gentle stuff such as "Light Another Candle" and the loud electric, like "Lord Lovell".

ROSS MACFARLANE was here last year, one of my pleasant surprises. This time he's got a band, nice and boppy: I remember the "Another Brixton Monday" (?) chorus, but nothing to write home about.

Would I write home about **BIGGLES WARTIME BAND** either? I doubt it, but for other reasons. Trevor James on washboard, one-string fiddle (ouch!) and vicar's clothing; Graham double-bass Buckley on kilt, pith helmet and Boddington's T-shirt; and Phil and Jock equally oddly dressed.

A local band "just back from terryfying the Dutch on a mini-tour", they replaced the pulled-out Bushwackers, because they'd brought down the bar the previous evening. "Have to be seen to be believed" went the press release. I went up close, real close, but still couldn't see up the kilt.

Back to folk. From zany four-piece to acoustic duo, **PLEXUS.** Pleasing, but my own solar plexus needed more attention right then.

Introduced with "does anyone remember Steeleye Mark I?" (!), **GAY AND TERRY WOODS** started shakily, but soon got home. Gay on autoharp / dulcimer / vocals, and Terry on guitars / vocals, they were the first highlight.

They played newies entitled "Full Moon" and, maybe, "We Can Work This Out"— all very Irish in feel, also the lovely "Dublin Town" (their heritage) and a trad 1920s Dublin street-song, sung hand-to-ear; Gay's voice haunting and Terry's stark and strong.

The other material also blended well, from "The Time Is Right" going back through "Backwoods", and up-to-date again with two from "Renowned". Their instrumental — "a tune about farting" — came out of "something called Spam" but ended up on the Woods' Band album (shortly to be re-released on Sandy Roberton's new Rockburgh label) as "Noisy Johnny".

Another recuperation period — can't take *all* this in — and snatches of **GORDON GILTRAP'S** fine intricate guitar-work floated up to the bar ... and drew me out — but not quite enough to hold me, distracted by "Songs Of The Humpback Whale" (Greenpeace, Whitehall).

Finally, in the dimming of the night, out jigged **FIVE-HAND REEL.** What can I say? They were right for the time, and people loved them. Me too. I danced until I dropped.

Paul Hunter

PRIME AFTERNOON delight on Saturday was the outrageous **JOHN OTWAY.** Before an audience that contained a fair proportion of regular *Folk News* readers, he and his plugged-in sidekick, the hop-bopping **WILD WILLY BARRETT,** stuck out their necks and not only escaped the critical guillotine but actually swayed opinion in favour of their own particular rock revolution. Totally irreverent, the duo unleashed such lyrical gems as "Louisa Ridin' On An 'Orse" and "Cool Baby, That's Really Free", adding a number of quirky bluegrass rambles that came accompanied by a display of gymnastics by Otway. He gained a 9.9 rating from most of the stage-side judges for both his agility and effective vocal approach.

But it was **FAIRPORT** that most of the camp-bed set had come to hear — and the current slim-line version of the ban, Dave Swarbrick, Dave Pegg, Bruce Rowland and Simon Nicol, didn't disappoint.

Swarbrick, the last of the great fag-ash fiddlers, duly awarded custody of Nicol's T-shirt to the first loony who jumped in an adjacent moat, only to lose his jeans in an immediate retaliatory move. Between bouts of similar high-jinkery, they paraded a brace of obligatory Richard Thompson specials — "Poor Ditching Boy" and "When I Get To The Border". Then, with the Y-fronted Swarb, Pegg and Nicol huddled together like Picasso's three musicians and with Rolands playing Thor out in the wings. they added "Jams O'Donnell's Jigs", "Eynsham Poacher" and Ralph McTell's "Run, Johnny, Run" — all from their latest albums — plus one or two others from their well-thumbed scrapbook.

Finally, after a hammed up "Country Pie", with Noel Murphy vamping on the 88's, the quarted two-stepped off in triumph, receiving the greatest ovation of the day for their efforts.

BARBARA DICKSON, now suited in best Esther Hoffman mode, was left with the nigh impossible task of following in the wake of the Fairport Follies. Presenting sample cuts from her "Morning Comes Quickly" elpee and chipping in a couple of memories of past *Top Of The Pops* visits, Bert's favourite vocalist, now equipped with a fair line in back-up bands, sang and played with considerable conviction but failed to communicate totally with an audience that perhaps remembered her from her days as a frump-fashioned singer of

■ *Continued on page 41.*

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NATIONWIDE GIG

THURSDAY

BATH Viaduct Hotel: THE EX-S BAND
BEDFORD Nite Spot: EDGAR BROUGHTON BAND
BIRKENHEAD Mr. Digby's: BETHNAL
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: RAYMOND FROGGATT
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: PALOMINO
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BISHOPS STORTFORD Rhodes Centre: RED EXPRESS/TOUPLANX
BLACKBURN Lodestar: THE BOYS
BOLSOVER Bluebell Inn: AMERICAN TRAIN
BRIGHTON New Regent: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
BRIGHTON Resource Centre: AMAZORBLADES
BRISTOL Chutes Club: THE ONLY ONES
BRISTOL Thornbury Windbound Inn: ACKER BILK BAND
BRISTOL Top Cat: FREDDIE 'FINGERS' LEE
CANNOCK Hazel Slade: BILL PRICE
CHESTER Marlborough Arms: CYRIL TAWNEY
CLEETHORPES Winter Gardens: RACING CARS / NO DICE
COVENTRY City Centre Club: SHEER ELEGANCE
COVENTRY La Chaumiere: MUSCLES
COVENTRY St. George's: THE DARTS
DONCASTER Yarborough Club: PAPER LACE
FALKIRK Maniqui Ballroom: THE LURKERS / THE JOLT
GATESHEAD Central Club: OSCAR
HIGH WYCOMBE Chiltern Rooms: J. J. JAMESON
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: ELVIS COSTELLO
LEEDS Polytechnic: THE BOYS
LONDON BARNES Red Lion: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TOM ROBINSON BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: LEW LEWIS BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: HEAVY METAL KIDS/SIDEWINDER
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: FILTHY McNASTY
LONDON CHARING X RD. Sundown Disco: WINDOW
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: MEAN STREET/MENACE
LONDON DEPTFORD The Albany: SQUEEZE/ DIRE STRAITS
LONDON FULHAM Bishops Park Theatre: MONTY SUNSHINE BAND
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: CRUISERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: WARREN HARRY
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: HOT PROPERTY
LONDON HIGHBURY Roundhouse: SHAGNASTY
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: 999
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubador: DAVE EVANS & SAMMY MITCHELL
LONDON PADDINGTON Fangs Disco: MARK WESLEY
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: SLOWBONE
LONDON PLUMSTEAD Green Man: VA VA VOOM
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: BUSHWACKERS
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: BRETT HORNBY BAND with GARY SMITH
LONDON Queen Elizabeth Hall: ILLUSION
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: SUCKER
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: DEAD FINGERS TALK
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: PAINTED LADY
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: NORTHSIDE RHYTHM 'N' BLUES ENSEMBLE
LONDON W.C.2 Crawfords: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
LOWESTOFT Hedley House Country Club: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
MANCHESTER Rafters Club: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
MANCHESTER Willows: THE REAL THING
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
PENZANCE The Garden: THE VIBRATORS
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS featuring WAYNE COUNTY
POYNTON Folk Centre: BILL CADDICK
RYDE I.o.W. Carousel Club: JIGSAW
SOUTHAMPTON Crown Hotel: SOUL DIRECTION
SOUTHEND Railway Hotel: THE HEAT
WELLINGBOROUGH British Rail Club: CADILLAC
YEOVIL Johnson Hall: CHELSEA / CORTINAS

FRIDAY

BEARWOOD Bear Hotel: SEAN CANNON
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SORAHAN
BIRMINGHAM National Exhibition Centre: DEAD END KIDS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BRADFORD Star Hotel: THREEFOLD
BREWOOD Three Stirrups: PALOMINO
BRIDGEND Recreation Centre: J.A.L.N. BAND
BRIGHTON Alhambra: RACER
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
BRISTOL Bear Hotel: MEDIA/ANDROID PUPS/ SOCIAL SECURITY
BROWNHILLS Top Club: FORCE
BURTON 76 Club: THE PIRATES
CAMBRIDGE Folk Festival: See under 'Residencies'
CLACTON 101 Club: THE BROTHERS
COVENTRY City Centre Club: WINDOW
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: RACING CARS / WARREN HARRY
DONCASTER R.A.F. Lindholme: WHITE PLAINS
EASTBOURNE Sundowners Club: AMAZOR-BLADES
EDINBURGH Clouds Disco: EATER
GOOLE Vikings Hotel: ZHAIN
HASTINGS Pier Pavilion: MOTORHEAD/COUNT BISHOPS
HATTON Doveside Social Club: KEITH MANIFOLD
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: ELVIS COSTELLO/ GENERATION X/PENETRATION/THE JERKS
KNARESBOROUGH Folk Club: MICHAEL MOORE
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: NO DICE
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LEIGHTON BUZZARD Bossard Hall: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
LICHFIELD Barnaby's: STAGE FRIGHT
LISKEARD Carlton Suite: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
LONDON BERKELEY SQ. Free lunchtime concert: LONDON JAZZ BIG BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TROUPER
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: ROKOTTO/BODY HEAT
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: STARRY EYED & LAUGHING
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: SLOWBONE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: COCK SPARRER/DEAD FINGERS TALK
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: THE ONLY ONES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: SQUEEZE
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SCARECROW
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: CRUISERS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE DARTS / THE REZILLOS
LONDON N.17 White Hart: MATCHBOX
LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: SAMMY MITCH-ELL'S BLUES BAND
LONDON Queen Elizabeth Hall: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: BOZ SCAGGS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: SHABBY TIGER
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS/VA VA VOOM
LONDON WILLESDEN White Horse: RESTLESS ROCKERS
LUTTERWORTH Court Country Club: ACKER BILK BAND
MAESTEG Four Sevens Club: NIGHTFLIGHT
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: KILLER
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: LITTLE FEAT
MIDDLESBROUGH Marimba Club: S.A.L.T.
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: DOCTORS OF MADNESS
NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME London Road Tavern: BILL PRICE
POULTON College of Education: BERNARD WRIGLEY
PORTSMOUTH Tricorn Club: JIGSAW
PRESTON Grapevine: BETHNAL
RAMSGATE Van Gogh: RAN
RETFORD Porterhouse: GEORGE HATCHER BAND/BITTER SUITE
ROCHESTER Kings Head: JOHN RENBOURN
ROSS-ON-WYE Harvey's Club: THE VIBRATORS
SOUTHEND Queen's Hotel: J. J. JAMESON/ STRIDER
SUNDERLAND Annabelle's: OZO
ULVERSTON Penny Farthing: USA
WALLASEY Dale Inn: SPIDER
WALSALL Bilston Cock Inn: NICK FENWICK
WITHERNSEA Grand Pavilion: SMOKIE
WOLVERLEY Cut Above: CYRIL TAWNEY

SATURDAY

ABERYSTWYTH Football Club: FOLK DIRECTION
ALDERSHOT Roundabout Club:JENNY DARREN
BATH Bell Hotel (lunchtime): THE EX-S BAND
BEDFORD Night Spot: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
BIGMINGHAM Barbarella's: SORAHAN
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL AND THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Cannon Hill Theatre: STEREO GRAFFITI
BIRMINGHAM Exhibition Centre: ACKER BILK BAND
BIRMINGHAM Hopwood Waterside Club: XTC
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: THE FIRST BAND
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: BLACK SLATE
BRAINTREE Barn Motel: CHANTS
BUDE Headlands Club: JIGSAW
BURY Old Blue Bell: BILL PRICE

Cambridge Folk Festival

crops up again this weekend for the umpteenth time, with DON McLEAN (above) and RALPH McTELL (left) as the two main headliners. For more details of the line-up, see under Residencies. It's a three-day event and has the reputation of being extremely well organised. Let's hope the weather keeps fine for it.

CAMBRIDGE Folk Festival: see under 'Residencies'
COVENTRY City Centre Club: WINDOW
CROMER West Runton Village Inn: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
DONCASTER R.A.F. Finningley: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: PALOMINO
DUNSTABLE California Ballroom: THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS featuring WAYNE COUNTY
EASTBOURNE Sundowners Club: AMAZOR-BLADES
EDINBURGH Nicky Tam's: HARVEY MORGAN & DAVID CLIFTON
EDINBURGH Triangle Folk Club: HEDGEHOG PIE
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: AVERAGE WHITE BAND/BEN E. KING
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS/CIMARONS/STRIDER
GLASGOW Zhivago's: THE EXILE
GLOUCESTER Brockworth House Club: CREPES 'N' DRAPES
GLOUCESTER Tracey's: EATER
HARLOW Spurriers Park (open-air): THE REAL THING
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: ZHAIN
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS/FREDDIE 'FINGERS' LEE/MATCHBOX/CADILLAC/ROUTE 66
LICHFIELD Barnaby's STAGE FRIGHT
LONDON BATTERSEA Arts Centre: JOHN STEVENS' AWAY/JOHNMARTYN/STAN TRACEY
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SLOWBONE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: GONZALEZ/ REZILLOS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: JENNY HAAN'S LION
LONDON CHINGFORD Queen Elizabeth: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON E.14 The Londoner: ASTRA
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: CHELSEA/ THE MODELS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windosr Castle; SCARECROW
LONDON ISLINGTON Hopes & Anchor: TYLA GANG
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE DARTS
LONDON LEWISHAM Black Bull: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
LONDON N.1 Weavers Arms: ONE HAND CLAPPING
LONDON PENGE Freemasons Tavern: KILLER FROG
LONDON Queen Elizabeth Hall: COUNTY JOE McDONALD
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: BOZ SCAGGS
LONDON SOUTGATE Royalty Ballroom: ROKOTTO
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: JACKY LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
MAESTEG Four Sevens Club: NIGHTFLIGHT
MANCHESTER Belle Vue: OSIBISA
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: S.A.L.T.
MANCHESTER Mayflower Club: J.A.L.N. BAND
MATLOCK Pavilion: THE PIRATES
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: THE ONLY ONES
OXFORD Spotlight Club: BETHNAL
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
RETFORD Porterhouse: BITTER SUITE
ROGATE New Fair Oak: MARION MONTGOMERY
SOUTHEND Queen's Hotel: CRUISERS
ST. ALBANS City Hall: HERON/THE STRAND
STROUD Leisure Centre: MUSCLES
TELHAM Black Horse: CILLA FISHER & ARTIE TRESIZE
WESTERHAM The Grasshopper: SETTLERS
WIGAN Casino: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
WORTHING Down View: RACER

SUNDAY

AYLESBURY Kings Head: CAIRPARAVEL
BASILDON Double Six: REZILLOS
BATH Matlock Country Music Club: KEITH MANIFOLD
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: NICK & THE DOGS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Exhibition Centre: SPINNERS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
BRIDLINGTON Spa Royal Hall: BROTHERHOOD OF MAN
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: J. J. JAMESON
CAMBRIDGE Folk Festival: see under 'Residencies'
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: THE BOYS
CHESTERFIELD Aquarius: NEW VAUDEVILLE BAND
DEWSBURY Shoulder of Mutton: BILL PRICE
GLASGOW Shuffles: DEAD END KIDS
HARTLEPOOL Nursery Inn: MARTIN SIMPSON
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: MONTANA
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: MONTANA RED
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: DEAD FINGERS TALK
LONDON CHELSEA Man in the Moon: THE SWANK
LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers:. PAINTED LADY
LONDON CROUCH HILL The Stapleton: EL SEVEN
LONDON EDMONTON Pymmes Park Inn: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: JACKY LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
LONDON GREENWICH Well Hall Open Theatre: JEREMY TAYLOR/ROARING JELLY
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: BUSH-WACKERS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: FRACTURE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: METROPOLIS
LONDON LEYTON Lion & Key: RESTLESS ROCKERS
LONDON Queen Elizabeth Hall: NATIONAL HEALTH / PAUL BRETT
LONDON REGENT'S PARK Open-Air Theatre: LINDA LEWIS/ALFALPHA
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: IGNATZ
LONDON TOTTENHAM COURT RD. The Other Cinema: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: THUNDERC-LAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG/SKREWDRIVER
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: THE ONLY ONES
MARSDEN The Marsden Inn: BILL CADDICK
NORWICH Theatre Royal: SMOKIE
PLYMOUTH Castaways: CHELSEA/CORTINAS
POYNTON Folk Centre: DOUG PORTER
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
ROGATE New Fair Oak: MARION MONTGOMERY
SCARBOROUGH Royal Opera House: ACKER BILK BAND
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: RACING CARS
SKEGNESS Eastgate Leisure Centre: THE REAL THING
SOUTHEND Bread & Cheese: HYMIE BLOWS IT
SOUTHSEA Kings Theatre: CILLA BLACK
STOKE George Hotel: HARVEY ANDREWS
WAKEFIELD Theatre Club: SIRDAR
YORK Grob & Ducat: KNIFE EDGE

MONDAY

BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: AMAZORBLADES
CHIGWELL ROW Camelot Club: KENTUCKY COUNTY
ERDINGTON Queens Head: QUILL
EXETER Tiffany's: CHELSEA/CORTINAS
GT. YARMOUTH Tiffany's: THE REAL THING
HARLOW Victoria Halls: ZHAIN
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LEEDS Royal Park Hotel: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: IGNATZ
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: JOHNNY DU CANN
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE REZILLOS
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: DEAD FINGERS TALK
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: J. J. JAMESON
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: 999 / SWORDS
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: NICKY FRANCIS QUINTET
LONDON Queen Elizabeth Hall: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: LITTLE FEAT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: URCHIN
LONDON WARDOUR ST. Crackers: GENERATION X
PLYMOUTH Castaways: DOCTORS OF MADNESS
ROMFORD Three Rabbits: ASTRA
RUGBY Emile's Club: SOUL DIRECTION
STAFFORD Top of the World: MOTORHEAD / COUNT BISHOPS
STOCKTON Fiesta Club: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
WARRINGTON Lion Hotel: JOBE ST. DAY

BOZ SCAGGS flies into London, hot on the heels of his success in both the album and singles charts, to headline two concerts at the Rainbow Theatre on Friday and Saturday.

GUIDE

TUESDAY

AMBLESIDE Park Hotel: MARTIN SIMPSON
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: DOCTORS OF MADNESS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BURNLEY The Hop: JOBE ST. DAY
CHELTENHAM Tramps: J.A.L.N. BAND
HEDNESFORD Anglesey Hotel: MUSCLES
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: AWAKE THE DEAD
LIVERPOOL Pen & Wig: CHASE
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: ELVIS COSTELLO
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: BORDER LINE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: COUSIN JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: GLORIA MUNDI
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: ZHAIN
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: BETHNAL
LONDON FULHAM Bishops Park Theatre: ACKER BILK BAND
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: REZILLOS
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: DEAD FINGERS TALK
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: ASTRA
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: X-RAY SPEX
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: BOOM-TOWN RATS/TONIGHT
LONDON N16 The Stapleton: LANDSCAPE
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubador: STEFAN GROSSMAN
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: BRETT MARVIN & THE THUNDERBOLTS/GARENT WATKINS/ SHAKEY VICK/GORDON SMITH BLUES BAND
LONDON Queen Elizabeth Hall: SHUSHA & HER MUSICIANS
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: LITTLE FEAT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE STUKAS
LONDON WARDOUR ST. Crackers: GENERATION X
SCUNTHORPE Tiffany's: RACING CARS
WAKEFIELD Theatre Club: COTTONWOOD/ GRAHAM SCOTT/KIT CONNORS/FRANK YONCO & THE EVERGLADES
WELWYN GARDEN CITY The Fountain: LOL COXHILL

WEDNESDAY

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: MR. DOWNCHILD
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: FUNKTION
BRIGHTON Corn Exchange: ALBION DANCE BAND
BRISTOL Arts Centre: GOOD QUESTION
BROMLEY The Squire: STAGEFRIGHT
CHESTERFIELD Aquarius: ACKER BILK BAND
FARNBOROUGH Tumble Down Dicks: CREPES 'N' DRAPES
LEICESTER Prohibition Club: COUSIN JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS
LIVERPOOL The Moonstone: JOBE ST. DAY
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: ZHAIN
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: STRUTTERS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: NO DICE
LONDON CHELSEA Man in the Moon: DEAD FINGERS TALK
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: BETHNAL
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: IGNATZ
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: AMAZORBLADES
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: RICO
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: COLIN HINDMARSH
LONDON Queen Elizabeth Hall: TOMMY MAKEM & LIAM CLUSKY
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: LITTLE FEAT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: STATELINE
RUGBY Emmaline's: FLYING SAUCERS
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTHEND Queen's Hotel: 999 / ARTATTAX
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: SORAHAN

RESIDENCIES

BIRMINGHAM La Dolce Vita: FAIRFIELD WELLES Week from Monday
BLACKBURN Cavendish Club: DELEGATION Wednesday (3) for three days
CAMBRIDGE Folk Festival; DON McLEAN/RALPH McTELL/DAVID BROMBERG BAND/ALBION DANCE BAND/BOYS OF THE LOUGH/ MAGNA CARTA/BERT JANSCH/VIN GARBUTT/COUSIN JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS etc. Friday for three days
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: SURPRISE SISTERS Week from Monday
LONDON Marquee Club: THE VIBRATORS Saturday for three days
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: LITTLE FEAT Monday for four days
OLDHAM Bailey's: DOOLEY FAMILY Thursday for three days
PURFLEET Circus Tavern: FLIRTATIONS Week from Sunday
ROTHERHAM Folk Festival: WATERSONS/NEW VICTORY BAND/PETE & CHRIS COE/ MUCKRAM WAKES/JOHN LEONARD & JOHN SQUIRE/ROY BAILEY/PACKIE BYRNE & BONNIE SHALJEAN/TONY CAPSTICK etc. Friday for three days
SIDMOUTH Folk Festival: FRANKIE ARMSTRONG/ SWAN ARCADE/FRED JORDAN/BRENDA WOOTTON & AL FENN/PETER BELLAMY/TONY ROSE/BATTLEFIELD BAND/ LEONARD & SQUIRE/SONGWAINERS/JOHN FOREMAN/BOB STEWART/SPREDTHICK etc. Friday for a week
SOUTH SHIELDS Tavern (doubling NEWCASTLE La Dolce Vita) RONNIE STORM & THE TYPHOONS Week from Monday
STOKE Bailey's: DELEGATION Thursday for three days
WAKEFIELD Theatre Club: LENA MARTELL Thursday for three days
WATFORD Bailey's: RAVING RUPERT Week from Sunday
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington Country Club: JIGSAW Week from Sunday

TV RADIO

ARGUABLY the most interesting programme on the box this week is a documentary next Wednesday when, in BBC-1's "The Risk Business" series. the recording industry is scrutinised in a show subtitled "Pop Goes The Market". For the rest, it's the usual midsummer mixture of seaside frolics and MOTR dross.

Best of an uninspiring batch is probably Granada's "Be My Guest " on Saturday — hosted by the Drifters, it includes Roy Orbison, Del Shannon and the Grumbleweeds. Also on ITV, Pearly Gates and Carl Wayne are in "Hi Summer" (Sunday) and Julie Rogers and the Black Abbotts in "Night Out At The London Casino" (Wednesday). And there are repeats of the Bay City Rollers' "Shang-A-Lang" and Flintlock's "You Must Be Joking!" (both on Wednesday).

Billy J. Kramer and Guys'n'Dolls are in BBC-1's "Pop At The Mill" on Saturday, followed by "Seaside Special" with Val Doonican, the Nolan Sisters and Fiddlygig — and there's another late-night show by the Spinners. Thursday's "Top Of The Pops" is hosted by Noel Edmonds.

Mel Torme and Clive Westlake are Shirley Bassey's guests on Thursday. And that's BBC-2's only music contribution this week, because most of the channel's time (starting on Sunday) is devoted to "Festival '77", looking back at some of the TV highlights of the past 25 years — which should provide some entertaining moments.

Horror movie addicts may like to know that BBC-2's late-night bill on Saturday comprises Otto Kruger in "Dracula's Daughter", followed by the more recent "Plague Of The Zombies". Earlier the same day there's the Billy Fury film "I Gotta Horse".

Saturday's "In Concert" on Radio 1 has the final broadcast by Sassafras before they split up, plus Five Hand Reel. And Sunday's "Summer Of '67" concentrates entirely on the renowned Monterey Pop Festival of that year.

On Radio 2 tonight (Thursday), the Mel Hague Band and Patsy Powell & the Goodtimers are in "Country Club"; and Dave Walters and Geoff & Pennie Harris in "Folkweave". Same channel on Saturday has High & Lonesome and Paul Brady in Wally Whyton's "Both Sides Now".

Stuart Henry's "Sound System" on Friday again features the album chart based strictly upon Radio Luxembourg listeners' personal preferences, and this is what it will be:

1. **CROSBY STILLS & NASH** "CSN"; 2. **NEIL YOUNG** "American Stars 'n Bars"; 3. **STRANGLERS** "Rattus Norvegicus"; 4. **BOB MARLEY** "Exodus"; 5. **"STEVIE WINWOOD"**; 6. **DONNA SUMMER** "I Remember Yesterday"; 7. **GEORGE BENSON** "In Flight"; 8. **10 c.c.** "Deceptive Bends"; 9. **SUPERTRAMP** "Even In The Quietest Moments"; 10. **FLEETWOOD MAC** "Rumours"; 11. **ELO** "New World Record"; 12. **"TOM PETTY** and the Heartbreakers"; 13. **PETER FRAMPTON** "I'm In You"; 14. **MOON** "Turning The Tides"; 15. **BROTHERS JOHNSON** "Right On Time"; 16. **EAGLES** "Hotel California"; 17. **DAN FOGELBERG** "Netherlands"; 18. **HAWKWIND** "Quark Strangeness And Charm"; 19. **ELKIE BROOKS** "Two Days Away"; 20. **DAVE MASON** "Let It Flow".

LITTLE FEAT, whose Lowell George is pictured above, continue their tour with a gig at Manchester (Friday) followed by four successive nights at London Rainbow starting next Monday.

LIVE PAGE

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 — 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm to 11.00 pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Thurs. 28th July (Adm 75p)
HERON
Featuring Mike Heron
Plus guests & Ian Fleming

Fri. 29th July (Adm £1)
CADO BELLE
Andy Desmond & Ian Fleming

Sat. 30th, Sun. 31st, Mon. 1st Aug
THE VIBRATORS
Penetration & D.J.
(Adm. £1) Please come early

Tues. 2nd Aug (Adm 75p)
THE DARTS
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Wed. 3rd Aug. (Adm 80p)
BOOMTOWN RATS
Plus friends & Ian Fleming

Thurs. 4th Aug. (Adm 80p)
BUZZCOCKS
Wire & Ian Fleming

Fri. 5th Aug (75p)
RADIO STARS
Plus guests & Ian Fleming

Hamburgers & other hot & cold snacks are available

READING ROCK '77
AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

RED COW

HAMMERSMITH ROAD. W.6

Friday July 29th — Free
SQUEEZE
Saturday July 30th — Free
CHELSEA
+ The Models
Sunday July 31st — 60p
THE BUSHWHACKERS
Thursday July 28th — Free
WARREN HARRY
Wednesday August 3rd
BETHNAL

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

Thursday July 28th — £1.00
CRAZY CAVAN
Friday July 29th — £1.00
DARTS
+ REZILLO
Saturday July 30th — £1.00
DARTS
Sunday July 31st — 75p
METROPOLIS
Monday August 1st — 50p
999
+ SWORDS
Tuesday August 2nd — Free
STUKAS
+ PLEASERS

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01 603 6071)

THE GARDEN

Top Rock Centre
PENZANCE

Thursday July 28th £1.00
New Wave
THE VIBRATORS

Tuesday August 2nd Adm. Free
CRUISER

THE SWAN

HAMMERSMITH BDY, W6
Tel 01-748-1043
Opp Hammersmith Undreground District Metropolitan and Piccadilly Lines
Admission Free

Wednesday July 27th
VAVAVOOM
Sunday July 31st
THE DRAGONS
Thursday July 28th
JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
(Ex-Argent)
Wednesday August 3rd
IGNATZ
From Scotland
Saturday July 30th
WRAY POWELL BAND
Thursday August 4th
SUNDAY BAND

TELEPHONE 01-387-0428/9

MUSIC MACHINE

CAMDEN HIGH ST. OPP. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE. N.W.1

Wednesday July 27th — £1.00
SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
+ Teazer
Free admission for 1 with this ad before 10.30 pm

Thursday July 28th — £1.50 (pay on door)
HEAVY METAL KIDS
+ SUPPORT

Friday July 29th — £1.50
STARRY EYED & LAUGHING
+ Lady Ace

Monday August 1st — £1.00
BEES MAKE HONEY
+ Tequila
Free admission for 1 with this ad before 10.30

Saturday July 30th — £2.00
JENNY HAAN'S LION
+ Support
Free admission for 1 with this ad before 9 pm

Tuesday August 2nd — £1.00
GLORIA MUNDI
+ NEO + THE DICKS
Free admission for 1 with this ad before 10.30

Wednesday August 3rd — £1.00
NO DICE + Support
Free admission for 1 with this ad before 10.30 pm

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

THE SUNDOWN DISCOTHEQUE

157 CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2
The West End's Premier Nightspot presents
Thursday July 28th
WINDOW
8 p.m. — 1 a.m. + Admission £1.25

SNEAKIES ROCK CLUB

White Bear, Kingsley Road, Hounslow
Saturday July 30: To be announced
Sunday July 31:
ZOOKY

SPEAKEASY

01-580 7930

SPEAK-EARLY
Thursday July 28th
GORDON HUNT'S NORTH SIDE RHYTHM & BLUES ENSEMBLE
Friday July 29th
NEO
Saturday July 30th
METROPOLIS
Monday Aug 1st
ALFALPHA
Tuesday Aug 2nd
LIGHTNING RAIDERS
Wednesday Aug 3rd
GEORGIE FAME
Thursday Aug 4th
THE ONLY ONES
Friday Aug 5th
NEO
Ring for details
Speakeasy
50 Margaret St., Oxford Circus, W1
Reservations 01-580 8810

THE ROXY CLUB

41/43 NEAL ST., COVENT GARDEN, WC2

Wednesday July 27th
Audition Night — *30p before 10 pm. 50p after 10 pm*
TRANSMITTERS
+ Now
Thursday July 28th
THE RINGS
THE REZILLOS
+ MENACE
Friday July 29th
DEAD FINGERS TALK
+ Cock Sparrer
Saturday July 30th
NEW HEARTS
+ Neo

BARBEQUE GRILL NOW OPEN UPSTAIRS

HOPE & ANCHOR

UPPER STREET ISLINGTON, N.1

Thursday July 28th — 50p
999
Friday July 29th — 50p
THE CRUISERS
Saturday July 30th — 75p
THE TYLA GANG
Monday Aug 1st
TO BE ANNOUNCED
Tuesday Aug 2nd
X-RAY SPEX — 50p
Wednesday Aug 3rd
RICO — 50p
Thursday Aug 4th
999 — 75p

FREEMASONS TAVERN SE·25

81 PENGE ROAD, SE25 778 6831
SATURDAY AUGUST 6th **STEALER** (Free)
SATURDAY AUGUST 13th **SAGITTARIUS** (Free)
COMING SOON: **TENNIS SHOES, KILLER FROG**
'Live from SE25 we're proud to announce the imminent return of Britain's first Medium Wave band, Tennis Shoes, and the debut of those aggressive amphibians Killer Frog. Watch this space for details'

words words words words words words words words words words

SIDEWINDER

Wed July 27th LEICESTER TIFFANNY'S
Thurs July 28th CAMDEN TOWN MUSIC MACHINE
Fri July 5th WEST RUNTON PAVILION NORFOLK
Agency: CAROUSEL (Johnny Quincey)
01-272 9122 (4 lines)

ROCK 'N' ROLL FESTIVAL

DE MONTFORT HALL LEICESTER
SATURDAY, 30 JULY, 1977

Music of the 50s
Rock to the music of
CRAZY CAVAN 'N' RHYTHM ROCKERS
FREDDIE "FINGERS" LEE
GRAHAM FENTON'S MATCHBOX
CADILLAC ROUTE 66
WARLOCK

NON-STOP ROCK 'N' ROLL from 2 pm to midnight
TICKETS AVAILABLE PRICE £1.80
Telephone: LEICESTER 668000
or write c/o LEICESTER R'N'R SOCIETY
8 OVERTON ROAD, LEICESTER

words words words words words words words words words words

WORDS (Barry Clarke), CITY HALL, ST. ALBANS

Saturday July 30th at 7.45pm
HERON
(featuring Mike Heron)
+ THE STRAND
Mary Jane Disco — Bar — Food
Tickets £1.20 (incl VAT) in advance from Box Office, Chequer St, St Albans, tel 64511 or £1.20 (incl VAT on door)

DUKE OF LANCASTER

Beside British Rail
NEW BARNET
01-449 0465
Thursday July 28th
PEKOE ORANGE
Friday July 29th
ASTRA
Saturday July 30th
ZIB BAND
Sunday July 31st
RAINSTORM
Tuesday August 2nd
PEKOE ORANGE

CITY ROCK

Every Sunday
City Tavern
Under Football Stadium,
New Writtle Street, Chelmsford
SUNDAY JULY 31st
THE BOYS
60p 8 till 11 BOB

West Runton Pavilion

Nr. Cromer, Norfolk
Te. West Runton 203
Friday July 29th
RACING CARS
+ Warren Harry
Saturday July 30th
SMOKIE
+ A Band Called LIPS
Friday August 5th
KURSAAL FLYERS
+ Sidewinder
& Rikki and the Last Days on Earth
Saturday August 6th
RAYMOND FROGGATT
+ Kangaroo Alley

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CHEAP FLIGHTS

Featuring John Grimaldi
Tues. July 19th FULHAM GREYHOUND
Sat. July 23rd LUTON ROYAL HOTEL
Sun. July 24th CHELMSFORD CITY TAVERN
Thurs. July 28th HAMMERSMITH SWAN
Fri. July 29th LONDON N16 ROCHESTER CASTLE
Sat. Aug. 6th MIDDLESBROUGH ROCK GARDEN
Agency: Grutz Ents. 01-985 6153

ELVIS COSTELLO: THE KING ARRIVES ALIVE

Elvis Costello

ISLAND RECORDS

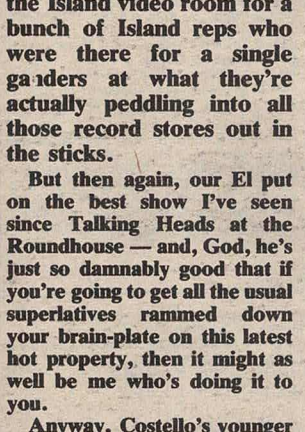
NOT REALLY yer actual bona fide gig review, this, seeing as the geezer and 'is combo were only playing in the Island video room for a bunch of Island reps who were there for a single gainders at what they're actually peddling into all those record stores out in the sticks.

But then again, our El put on the best show I've seen since Talking Heads at the Roundhouse — and, God, he's just so damnably good that if you're going to get all the usual superlatives rammed down your brain-plate on this latest hot property, then it might as well be me who's doing it to you.

Anyway, Costello's younger than you thought (only 22, one year older than Johnny Rotten as it happens), he's not too flashy, plays great sparse guitar, and he's got all these amazing self-penned songs going for him. The stuff from the album is great as it is — and it's even better when you hear it live because the band is really hot.

Former Chilli Willi drummer Pete Thomas does not merely keep a rock-steady beat, but he adds all these embellishments which perpetually take it away from routine, while former Quiver bassist Bruce Thomas (no relation) is the perfect sympathetic counterpart.

That just leaves an organist, Steven Young, who looks like Costello's brother and who plays in an eminently suitable, particularly Doors-like style, both understated and very, very sinister — the perfect accompanying tool for Costello's often peculiarly sinister songs of revenge and guilt.



"Boogie!"

Stand-outs from the "Aim" collection on this showing were "Blame It On Cain" (featuring Costello's only real guitar solo), "The Angels Wanna Wear My Red Shoes" and "Waiting For The World To End" — but, God, each song has something going for it.

Better by far, though — and this is what really excited me — is the new stuff, principally the three closing numbers, which brought the performance to a riveting climax. This triumvirate — the tortured reggae "Watching The Detectives", the intense "Lipstick Vogue", and finally "Lip Service" — take Costello's already exceptional talents onto a whole new level of intrigue.

"Watching The Detectives", for example, is a song about a couple watching *Starsky And Hutch* until the guy notices his girlfriend has forsaken him totally for the TV action, and he promptly kills her. It's absolutely loaded with brilliant lines and couplets that simply jump out and bedazzle.

Forget all those Springsteen comparisons — the latter'll die before he ever writes anything half as good as this.

Forget the Van Morrison schtick too. They're worlds apart, and Elvis is currently worlds better if "A Period Of Transition" is Morrison's best form.

The amazing thing is that after the "Detectives" epiphany, Costello simply outdoes himself first with "Lipstick Vogue", full of pained, vengeful longing and a sudden, stuttering, single-note guitar solo break that says it all — and finally "Lip Service". *"That's all you'll get from me,"* he screams; this is a song of vengeance in the classic "Positively Fourth Street" tradition.

Hearing it just reminded me how long it's been since rock songs have been that sharp, that great.

Oh, and forget that "Balladeer of the New Wave" nonsense some fool in the comics tried to stick him with last week. When all the self-conscious new-wavers are drowning, Elvis will be on top. No shit.

Like he says in "Detectives", it just "takes his little fingers to blow you away".

Nick Kent

Four faces of OTWAY, courtesy of the BUCKS ADVERTISER

To the Freak Parade . . .

John Otway & Wild Willy Barrett Clayson & The Argonauts

100 CLUB

ONE OR OTHER of the Becker/Fagen team is something of a historian, and buried beneath the obtuse cynicism you can find the occasional historical theme. Somebody in Clayson and The Argonauts shares this interest — but there ends any similarity to the Dan.

The Argonauts sing songs about the Hellfire Club and the last of the Vikings when they're being serious, and songs about people who rub lard on their faces (so as to develop spots and thereby recapture adolescence) when they're not being serious.

They also do versions of "On The Street Where You Live" (from "My Fair Lady") and "Arnold Layne" and sound, at various points, like Roxy, Fairport Convention, The Blue Oyster Cult, Genesis and Danny and The Juniors. Confusing, isn't it?

Their initial appearance suggested yet another group to fill the Bonzo gap. They were dressed in assorted stages of the idiotic — from mock concert pianist to Victorian army regalia. In contrast, the first number sounded like a shabby BOC, and was the distant relative of "ME 262" in that it dealt with Britain and the blitz.

They followed this with what I thought was a doo-wop send-up until realising that it was just a comic vehicle and not really send-up at all. What started as promising lunatic humour deteriorated into random skits built around fairly obvious jokes.

For instance, in "The Masa" Clayson invited us to do a sort of dance, the object of which was to hurt yourself in as many ways possible.

The laughs more or less centred around Clayson's sense of comic timing and the wit of his remarks. Both of these were less than howlingly funny, but the crowd was prepared to be amused and they were — in parts.

The other side of the Argonauts (and it doesn't reconcile easily) was the presumably serious songs with historical themes. I say presumably, because it's difficult to tell if people wearing tails and sunglasses are being serious — the crowd wasn't laughing, so we'll assume they were.

The tunes had a traditional folk feel that harked to Fairport Convention, but the mechanical drumming and mannered sax and electric piano added definite touches of Roxy Music.

An odd group on every level, they encored with "Hippy Hippy Shake" and left me wondering what it was all about.

John Otway and Wild Willy Barrett had a similar effect. The main barrier between Otway and myself is that I'm not a devotee — there are those who are and they filled the 100 Club, indulging his every move.

Pointing this out isn't as trite as you might think, because Otway obviously has a certain charisma, and whether he comes across as an endearing buffoon or just a buffoon depends on how much you go for his wild-eyed charm.

Between Wild Willy taping Otway to his guitar and the two of them spinning about and unplugging each others guitars, it took at least ten minutes to finish the first song, and another ten for them to quieten down enough to complete a song without knocking something over. Then they played "Louisa On A Horse" (which was salaciously introduced by Otway as a song about a twelve-year-old riding a horse) and the pranks began again.

It was a set of knockabout fun and little music that presumably sent everybody home smiling. The child-like sincerity of Otway's songs, done either roughneck hillbilly (with Wild Willy playing fiddle) or else with dense electric guitar, and the slapstick humour suggests that if it all goes wrong for them there's still a future ahead hosting *Playaway*

Paul Rambali

JAM AGAIN

● *From page 19*

new numbers like the as yet unrecorded "London Girl" or the new single "All Around The World", both of them little more than straight-ahead rock and well below the standard of songwriting Weller is capable of at top form.

"Time For Truth" is sung by Weller, with his mouth off mike for the "Fuck Off!" part for audience participation, but all that is heard is the sound of silence. Foxton's voice and songwriting show considerable progress on his "Carnaby Street," and Weller throws himself into the photographers' pit for the performance of "Takin' My Love". The geezer is trying harder than *anyone* to make it a night to remember but he is never gonna win.

"See ya down the 100 Club next time," he shouts bitterly, and they leave the stage to mop off the wasted sweat and then come back for an encore of the two singles, which seems absurd as they haven't even done Weller's superb "Away From The Numbers" with its classic alienation imagery, and also "Batman", which surely everybody's bored with now.

AS THE crowd filed out a kid remarked, "Everything was shit except for the band", and that seemed to be the general concensus of opinion around yet another Pyrrhic victory for our battered apocalypse.

Outside there was plenty of Old Bill but no Teds. Somebody said they'd been dispersed by the cops with the divide-and-difuse tactics used on the terraces. Others said the Teds had decided not to turn up because it would have been easy for them. These latter people were threatened by the disappointed would-be beach fighters.

But the only kid who got arrested was hauled in for sitting on the pavement after the Law had told him to shift. They gently pulled him to his feet and lead him quietly to a Meat Wagon.

As he disappeared for a night in the cells I thought of Weller's last words to me . . .

"I've written this great new song called "The Combine"," he said. "It's similar to *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest* or *1984* where they know that the system they're flowing along is wrong, but they know they'll only lose if they come right out and fight it directly. So they keep it to themselves, express their discontent whenever they can — like for me it's my songs — and just flow along with it all."

Paul's smile faded at the implications of this situation. "So either way you lose," he said.

FILMS

THE OTHER CINEMA
25 TOTTENHAM STREET (Goodge St. Tube) W.1 637—9308/9
First film from 'CAR WASH' Michael Schultz
(AND IT'S EVEN BETTER)
COOLEY HIGH
With a great Motown soundtrack
Summer In The City: Rock 'n Roll – film/live gig/discussion
THE GIRL CAN'T HELP IT & SHAKIN' STEVENS AND THE SUNSETS
Sunday, July 31 at 6 p.m. Tickets £1.50

JAZZ DIARY

JAZZ CENTRE Society's 'Jazz Now' series at the ICA continues with the **John Taylor Octet** on 7th August, the **Stan Tracey Octet** playing "The Bracknell Connection" on 14th, **Stan Tracey and Keith Tippett** on 21st, and "The Barry Concert" including tutors and students from the Barry Summer School, on 28th.

At the 100 Club, Monday night's modernists include **Elton Dean's Ninesense** on 1st August, the **Don Weller Quintet** and **El Skid** on 8th, and the **Bobby Wellins Quintet** on 15th. Battersea Arts Centre is staging a **Danny Thompson** Benefit on 30th July with **John Martyn, Stan Tracey** and **John Stevens' Away.**

Reading are staging a knees-up for the Jubilee on Bank holiday Monday, 29th August, with a folk session in the afternoon and jazz from 6 pm. Bands appearing include **Chris Barber's Jazz and Blues Band** with American guest **Jimmy Witherspoon, Humphrey Lyttelton, Ken Colyer,** the winners of the Dunkirk Grand Prix, **Tom Collins Jazz Band, Dave Morgan** and **Harry Strutters Hot Rhythm Orchestra.**

The Wavedon All Music Plan Jazz Course takes place from 27th August — 3rd September at the Milton Keynes College of Education, and is intended for reasonably advanced students and unreactionary educators. Tutors include **Neil Ardley, Jeff Clyne, Tony Coe, Don Rendell** and **Norma Winstone.**

Graham Collier's Mosaic label is expanding with the issue of four new albums this month: "Intertwine" by pianist **Howard Riley** using overdubbing to duet with himself on the piano; "On Loan With Gratitude", **Stan Sulzmann's** first album as leader; "Symphony Of Scorpions", **Graham Collier's** work for 12 pieces inspired by novelist Malcolm Lowry; "Cycles" by **Lysis.**

AROUND THE CIRCUITS

DISNEYMANIA

In a valiant effort to keep the kids off the streets, cinemas throughout the UK will be liberally stocked with Walt Disney product. Fans of the big D can see: **DONALD DUCK GOES WEST, BLACKBEARD'S GHOST, CINDERELLA, PETER PAN, 101 DALMATIANS, FREAKY FRIDAY,** and **THE SHAGGY D.A.** Now for the rest.

LONDON

PEOPLE THAT TIME FORGOT (U)
Creaky prehistoric monster pic strongly featuring Dana Gillespie's cleavage. Reviewed *NME* 23.7.77. (Selected ABC's)

PROVINCES

THE SPY WHO LOVED ME (A)
Noxious Bond pic featuring killer with stainless steel teeth and little else. Reviewed *NME* 23.7.77. (Selected Odeons-/Gaumonts)

A BRIDGE TOO FAR (A)
How Robert Redford won the war. A waste of $25m. Reviewed *NME* 25.6.77.

MAGNUM FORCE (X)/THE OUTLAW JOSEY WALES (AA)
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WAKES FEST

● *Continued from page 35*

traditional songs.

It was then left to **GALLAGHER AND LYLE** to terminate the day's proceedings, a task they accomplished in considerable style, proving to be the most professional act to play this year's Festival.

Starting their performance somewhat late, due to their insistence on getting things right, the duo duly apologised for the delay and announced "We'll cut out all the piss-balling about and just get on with the music" — which they did with considerable expertise. Quiet dynamite — yeah, even with a 7-piece that includes a brass team, G&L are still pretty quiet — the twosome did the favourites old and new bit, pleasing the late-night shift with their studio-perfect versions of "Love On the Airways", "Northern Girl", "If I Needed Someone" and "Runaway", a song that's always reminded me of Hall and Oates' "When The Morning Comes".

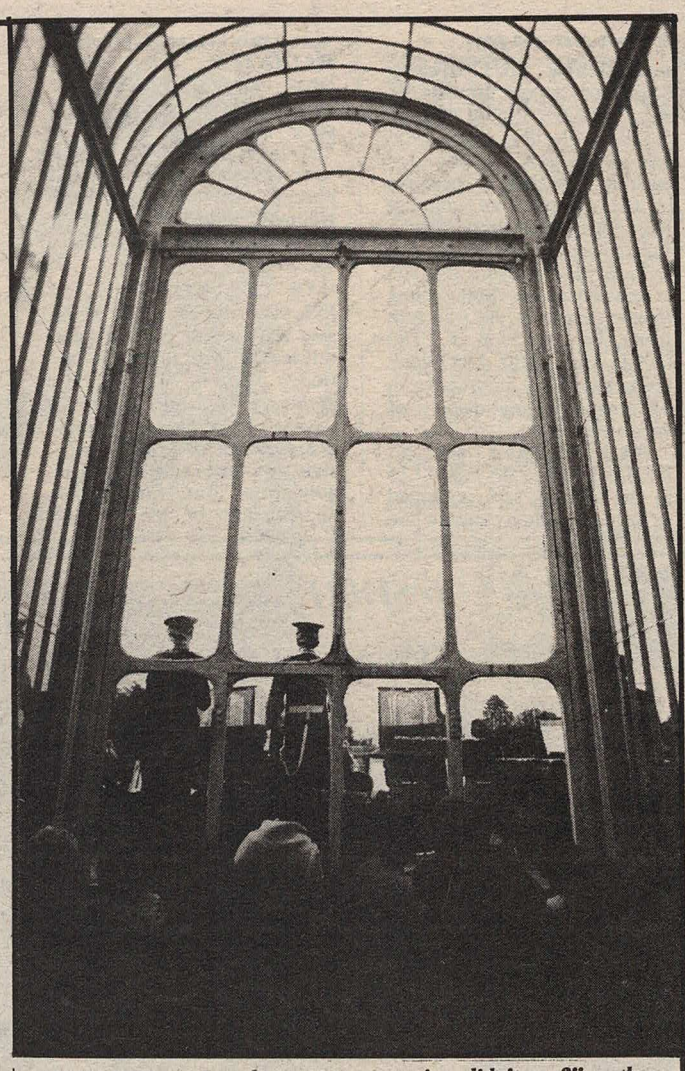
Though Graham Lyle's "15 Summers" solo proved one of the evening's high-spots, it was the teamwork that generally impressed — so much so, that when the duo yelled "Goodnight", I'll swear they did it in close-harmony!

And so ended a day that had found **THE BOTHY BAND** establishing themselves as only second to The Chieftains in the Gaelic Hall of Fame, with-**HEDGEHOG PIE** — now formed by Mick Doonan (pipes, flute and vocals), Jed Grimes (electric guitar, vocals) and Dave Burland (acoustic guitar, vocals) — proving that it's still possible to come up with a unique blend in folk-rock.

NOEL MURPHY aptly demonstrated just how funny an MC he can be — even when sober; **TIM ROSE** reminded us what a powerful instrument his craggy voice still is; while such lower league acts as **MARY ASQUITH** and **SULLIVAN'S PRIVATE STOCK,** the latter a very good Irish traditional band, displayed enough talent to justify much higher placings on the starting grid at events slightly less star studded than Chorley.

THE FINAL DAY of the Festival brought the Rolling Thunder Revue — replete with *real* thunder. The rain bucketed down on the crowd — new reduced from around five thousand to just a few hundred — but these gallant survivors, many of whom had moved their tents into the main auditorium so that they could hear the music without being washed away, emerged in an array of plastic macs and fully fashioned dustbin bags to cavort madly to the music of **THE TANNAHILL WEAVERS.**

"A great band," said Murph, who'd perceived me shaking the drips off my critical Pentel. "Tell your readers that — and tell 'em how great those kids were too," he added,



"YOU DID say I ought to go to more gigs, didn't you?" — thus PENNIE SMITH as she dumped a few studies shot at a palm House Promenade Concert with the Band and Trumpeters of the Royal Military School of Music, Kneller Hall, which took place in the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew on July 15. This is the first in an occasional cut-out-and-keep series. Collect 'em.

pointing to the rain-soaked reelers. I made a note to do that very thing and immediately slid down the nearest muddy bank to the comparative dryness of the Press pavilion.

Compere **TONY CAP STICK** commented that it all seemed like a fetishist's dream come true — "All them ladies in plastic bags" — and then announced **KEITH CHRISTMAS** who, unaccompanied by the heavy company he's kept on his past couple of albums, reverted to his old 49 Greek Street way of things and even included an acappella re-run of "Robin Hood", his age-old saga of medieval acid-dropping and assorted nefarious doings.

Despite not providing much in the way of material to posh around to, Christmas performed a diverse and well-received set before handing over to **PAUL KING,** whose forte is mainly spasm band stuff with kazoos to the fore. It was all very amiable but the crowd — heroes all — were really waiting for **MIKE CHAPMAN,** the afternoon's first main-name, to achieve lift-off. This the Chapman band — a denim cap (Mike), a cowboy hat (Keef Hartley) and a hank of hair (Rod Clement) — did with little difficulty, winning over their audience within minutes.

Another one-time denizen of Les Cousins — scratch any Chorley rocker and you'll find a "Made In Folkdom" trademark underneath — Chapman's into grittier things these days. His guitar playing seems many-layered and not dissimilar to John Martyn's multi-hued echoplexed fare in texture, this being complimented admirably by Clements strong-arm bass-work. And Hartley, who would appear to be enjoying life more than he has in yonks, contributes imaginatively to the proceedings, his drumming being freer than I can ever remember.

Together they provided a marvellously rewarding set, right from the opening joust of "Rock'n'Roll Jiggly" through to the finely crafted "Desolation Hotel", a song full of lyrical imagery that had all the PVC pixies in Mudsville yelling hoarsely in appreciation.

With the rain finally beginning to subside and with the prospect of viewing the decorous **JUNE TABOR,** I and

● *Continued over page*

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● *From previous page*

some fellow NUJ cowards edged our way out towards the stage area once more to hear our favourite librarian — who has rarely worked with any back-up musicians — perform in the company of guitarist Nick Jones and keyboardsman Jon Gillaspie. And once more she provided evidence that she is currently the best young female singer on the trad folk scene, her rendition of "The Devil And Baliff McGlynn" being especially impressive in its tongue-defying display of vocal dexterity.

RAB NOAKES and his band, who filled the 6.30 - 7.15 in the evening spot, emerged as little more than pleasant and were easily beaten on points by **RADIATOR,** Alan Hull's latest array of Newcastle Brown swillers. They paraded songs from their forthcoming "Madmen and Loonies" album with a high degree of zest and energy, with keyboardman Kenny Craddock doing a sterling job of keeping the midfield together.

Of **LEO KOTTKE,** who followed, there's little to be said that hasn't already been utilised to form highly cliche-ridden reviews. The world's greatest 12-string guitarist, master of the slide technique, possessor of a great pickin' style — all these facts are arguably true. But, despite my appreciation of his obvious skills, and the fact that I like the guy and don't even object to his vocal efforts on such jingles as "Pamela Brown" and "Goodnight Louise", I always feel a trifle bored during his performances.

About **COUNTRY JOE McDONALD,** the festival's final act, I can wax more enthusiastic. I mean, how can you knock someone who likes whales, dogs and coyotes and hates war and Richard Nixon?

Due to the weather, the festival was probably a financial disaster for the second year in succession. But equally it provided an amazing amount of good music and good vibes too.

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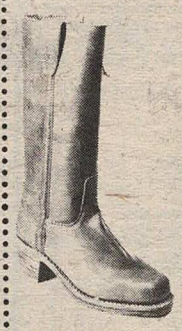

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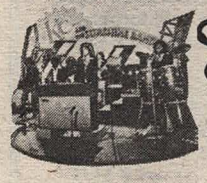
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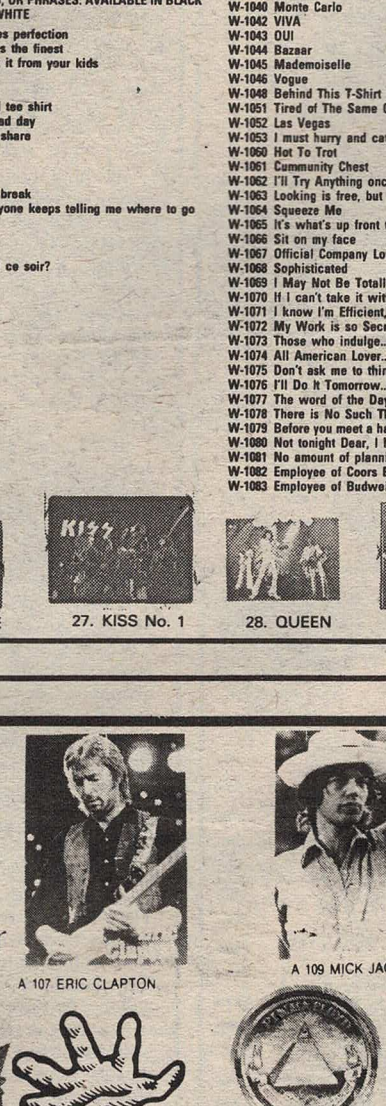

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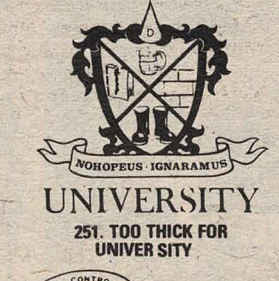
705. HUSKY & STARCH

259. EVER RANDY



251. TOO THICK FOR UNIVER SITY

697. LORRY

126. LIPSMAKIN

255. THINK PUNK

THIS PRODUCT WILL GIVE SATISFACTION AT ALL TIMES GUARANTEED TO MAINTAIN IT'S HIGH PERFORMANCE IN THE COMING YEARS
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188. PRODUCT

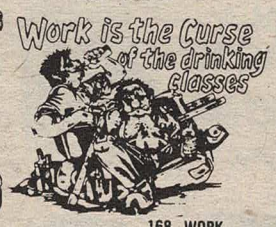
252. SUCKER (design printed upside down)

538. SOUTHERN COMFORT

703. STRANGLERS

167. JOIN THE ARMY

134. GENESIS



168. WORK

517. TRUCKIN'

124. LIE DOWN

707. ENGISH CHEDDAR

700. NEW STATUS QUO

699. FLEETWOOD MAC

528. APOLLO

229. SERENE BOOZER

248. POPPET

159. BEETHOVEN

506. STATUS QUO

650 CHOKED

150. PINK FLOYD (2)

224. WINGS

222. JOIN THE NAVY

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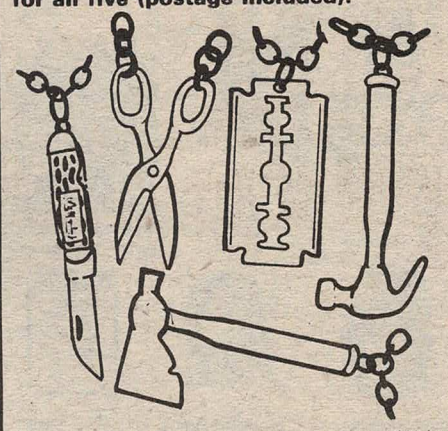

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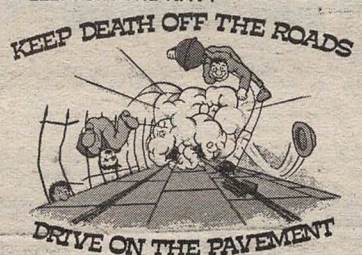
129. CONTENTS

227. MILCH TRAY

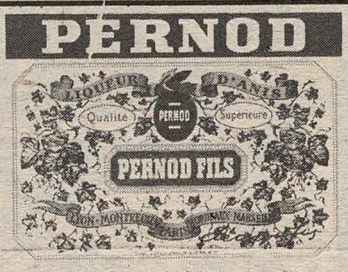


220. DRIVE ON PAVEMENT

WHY IS MAN ON THIS PLANET?
WHY IS SPACE INFINITE?
WHY ARE WE DOOMED
WHY ARE YOU READING MY BLOODY SLOGAN?

157. BLOODY SLOGAN

704. MIGHTY MINI



667. PERNOD

682. HAWKWIND

692. NEW FLOYD

706. REJECT

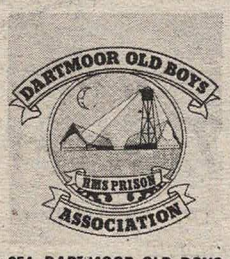
148. LED ZEP

Electric Light Orchestra
691. E.L. ORCHESTRA

693. STEVIE WONDER

REALITY IS AN ILLUSION, CAUSED BY LACK OF ALCOHOL.

232 REALITY



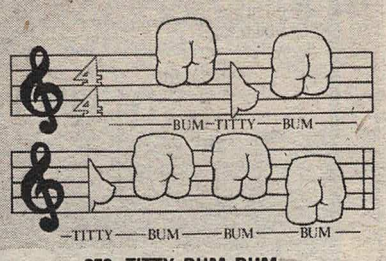
254. DARTMOOR OLD BOYS

No. 240 LYNYRD SKYNYRD

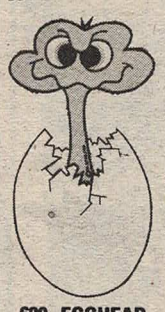
169. EAGLE

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I shall fear no evil. 'Cause I am the meanest Son of a Bitch that ever walked in the valley.....

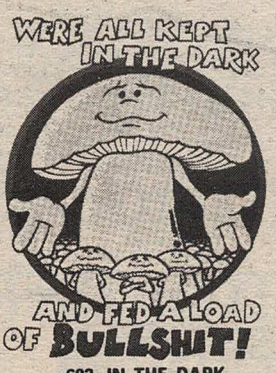
143. SON OF A BITCH



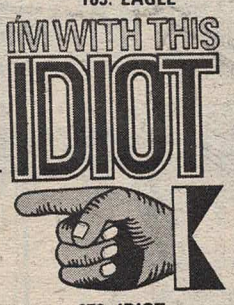
253. TITTY BUM BUM



690. EGGHEAD



683. IN THE DARK



679. IDIOT

507. FLOYD

214. BIONIC COCK

PEOPLE SAID SMILE
THINGS COULD GET WORSE,
SO I DID SMILE,
AND THINGS DID GET WORSE.

257. SMILE

687. CHARLIE'S ANGELS

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Shirts Galore, 57 Water Street, Rhyl, N. Wales.
Shirts Galore, 7 Trinity St., Wrexham.
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Tony's T-Shirts, Marbles Market, 527 Oxford Street, London W1.
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258. TAKEN

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A61 Led Zeppelin | A5. Pink Floyd | A81 Virgin | A66 Outlaws Lady in waiting | A5. KC and the Sunshine Band | A64 We knead your ass | R2. Eagles-one of these Nights | F495 Milk The Udder Cola | F496 Belly Buttons Need Love Too | P87 Joe Cool | F23267 Popeye

R288 Make mine country | F948 So What If I Ain't A Genius . . . I'm Beautiful | A72 Beatles | P76 Yes | P74 Wings B.O.T. Run | A67 Atlanta Rhythm Section | F69 Ya Don't Work | F11. Do Unto Others | P148 Poco | P77 Stewart | P36 Dr. Hook | PP1 Think Pink

P122 Jimmy Page | P133 Robert Plant | P145 Eric Clapton | P114 Peter Frampton | R416 Led Zeppelin | R5 New Eagles | A901 Sit On It! | R1001 Paul McCartney | G1 Wings

G2 Kiss | G3 Eagles | G4 Frampton | G5 Fleetwood Mac | G6 Yes | G7 Led Zeppelin | G8 Boston | G9 Bad Company | G10 Screw U

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Page 34

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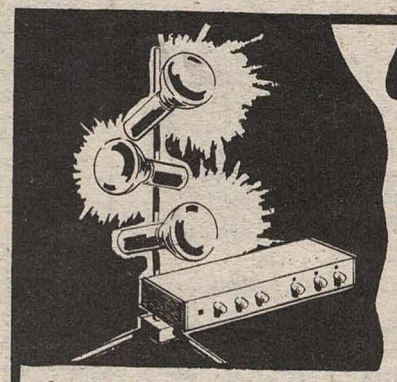

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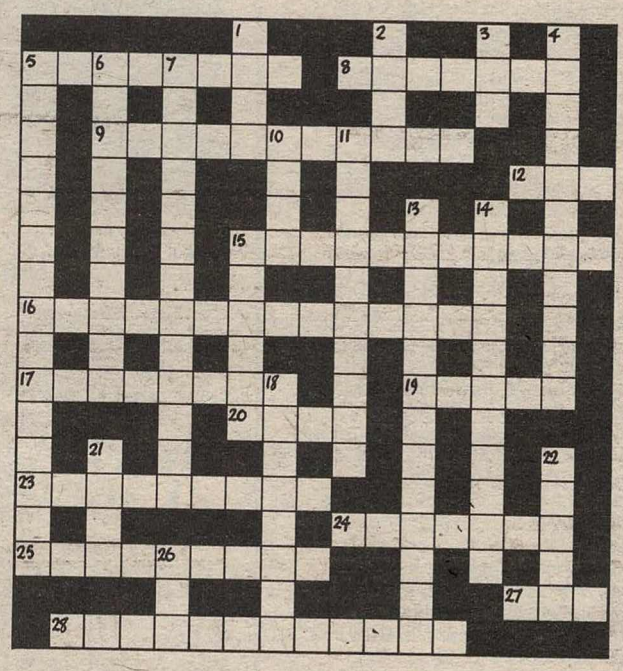

ACROSS

5 West Country punks — or the houseband at Fords?!
8 Smallest non-surfing member of America's non-performing harmony aggregation
9 The voice of Renaissance (5, 6)
12 & 2 You remember him and his brother Russell, the squeaky one (3, 4)
15 The erstwhile Mrs. Lindsay Buckingham (6, 5)
16 Damn great, Irene (anag. 9,5)
17 The Zim's Rolling Thunder Elpee (4, 4)
19 See 22
20 Their "Hey Girl Don't Bother Me" was a No. 1 in 1971
23 Did the shoo-wah-doo-wahs etcetera on the classic "Dancing In The Street"
24 He was splitting his pants and offending public morality when young J. Rotten was still in junior school (1,1,5)
25 He won't kiss his sheep again in a hurry! (3,6)
27 A Warm Jet in Reno
28 One of the minor stars of *Woodstock* flick, he recently celebrated a new album and new label by buying a new set of teeth (6,6)

DOWN

1 50% of "Hold On I'm Coming" team
2 See 12
3 & 10 Singer, guitarist, writer for Ye Olde Steeleye Span
4 From the same town but no relation to the Dolls, they had a hit with "I'm Doing Fine Now" a few years back (3,4,4)
5 That'll teach Ted Nugent to mess around with pussy! (3,7,5)
6 J. Richman's Modern Love Story, finally in the charts
7 Dave Edmunds puts his foot in it and brings the stag party to a halt! (1,4,3,5)
10 See 3
11 The collected John Lennon — as rendered by the Billingsgate Barbershop Quintet! (6,4)
13 Pattern of perm (anag. 5,8)
14 Died in his bath July 3 1971 (3,8)
15 Special Friends Of Max Bell, West Coast Division
18 Biblical location for 'eavy metal Celts
21 Wide-eyed and legless hollarer
22 & 19 Mirror mirror on the wall, who's the most debonair crooner of all?
26 All that's left of Ted Turner's original vision?

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS BELOW.

ACROSS: 1 "Pure Mania"; 7 Wayne; 8 "Exodus"; 9 Nelson; 10 Television; 12 Dusty (Springfield); 14 Scarlet Rivera; 16 Carl (Wayne); 17 "Vincent"; 18 (Peter) Gabriel; 20 Heavy (Metal); 21 (Tom) Petty; 23 Mickie (Most); 24 "Hey Jude"; 26 CBS; 27 Metal; 29 Bill (Nelson); 30 Don (Everly); 31 Ronnie (Wood). **DOWN:** 1 "Pretty Vacant"; 2 "Endless Flight"; 3 Ian Gillan; 4 Jan; 5 (Sonny) Terry (& Brownie McGhee); 6 Alan Stivell; 7 Wood; 11 "I Wanna Be Your Man"; 13 Steve Marriott; 15 Ian Whitcomb; 19 "In The City"; 22 Everly; 23 Most; 25 Abba; 28 Love.

AT THE risk of appearing both boring and boorish, I must say that I think your newspaper is operating a double standard.

N.M.E. is continually promoting punk (those bad boys make such good copy!) and yet you consistently ignore the reggae which has fuelled so much of the New Wave. By what strange, invisible alchemy pulsating black body music is transformed into frantic screaming White Noise is neither here nor there; the fact remains that Johnny Rotten showed a marked preference for the Darker Side of Dub on Capital's Tommy Vance Show, and the Clash beat out a fair version of Junior Murvin's "Police and Thieves". They even affect a modified form of J.A. street style in their dress — plenty of khaki, drainpipe/parallel strides, etc. Simenon glowers beneath a natty pork-pie hat and Strummer strides around in battle-dress emblazoned with Caribbean legends like "Heavy Manners", "Dub" and "Discipline".

In this week's issue, you even admit (yes! quite openly admit!) the J.A. connection....Strummer 'bounced and sangalong to the endless reggae coming from his cassette machine'. When Captain Nemo comes to review "The Johnny Rotten Show", he even talks about "Reggae's creative explosion" and the "magnificent dubwise experience" of Augustus Pablo. Presumably, if Rotten and Strummer, the Terrible Twins of U.K. Punk, like it then it must be O.K. No wonder the new white Rudies have so little time for you journalists (Rotten: "I don't talk to fabricated people"). Meanwhile your coverage of the Real Thing remains desultory and superficial to say the least, and unless it's Bob Marley (the Token Nigger no less!) then it ain't worth a mention (Reggae?...But my *dear,* that was *last* year's thing...)

As I'm sure you know, reggae is exiled from the airwaves not only because it's the music of a racial minority but because it doesn't compromise — it experiments with sound, it alludes to ganja, police, politics and black identity.

As far as the mainstream media is concerned, reggae is quite literally Beyond the Pale....Punk shocks within strictly defined limits — it pogos for posterity, knocks the Queen (David Frost used to do that in *T.W.3* and look where he is now), and turns the flag upside down. Reggae is rather more subversive....it speaks a different language, looks in large part towards Africa (and a different flag) and occasionally provides the soundtrack for *real* riots (the Carib Club confrontation, the Notting Hill Carnival).

As a result, reggae continues to pursue its course largely underground within the black community (which after all keeps it strong, healthy and unacceptable) whilst Punk Rock poses its way up the charts and on to Radio One's turntables. (Don't we just love a certain breed of underdog....Cockney urchins have been a major British export ever since the Artful Dodger).

I have nothing against the New Wave. On the contrary, I think it's asking the right kind of questions. More importantly, perhaps, it's taking rock back to its roots....and now, as always, those roots are black (whether they lie in reggae or R&B). Rotten might not sound much like U-Roy, but there is a strong identification with Jamaican rebel music that informs the whole punk phenomenon. As long as *N.M.E.* goes on promoting only the bleached imitation of an oppressed people's music, nothing significant will change inside rock. And as long as the blacks who dictate change from underneath remain invisible and unacknowledged the 'new wave' will cruise along the same old exploitative lines that it's always followed.

DICK HEBDIGE, Leyton, London

The new wave's prediliction for reggae has already been investigated in these pages, not least in my recent *Is This What We Ordered?* feature. While agreeing that our coverage of I Rebel Music ain't what it should be, it's simply untrue to suggest we only write about Marley (who is, after all, the most popular reggae act with the rock audience). And I hope you're not seriously suggesting in your last paragraph that the JA music scene is not "exploitative" — most reggae acts yearn for the promotion and royalties accorded as a matter of course to most rock acts. Flat foot hustling as dem would seh. — NS

Edited by MAX BELL

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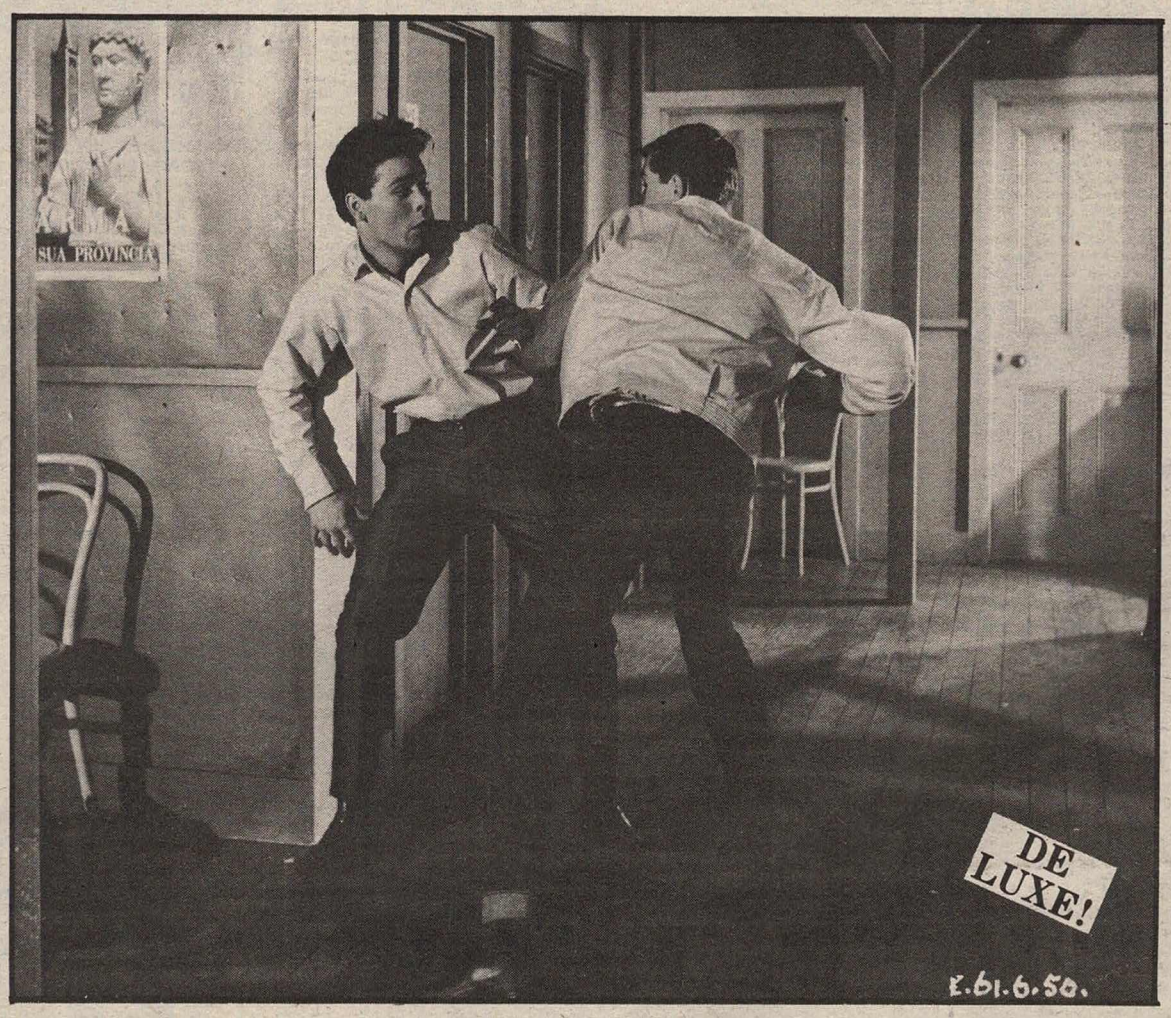
PUNK THREADS

AS WORN BY LEADING NEW WAVE HARDNUTS



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- Or boys!
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- No more aches & pains!

EVERY WEEK I read NME for the New Wave and thought it was going great. Now, after reading about the Clash rag market binge, anybody can see it's not and it makes me sick.

So only Joe Strummer could be bothered to get out of his car!

You think you're close to us, the people on the dole — well the last time I went in a car was when I got knocked down and the driver took me to hospital. So it was raining — it rains in my bloody kitchen! You abused those kids by not getting out of that car; even if there was not a lot to say you should've got out. They ignored everyone to come to meet you.

Paul Cook tells *Zig Zag* "Fans of Led Zeppelin are too scared to talk to them if they get to meet them. They've been brought up like they're gods. They can come up to all these new bands and talk to them." Well, prove it!

You can't riot in a car and you start to put up barriers the minute you stop in it, like all other rock stars of the 70's.

Like Joe Strummer I was "genuinely brought down by the others'lack of interest" in us. After all the new wave don't wanna be hypocrites do they? There's no Rolling Stones in 1977 is there? Or are you gonna be them?

KAREN RITCHIE, Balby, Doncaster.

Seems like it's easy to want to stay in touch with the kids on the street, or whatever, but not so easy to put into practise when you're in the invidious position of being a star yourself. It is a vicious circle. You want to talk to Joe Strummer etc but so do hundreds of other people — they shoulda realised that before they got righteous about it.

ALTHOUGH I think that Max Bell usually displays great taste in his choice of music and in his criticism, his reply to the trenchant letter from *Concerned* of Norwich (23/7/77) was extremely facetious. He misquoted a throwaway remark of Lowell George's from the liner notes of "Feats Don't Fail Me Now" — thus giving a completely unrepresentative view of what L.G. actually said and meant.

This is significant in a time when record companies extract chunks of reviews and festoon their adverts with them, placing them entirely out of context, thus giving emphasis to what was probably a casual remark viz. C.S.M.'s review/slating of "Radio Ethiopia", from which Arista promoted the remark "This album may even go gold", sardonic though the comment was. I presume that *N.M.E.* deplored that.

Similarly, you execrate the capitalism/big business/exploitation side of the musickaboodle in your defence of New Wave bands who do not wish to end up as mere cogs in a system....In which case, why did Max attempt no reply to *Concerned's* salient observations re. the N.M.E. punk clothes adverts, adverts which attempt to reduce the New Wave scene to a forum for wealthy poseurs, who can afford all the associated baubles (extortionately priced leather bombers, T shirts and insignia) ?

If *N.M.E.* cares so much about the survival of punk music, then why hasn't one of you bothered to do something about these adverts? Afraid to go against company policy? Or are you just the washed-up bunch of hypocrites that you try to project?

Furthermore, if your letters page is to continue to have any validity as a forum of ideas, perhaps it would be more sensible to make cogent replies to letters, rather than being flippant as demonstrated by C.S.M. claiming to be "a middle-class hippy" — judging from his "New Wave —which side are you on?" speil, we know damn well he isn't.

CROSBY

The misquotation I apologise for, though I think the reply remains in the intended spirit.

And the moral issue is surely this; granting that we have hypothetical freedom of speech, choice, and action, to refuse an advert on the grounds of tasteless exploitation (and I agree it's that) would be the ultimate in patronisation. Isn't it more condescending to assume our readers can't spot exploitation when they see it? This letters page is a forum for ideas and opinion, the letters are always considered more important than the replies. Point taken about being overly facetious, although CSM certainly *is* a middle-class hippy and nowt wrong with that.

DEAR R. W. WORT, When have "punks" said they were harder than anyone else? When have Mark P. or MacLaren preached violence? What *Sniffing Glue* said was "Punks aren't girls, when it comes to the crunch we'll have no option to fight back . . . but it's silly cause who would really wanna badly hurt anyone?"

Anyway, the new scene is a large group — *don't generalise.* There are as many different punk stances as there are groups and most are anti-violent. Hippies aren't beaten up 'cause they've been around for ages, but they were at first (see M. Farren's *Watch Out Kids).* Punks are getting stick 'cause of initial shock reaction and bad, exaggerated gutter press.

The general stance I think most of us understand is "Fight Racism, Fascism, violence, gutter press and morons like you who should be shot."

Remember: "HATE & WAR. IT'S THE ONLY THING WE'VE GOT TO HATE. — The Clash.

LEMMY CAUTION, London, NW11.

"The violence is bound to happen isn't it? Rock'n'roll is a violent music." (Malcolm McLaren). Your last statement is inconsistent.

AT ABOUT 7.40 pm Thursday July 14th something happened which has never happened before. It was an event never to be forgotten, it will go down in history — The Pistols appeared on *TOTP!*

At last the BBC have been brought to their senses.

A NONDESCRIPT PUNK FAN.

Actually, what the pic on the left is really about is:
"When members of the Youth Club try to kidnap Nicky's father to prevent him stopping their theatre show, Nicky (CLIFF RICHARD) goes to his rescue in no uncertain manner." Stiff upper lip and left hook eh Cliff?

Reminds some of the more elderly NME staff of that "magic" day in '62 when The Beatles first got on the screens and the world was never the same again. Or was it?

Dear Phil (& Associates),
Grace talked leaders coming,
climbing out the sands of moon
Climbing, waiting for the time, the tune
Glasses high
He sat on a fence, spelling stars of gold
Reaching out for the likes of which he'd never been told.
JON ANDERSON, Yes Music, London W8.
P.S. Deepest condolences to Hideous Bill ('The People Of Accrington vs Hideous Bill Gangrene'). Better luck next time. Try Bournemouth.
Summer solstice been and gone, your new album was absolute torture. McNeill liked it, he's a card, came foaming in. Said
'Phew, what a scorcher.'
Last week we sent the Pole to drink beer with Rick Wakeman
On ice. I missed the LSO though. Give us a break man.

RE: Page 40 *NME* July 16th: If the "Frenz of the Enz" can leave Chris Salewicz alone for five minutes they can feel us up anytime!
TWO YOUNG LADIES, Hampstead, NW3.
Cor . . . fancy 'em do ya. Sad to say though Salewicz and friends are at this minute living it up in the gay bars of Sunny Auckland on an all expenses paid Consumer Report trip for NME. We'll keep you "in touch" (whoops!).

WHAT DOES Miss Burchill mean by implying that The New York Dolls "Too Much Too Soon" is poorly produced? Shadow Morton does a great job, especially the humourous backing vocals, I mean it's a really sparkly, trebley, pop production, a bit like Nick Lowe, yes?

So stop being silly Miss Birchall, I bet you read somewhere that the Dolls were badly produced (which is true in the case of Kent's axe job on the first LP) and you haven't bothered about forming an opinion of your own. Oh well, never mind. Mumble.
MARK, Birkdale, Southport, Lancs.
I WOULDN'T have thought that it mattered either way.

CAN'T we have criticism from someone a little more mature than Julie Burchill?
PETER ADRIAN.

I'D JUST like to say a few words in defence of poor old Bob Calvert, sorely abused by your very own Ms. Julie Burchill in last week's issue.

I know she was only doing her job and these boring old superstars ought to be taken down a peg or two, but are "poets a fat pain"? (and let's have a literate answer not a punk one liner) I always thought they were s'posed to be wonderful human beings full of insights and outsights and hope and stuff for the human race, but then I'm only a student (damn what a giveaway).

I liked "Idi Amin" (July 9th . . . 1977 *NME)* and thought it full of all sorts of satiric insights, and what's more delightfully minimalistic (to quote a word)? Also I like "Horse Latitudes" as spake by Jim Morrison, but then maybe I'm just another gullible moron.
PETE HART, Suffolk.
In fact, I too enjoy J. Morrison, W. Shakespeare, G. Chaucer, C. Beefheart and other fat pains. Also a well-thumbed copy of P. Smith's "Seventh Heaven" poetry book has been spotted not a thousand miles from J. Burchill's desk. Go Rimbaud go and all that eh?

WHY ARE people slagging off Julie Burchill? She is one of the best writers NME has got.

She writes a lot better than that boring old fart Lester Bangs or that hippy Steve Clarke, and the reason that she writes so well is that she is a contemporary of a lot of NME readers. I agree with a lot of the things she says, like "Screw The Beatles". I don't give a damn about Donna Summer.

If you ask me she is the best young critic.
M.G. — (Secretary of the J. Burchill Fan Club) Cumbria.
Hold on, isn't this Julie's writing?

teazers

SOMETHING is Rotten in the State of Denmark — our Johnny as Hamlet as James Joyce as The Phantom Of The Opera as Albert Steptoe as lead singer with The Sex Pistols on stage during the group's current tour of Scandinavia. We ask, would you let this man into your country? Not only this but also — in next week's fabber than fab issue of NME: something is hirsute middle class 'n' hippy in the state of Sweden as CSM goes out to Stockholm to arm-wrestle with Sid and the boys over bottles of Pepsi and luscious blondes. Don't miss it! Pic: DENNIS MORRIS.

Syd Barrett aged 8 — when LSD was a sum you did at junior school and acid was a new line in Spangles. See column 3.

ERK ALORS! Home grown yobboes can scarcely get a look in on the weekend battlefields of Kings Road, Chelsea, these days since — according to some newspaper reports — the area's become a tourist attraction for *Swiss* Punks and *Swedish* Teds!

It's true (or at least it's the Truth according to the Gospel of St Rupert's *Sun*, who snapped a Ted called **Elvis** posing obligingly with a couple of bricks before he got arrested on Saturday): squads of Alpine punkos armed with bunches of edelweiss and with safety pins through their leather shorts are descending upon Chelsea, ending up in juvenile courts, and causing worried magistrates to fear a Eurothug holocaust within the near future.

T-Zers reckons the Home Office should take a hard line on this: haven't we got enough aggro of our own without importing it from the Continent...

Reader **John Steele,** a founder member of the **Syd Barrett** Society, writes to tell us that he's completed a slim biographical volume on Syd, and that anyone interested in publishing his work should contact him at 89 Stanton Road, Meir, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs . . .

Which of the **Sex Pistols** is advertising in the current *Dark Star* to sell a copy of Boring Old Farts West Coast collectors' item, "The International Submarine Band"? . . .

Call home **Nancy Vicious. Sid's** looking for you . . .

H.M. Brenda returned review copy of the new **Steve Winwood** album which Island sent her, with a note stating that Her Ma'amship is not in the habit of giving her views on records. She wouldn't mind a copy of **Burning Spear's** "Marcus Garvey" or **Dillinger's** "Buckingham Palace", though, if Island have any going spare . . .

Nick Lowe on **Bad Company,** whom **Rockpile** supported on a U.S. tour: "They're about as exciting as a rotting sack of spuds." More of this controversial stuff in this week's marvy centrespread . . .

Also on **N Lowe:** Despite his statement that the **Elvis Costello** album is his last freelance production chore, *T-Zers* hears that he's recently been back in the studio working on Elvis' cataclysmic vinyl masterwork **(Nick Kent** said that) "Watching The Detectives" . . .

Possibly inspired by **Natalie Cole's** success, the late **Sam Cooke's** daughter 24-year-old **Linda** embarking on a vinyl career . . .

New Wave Sexual Retard Of The Week Award shared jointly by **Chris Miller** and **Ray Burns,** aka Rat and the Captain of **The Damned,** for their *Zigzag* interview in which, over three tedious pages, they elaborate on their favourite Stateside adventures/sicko wet dreams and how they get their 'kicks' by sexually assaulting a fan with a Fender bass, and more of the grisly same. In the same piece Rat Scabies refers to **Handsome Dick Manitoba** as "a fat Jewish slob" . . .

John Peel airing several tracks from repackaged **New York Dolls** albums during past week, quoting extensively from **Tony Parsons'** sleeve notes . . .

Clash roadie, the celebrated **Rodent,** has gone AWOL to help **Sex Pistols** on their European jaunt. Meanwhile another Clash *aide de camp,* **Sebastian Conran,** heir to the Habitat fortune, turning nasty since the *Sunday Times* revealed to the world his middle class antecedents and potential inheritance. "I'm thick of all thith thit" may or may not have been his exact words . . .

Our recent exclusive *Thrills* piece about the track-listing of the forthcoming **Stones'** live double album (see News this week, page 3) turned out to be about 75% accurate. Of the 19 cuts we mentioned, 14 will actually appear on the album, and those which weren't are mostly concentrated on side three — which was recorded in its entirety earlier this year in Toronto, and should prove to be the litmus test of whether or not the album's actually worth shelling out for. No Earls Court recordings were finally selected. Title of the album — "Love You Live"—is a deliberate evocation of 1967, the Summer Of Love, and "We Love You". Sleeve is an illustration by **Andy Warhol** (the second Stones album to feature his art-work, the first being arguably their finest, "Sticky Fingers") — no zips this time, simply a strangely-hued painting of Mick biting someone's hand off. The one that feeds him, perhaps? . . .

Home Office softening their attitude towards **Johnny Thunders' Heartbreakers.** Their manager **Leee Black Childers,** just before flying out to catch Heartbreakers' gigs in L.A., told *T-Zers* to expect J.T. and the H.B.s back on British turf in about a month's time . . .

Virgin Records about to re-release **Sex Pistols'** "Anarchy In The UK" possibly to counteract flood of French import copies of the single which are retailing here at anything between £1.50 and £2.75 (see *Singles* page 22). Nostalgia freaks won't need reminding that EMI withdrew this first Pistols single just after it squeezed into the UK charts, and that the band took all their tapes with them when they left EMI and joined Virgin via A&M. End of history lesson. Meanwhile, latest release date for Pistols' elpee is September ...

Poor show from **Joe Cocker** in West Australia. After throwing up on the tarmac at Perth Airport, Cocker faced a press conference at which he threw insults at his interrogators from behind a whisky bottle. Ladies of the Press came off worse. Cocker said one of them reminded him of his mother; and he offered to rip the skirt off another. A photo in the Australian press showed Cocker pushing his nose into a bottle of Scotch. It was alright on the night though, writes reader **Ian Milligan** . . .

New L.A. punk combo **Whore** feature a girl who does nothing but stand at the side of the stage looking sullen . . .

The **Tom Robinson Band** go from strength to strength: *T-Zers'* TV reckoned their performance of "Glad To Be Gay" on *London Weekend Show* was the nearest it had come to exploding since the **Pistols** on *So It Goes* . . .

Iggy Pop due back for tour here in the autumn, plus a new **David Bowie** album before the year's out . . .

Much more important, **Lester Bangs** waiting to enter New York studio to cut his first EP. Tracks include "I Sold My Body", "Let It Blurt" and "No Longer Human (Genocide In Paraquay)", the last-named being a "protest song" which Bangs will deliver acapella. Lester's latest stream of acapella gibberish appears on page 8 of this week's *NME* . . .

No one at CBS willing to confirm rumour that they've signed **John Lennon,** or that they've inked the **Sex Pistols** for American distribution. Are they saving the news for the CBS Convention in London later this week? Second maybe: **Ringo Starr** — who's in town right now — to make surprise appearance at same? . . .

During his recent sojourn in London, **Bob Marley** re-united with his former producer **Lee Perry,** who was also passing through. The pair hatched a single called "Punky Reggae Party" which should surface in a couple of months after work at Scratch's Jamaican studios and also in the States . . .

The Truth Behind The Disturbing Cult Sweeping Britain: **Billy Idol's** real monicker is **William Broad** . . .

Former **Pistol** and well-known **Beatles** admirer **Glenn Matlock** recently in Scotland auditioning for a vocalist to complete the line-up of the **Rich Kids** . . .

The Silly Publicity Stunt is not dead. Even as *T-Zers* closes for press, news reaches us that **Elvis Costello** has got himself arrested for attempting to play outside the London Hilton Tuesday lunchtime . . .

Clash guitarist **Mick Jones** mobbed by some 20 squealing punk-ettes after **Generation X** had finished their Marquee set last week. The Clash-mania scenes were rendered even more interesting by young Jones sporting second-hand velvet-trimmed jacket just like the one **Georgie Beatle** used to wear . . .

Commercial television? *Top Of The Pops,* ever seeking fresh depths to plummet, forever pushing back the boundaries of bad taste, last week featured consecutively two records that started life as TV adverts — "The Crunch" by the **RAH Band** once helped sell deodorants, while **Danny Williams'** new single is better known as the song in the Martini ads . . .

Is nothing sacred?

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